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ART. I.—*The Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland.*
By M. DE LAVERGNE. Translated from the French, with
Notes, by a Scottish Farmer. Edinburgh and London: W.
Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

A SHORT time previous to the breaking out of the French Revolution, Mr. Arthur Young made a journey through France with the view of collecting information respecting the state of agriculture in that country. At that period the old *régime* and feudalism existed in all their efficiency for evil, and impotency for good, to the masses of the people; and he found the land, which, in quality of soil and adaptation of climate, was far more favourable for cultivation than that of England, so wretchedly managed as to yield the *minimum* of produce, especially in cereals. The rural population existed upon the coarsest fare, as may be believed, when it is stated that a Duke of Orleans once presented to the King of France bread made from fern roots, saying, 'This is the food on which your Majesty's subjects are compelled to subsist.'

The Revolution soon after swept like an avalanche over that country, and left not a wreck of the ancient *régime* remaining. The land, which before had been held in immense seigniorial domains, was sold as national property, and afterwards divided into small estates. Since that period, encouragement has been held out to the rural population to become owners of small freeholds, which has still further extended the system. This has now had a trial of sixty years' duration; and, in M. Lavergne's admirably candid volume, we are enabled to observe the results, to which we shall presently have occasion to return.

On the other hand, England, at the same period, (1789,) possessed a numerous body of yeomanry freeholders, distributed throughout the country, farming the land themselves, and constituting what was then considered the strength of the nation. From that time, however, a process has been in operation, by which an aggregation of the land has been effected to such an extent, that almost the entire class we have referred to is annihilated, their estates being absorbed and amalgamated into those of the neighbouring nobility and gentry.

With respect to the subdivision system adopted in France,—the result of the Revolution,—it is proper to state, that it has also been adopted by almost all the continental kingdoms and States, for the obvious purpose of increasing the power of the several crowns by destroying that of the landed aristocracy, and also of creating amongst the masses a direct interest in the institutions of the country. According to Laing, this system now extends over Flanders, Holland, Friesland, about the estuaries of the Scheldt, Maese, Rhine, Elbe, Weser, Ems, and Eyder, a great part of Westphalia, and other districts of Germany; over Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in the south of Europe; in Switzerland, the Tyrol, Lombardy, Tuscany, &c. In some of these countries this subdivision of the land has been in operation for many years; but in others, at the head of which stand France and Prussia, it was the direct consequence of the French Revolution, and is considered, of itself, by far the most momentous change produced in Europe by that event. It is not our province—tempting though the occasion may be—to speak of the probable political effect that may flow from this new element in the various states; but rather to trace its effect upon the productive powers of the soil, and the prospect it affords of a future provision for the maintenance of a growing population, as compared with the opposite system. For this purpose we propose to take France as the type of the system of subdivision, and the United Kingdom as that, and the almost sole remaining example, of the aggregation of the land; and, by comparing the condition of agriculture and its results in these two countries, endeavour to show the effects of the two systems upon the social well-being of the nations concerned.

For this task the excellent work of M. Lavergne affords us ample *data*; and we cannot too highly praise the candour and patriotism of the writer for the lucid and impartial manner in which he has fulfilled his task. If the French agriculturists do not profit by the lesson he has read to them in these Lectures,—for it was in that form the work first appeared,—it must be because the evils he laments incapacitate them for appreciating its value.

It is worthy of remark here, that whilst the Revolution pro

duced this social change in France, the very same event caused the necessity for the adoption of the opposite system in England. To explain this it is necessary to go back to the year 1790, the period immediately preceding the war with France. At that time, as we have stated, the number of small freeholders in England was very great, and formed an independent body, possessing considerable political, as well as social, influence. Under their management, however, the cultivation of the land was but indifferently carried out. Possessing but little knowledge beyond that of the most ordinary stamp, the operations of their profession were conducted upon a routine, handed down to them from their forefathers. 'Book learning' was considered by most of them as a forerunner of failure, and experiment out of the ordinary range of their practice a symptom of insanity. We are not speaking at random in these remarks; for we are old enough to remember the feelings excited amongst this class by attempts to prove to them that a knowledge of the sciences would be a benefit to them; and we have ourselves known farmers who never had a book in their houses, except the Bible and Moore's Almanack, which latter was consulted on all occasions as an infallible oracle.

When the war with France broke out, it completely changed the state of the rural districts of this country. The enormous expenditure, which rendered necessary a double, treble, quadruple revenue, besides an equally large increase of local taxation,—the larger portions of both falling upon the landed interest,—completely broke down the small freeholders, although the price of every kind of agricultural produce had advanced in the same proportion. It then became a question with this class, whether it would not be far better for the freeholder to sell his land, and become a tenant-farmer. Let us suppose, for instance, that a man possessed fifty acres of unencumbered land, with a capital of £500 to work it. Land of a fair quality would sell, at that period, at least at £50 per acre; so that we may fairly assume that he had £3,000 laid fast upon his fifty acres. It is true he had no rent to pay; but if he had a family of five or six children, he would find it exceedingly difficult to support them, besides paying the numerous taxes, tithes, poor's-rates, with advanced rates of labour; all these, in fact, augmented in a far greater proportion than the increased value of his small produce would cover. Under these circumstances, would it not be far better for him to sell his land, and hire three or four hundred acres, for the working of which his capital of £3,000 would be quite sufficient? Such was the correct reasoning by which the yeomen freeholders of England were transformed into tenant-farmers, occupying larger or smaller tracts of land, according to the capital they were able to command, whether simply by the sale of their estates, or by adding to the product

by borrowing. In the same way the common lands, which belonged to the general body of parishioners owning houses, became appropriated by Acts of Enclosure, and then were similarly absorbed, by purchase, into the estates of the neighbouring gentry.

It was from the breaking down of the yeomanry class, that the rise of British agriculture may be dated. Possessing ample capital by the sale of their estates, they found no difficulty in obtaining farms; in most cases, probably, becoming the tenants of the purchasers as occasion offered. In the meantime, it was found by the great landowners, that there was a better chance of procuring an improvement of their properties, as well as better security for their rents, by throwing them into large farms, than by having them divided into small ones. The late Earl of Leicester (then Mr. Coke) was, we believe, the first gentleman who adopted this system on a large scale; and possibly he carried it too far, in regard to its remote social effect, but not in respect to the immediate object he had in view,—that of improving, by examples under his own inspection, the general system of agriculture of the kingdom. His plan was to secure tenants with capital and enterprise, disposed to second his efforts by a course of experimental husbandry, based upon scientific principles, little known or understood at that period, but which have since gradually gained ground, through the influence of such men as Mr. Coke, who drew around them men of science, to whom every encouragement was given to promote the advancement of agriculture, by bringing science to bear upon it. It was the light thrown upon the subject by these men, and the knowledge diffused through the means of agricultural clubs, societies, and literature, that produced rapidly an improvement such as no other country in the world can exhibit, and such, we venture to affirm, as would never have been effected under the system of a subdivision of the land. If this latter assertion is doubted, or denied, let us follow our imaginary yeoman, with his fifty acres of land and family of six children, through the extent of his career.

The estate would, of course, be considered the reversionary property of his eldest son; and he would, consequently, have to make provision out of the profits for his five other children. Now, supposing that after paying all current expenses he were able to lay by £50 a year; as life is uncertain, this surplus must go, not to improve the farm, and thereby further enrich the heir at law, but to be invested in some kind of safe security, there to accumulate, and form a provision for his wife and young children in the event of his death. We say, that it would be neither wise nor just in him to expend it in improvements, from which he might never reap one farthing benefit himself, but which would devolve upon one of his children to the prejudice of the rest.

And thus, although, in the course of twenty, thirty, or forty years, he might accumulate some three or four thousand pounds by the help of a rigid parsimony, that parsimony itself would operate as a bar to all improvement, and we should find him, at the end of his life, as wedded to routine, and as great an enemy to farming by 'book learning,' as was his father before him.

As the war with France progressed, and Continental Europe became involved in the struggle,—at one period in the interest of the enemy,—it became more and more obvious that we should be necessitated to depend chiefly on ourselves for a supply of bread-corn. On the other hand, the high price to which every kind of farm produce had reached, the success of those farmers who had possessed themselves of large tracts of land, and the precariousness of all commercial enterprises,—and we may add, the popularity which agriculture had attained through the patronage of such men as the Duke of Bedford, Earl Spencer, Mr. Coke, Sir John Sinclair, and many other noblemen and gentlemen,—induced a vast number of capitalists to embark their money in the cultivation of the land. Many of these were men of extensive knowledge and liberal ideas, alive to all improvements, and addicted by habit rather to ratiocination than to routine, to 'book learning' than tradition. We have known some such, who derived all their knowledge of farming, in the first instance, from books, and who, by their success in carrying out in practice the theories they had thus acquired, threw the mere routine of their less well-informed neighbours into the shade. By such men, information was diffused into the general body; gradually enough, it is true: for, of all men, the old British farmer, from circumstances over which he had no control, was the most a slave to professional prejudice. It required, indeed, a whole generation to pass away, before any considerable progress could be effected in the enlightenment of the body of agriculturists. The obstacles opposed to it were only overcome by the steady perseverance of those eminent men who then took the lead in agricultural matters. Perhaps, amongst the most efficient and popular methods by which the changes were effected, may be reckoned the annual 'sheep-shearings,' as they were termed, held at Holkham, the seat of Thomas W. Coke, Esq., and at Woburn Abbey, the noble residence of the Dukes of Bedford. The annual festival at the latter place was discontinued upon the death of Francis Duke of Bedford, at the commencement of the present century; but the 'Holkham sheep-shearings' were continued up to the year 1821, and until the noble owner of the property felt that advancing years admonished him to withdraw from active life.

To these grand gatherings, farmers, gentlemen, noblemen, men

of science and literature, manufacturers, &c., resorted in vast numbers from all parts of the world; and all received that cordial and unassuming welcome for which their host was so well known. Three days were devoted to the festival, during which the whole estate, with every improvement, was open to the inspection of the visitors; and persons were appointed to afford every explanation of the system pursued. Each day a princely entertainment was provided at 'the Hall' for five or six hundred guests. These were admitted by cards given by Mr. Coke himself; but we have heard him say, upon a person being introduced, 'I have no more cards left, but I shall be glad to see you *all*, and shall give instructions accordingly to the servants.' The entertainment was graced by speeches from men of eminence and experience, on the various improvements that were in progress or contemplated. The breeding and grazing of cattle were the special objects of attention; and to the stimulus given to them on these occasions may, in a great measure, be ascribed that wonderful perfection to which the present breed of cattle and sheep have attained, as well as the various implements of husbandry. Thus knowledge became diffused, and a spirit of enterprise and rivalry excited, which have produced the most astonishing results.

One of the greatest and most extensive advantages arising from the 'sheep-shearing' festivals, was the social character they imparted to the agricultural body. In former times the British farmer was an isolated individual, only mixing in society at the market or the fair, and then for immediate business. When that was transacted, he either returned home at once, if he was a steady man, or joined his brother farmers in a drinking revelry, if not. We have ourselves known wealthy men of the latter stamp who, fifty years ago, would remain for days together at a market-town as members of a 'six-bottle club,' and only separate when compelled to attend to their business at home. Such degrading customs, we are happy to add, have ceased, and given place to more rational means of enjoyment. This, however, and similar, but less glaring, habits of dissipation, were almost the only social meetings in which the farmers indulged themselves. But by the influence of these annual gatherings, a more humanized spirit was diffused. It was found that society was intended for more beneficial objects than dissipation; and that the glory of man did not consist in the quantity of wine he could bear. Agricultural clubs and societies were still organized, and even multiplied; but their object now was the acquisition or diffusion of knowledge, and the improvement of husbandry. At the meetings of these institutions subjects of interest were discussed on all points bearing upon agriculture, and a spirit of emulation and rivalry was excited, not only in the cultivation of the soil and the breeding of animals, but in the

construction of implements and machinery, the good effects of which are daily becoming more and more developed. On the other hand, the physical sciences have been popularly and systematically introduced in the treatment of the land. Chemistry, with its mathematical elaborations, has lent its aid in promoting a more perfect adaptation of the elements of production—*soil, seed, and manure*—to each other, and is now viewed as the indispensable auxiliary of husbandry. The man of science and the practical farmer meet on the same platform, not, as heretofore, with a kind of mutual contempt,—the former at the ignorance and prejudice of the latter, and this at the learned assumptions of the former,—but for the purpose of comparing practice and its results with theory and its deductions; the one propounding those theories, based on analogical *data*, the other thankfully accepting, with the view of practically carrying out, the suggestions proposed.

It was a proud day for the British husbandman when, in 1840, the establishment of the 'Royal Agricultural Society of England' was inaugurated, having for its President the Prince Consort. With an income of £10,000 *per annum*, this Society is producing an immense amount of benefit to the agricultural interests of the kingdom. In the interval between the time when the royal patronage of George III. ceased, to that when the *prestige* of the name of His Royal Highness Prince Albert was thus accorded, British agriculture had made great advances, under difficulties of no ordinary character, in the face of which it had 'held its own' without blenching. Just at this latter period the introduction of guano took place, and its surprising effects taught the farmer the secret of the condensation of manure, which has completely changed the character of the profession. The labours of the Royal Agricultural Society have come in timely aid to forward those important improvements which have thereby been introduced, and which, still in their infancy, are destined to increase indefinitely the agricultural produce of the kingdom.

Such is a short history of British agriculture for the last fifty or sixty years; and we shall now proceed to show some of those results which are detailed in the work before us,—proximately, it is true,—and compared with those of the agriculture of the author's own country of France.

It appears that the estimated area of the United Kingdom, according to our author, is 77,394,433 acres, of which the quantity cultivated is supposed to be about 50,000,000; that of France is estimated at 132,500,000 acres, of which about 105,000,000 are cultivated. The way in which the profitable land is occupied in the two countries, is stated to be as follows:—

UNITED KINGDOM.

	Acres.
Natural pasture	20,000,000
Artificial grasses	7,500,000
Potatoes, turnips, beans, &c.	5,000,000
Barley	2,500,000
Oats	6,250,000
Fallows	1,250,000
Wheat	4,500,000
Gardens, hops, &c.	500,000
Woods	2,500,000
Total acres.....	<u>50,000,000</u>

FRANCE.

Natural pastures	10,000,000
Artificial grasses	7,500,000
Roots	5,000,000
Oats	7,500,000
Fallows	12,500,000
Wheat	15,000,000
Rye, barley, maize, buckwheat	15,000,000
Other crops	7,500,000
Vineyards	5,000,000
Woods	20,000,000
Total acres.....	<u>105,000,000</u>

Here we find that whilst, in France, at least one-fourth of the entire, and one-third of the cultivated, land is under cereal crops, only one-sixth of the whole, and one-fourth of the cultivated, land of the United Kingdom is so occupied. M. Lavergne states the produce of wheat in France to be $13\frac{1}{2}$ bushels *per* acre; whilst that of the United Kingdom is 28 bushels. Thus, the 15,000,000 of acres under wheat in the former country produce only 25,312,500 quarters, whilst the 4,500,000 acres in the latter produce 15,750,000 quarters; and he ascribes the small result in France to their sowing a large breadth of cereal food for man, without using those restorative means by which the land is compensated for the exhaustion.

The effects of this system are equally observable and prejudicial in regard to the production of animal food; for the exhaustion of the soil by excess of white crops affects, in the same proportion, all the others, and renders them less productive. This is shown in France by the number of cattle and sheep kept upon a given quantity of land, and the amount of meat grown, in proportion to the number of cattle, &c., kept, as compared with those produced in the United Kingdom. The following are the different results:—

ANIMALS KEPT.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Sheep	80,000,000, or 1 to 2½ acres.
Bullocks	8,000,000, or 1 to 9½ „

FRANCE.

Sheep	80,000,000, or 1 to 4½ acres.
Bullocks	10,000,000, or 1 to 13 „

ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Sheep	10,000,000, producing 80lbs. of meat each, or 800,000,000lbs.
Bullocks	2,000,000, weighing 560lbs. each, or a total of 1,120,000,000lbs.

FRANCE.

Sheep	8,000,000, producing 40lbs. of meat each, or 320,000,000lbs.
Bullocks	4,000,000, weighing 220lbs. each, or a total of 880,000,000lbs.

MILCH COWS KEPT.

ENGLAND.

3,000,000, producing 656,250,000 gallons of milk, or 218½ gallons each.

FRANCE.

4,000,000, producing 437,500,000 gallons of milk, or 109½ gallons each.

It is right to state here, that both oxen and cows in France are employed as beasts of burden, and in field labour, which not only detracts from the amount of produce in meat and milk, but also deteriorates the quality of both. The cattle, also, are either kept until they are four or five years old before they are slaughtered, or killed as calves, which latter circumstance will account in some measure for the low produce of beef *per head*; out of the 4,000,000 killed annually, 2,500,000 are stated by M. Lavergne to be calves.

From these statements we now obtain the following results in value :—

GROSS PRODUCE OF FRANCE.

Animal products.	Francs.
Meat, 1 <i>milliard</i> of <i>kilogrammes</i> , at 80 centimes	800,000,000
Wool, hides, tallow, offal, &c.	300,000,000
Milk, 1 <i>milliard</i> of <i>litres</i> , at 10 centimes	100,000,000
Poultry and eggs ..	200,000,000
400,000 horses, asses, and mules.....	80,000,000
Silk, honey, wax, and other products	120,000,000
Total	<u>1,600,000,000</u>

GROSS PRODUCE OF FRANCE.

Vegetable products.	Francs.
Wheat, 70 million <i>hectolitres</i> , at 16 francs	1,100,000,000
Other cereals, 40 million <i>hectolitres</i> , at 10 francs	400,000,000
Potatoes, 50 million <i>hectolitres</i> , at 2 francs	100,000,000
Wine and brandy.....	500,000,000
Beer and cider	100,000,000
Hay, straw, oats, for non-agricultural horses.....	300,000,000
Flax and hemp.....	150,000,000
Sugar, madder, oil, tobacco, fruits, &c.	500,000,000
Wood	250,000,000
Total.....	3,400,000,000

GROSS PRODUCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Animal products.	Francs.
Meat, 1,700,000,000 <i>kilogrammes</i> , at 80 centimes	1,360,000,000
Wool, hides, tallow, offal	300,000,000
Milk, 2 <i>milliards</i> of <i>litres</i> , at 10 centimes.....	200,000,000
300,000 horses, at 400 francs.....	120,000,000
Poultry.....	20,000,000
Total.....	2,000,000,000

Vegetable products.	Francs.
Wheat ... 450 million <i>hectolitres</i> , at 16 francs	720,000,000
Barley ... 20 " " 8 "	160,000,000
Oats 15 " " 6 "	90,000,000
Potatoes 200 " " 2 "	400,000,000
Hay and oats for non-agricultural horses	400,000,000
Flax, hemp, vegetables, fruit	170,000,000
Wood	60,000,000
Total.....	2,000,000,000

Thus, whilst in England the animal and vegetable products are equal in amount, in France the animal forms only one-third, and the vegetable two-thirds, of the gross products of the kingdom. 'A state of things,' says the author, 'which at once shows the exhausting system of cultivation in the latter, or, at least, a stationary one. In the British Isles the one is equal to the other, which betokens an improved culture. Wood, the lowest item of produce, figures on the one side for 250,000,000, and on the other for only 60,000,000.'

The different results in the produce of mutton in the two countries arise in part from the different objects pursued in the rearing of sheep by the flock-masters. In England systematic efforts have been made, ever since the time of Bakewell, to improve the symmetry and flesh-producing qualities of the sheep, by which

they have not only been brought to the highest pitch of perfection in those respects, but such precocity has been attained, that, instead of being kept until three, four, and five years old before being killed, as formerly, a vast number are killed at one year, and at two some of the breeds have reached full maturity. In France, on the contrary, the main object has been the improvement of the wool, effected by crossing the native sheep with the Spanish, whilst but little attention was paid to the carcase; and the sheep are still kept, as formerly, until four or five years old before they are fitted for the butcher.

The same may be said of the horned cattle. By a like attention to the breeds, and by selecting the best of those chosen, both in point of symmetry, facility of fattening, and precocity, the British cattle-breeders have managed to produce races that are fit for the butcher in two years, and have attained their full growth at three, instead of five years, as formerly. Thus, although the average age of the slaughtered beasts may be nearly the same in the two countries, this arises from the very young and very old being killed in France; whilst in England, by superior management, the farmer is enabled to have his cattle ready for the butcher at less than half the age of those in France; producing, at the same time, at least double the average weight of meat.

This improvement in the breeding and grazing of cattle and sheep in the United Kingdom, was effected through the instrumentality of one man, the late Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, in Leicestershire. It is true, that although he attained perfection in respect to sheep, he was unsuccessful with horned cattle, because he selected an inferior breed to experiment upon. But he laid down the principle, which has been followed up by others. Mr. Collins, of Tees Valley, in 1775, introduced a cross between the short-horned Durham and the Dutch cow, which produced an excellent race of good grazers and milkers. His herd was sold upon his death, we believe, about the year 1807, when forty-seven animals, all under one year old, brought the enormous sum of £7,100! The improvement of the Herefords, Devons, and other breeds, has followed; and such is the perfection attained in the symmetry, reduction of bone, &c., by repeated crossing, that fully three-fourths of the entire weight of the carcase is meat. The short-horned cattle may be compared to the Dishley breed of Leicester sheep; the Herefords and Devons to the Southdowns and Cheviots. Both these latter oxen fatten readily at two years old. The Devons are from a mountain breed, and are very hardy.

It ought in fairness to be stated, that France produces many articles of general consumption to which England pays no attention, but which add largely to the national wealth. The produce of the vineyards of France forms an important item in the general

account. The olive and silkworm, also, contribute their quota; to which may be added tobacco and the sugar-beet,—the latter of which has of late years become a considerable article of production for manufacturing purposes. Even the poultry constitute no mean item; their value being estimated at eight and a half millions sterling. But the great difference between the systems of cultivation of the two countries, and that in which consists the cause of the difference in the produce, is the large amount of land devoted to the food of animals in England, by which the land is abundantly supplied with restoratives after the growth of cereals. Thus, with 12,750,000 acres of cereals, we have 32,500,000 acres of green and root crops; whilst in France, with 45,000,000 acres of cereals, they have only 22,500,000 acres of green and root crops. It may be urged in mitigation of this, that whilst the United Kingdom has only 500,000 acres of fallows, France has 5,000,000 acres. But this is only the necessary consequence of the exhaustion of the soil by an imperfect system of cultivation; for, with so small a proportion of green crops, the practice of fallowing is absolutely necessary to restore a sufficient degree of energy in the soil to produce a cereal crop at all. But that fallowing is not an efficient substitute for green crops, is evident from the small return of cereal crops *per acre* obtained. The compensation received by the land from fallowing is, indeed, not to be compared with that derived from green and root crops, being entirely absorbed from the atmosphere, the process of which is slow, and requires more time than is usually afforded it. On the other hand, the grazing and treading of cattle and sheep upon the land have a beneficial effect, independent of the quantity of manure raised by them, in the consumption of green and root crops.

But the British farmer is not satisfied with the benefit arising from the compensating effects of his restorative crops, and the amount of manure they yield. Every species of organic and inorganic substance that can be procured and rendered available, is purchased at great expense, and applied to the land. Thus bones, woollen rags, fish, oil-cake, night-soil, blood, soap-ashes, the refuse of manufactories, gypsum, marl, clay, and an endless variety of chemical preparations and substances, with hundreds of thousands of tons annually of guano brought from far-distant countries, are called into requisition for the further enriching of the land and increasing of the product. Farming in England is no longer the traditional routine which it formerly was; but an intelligent and enterprising profession, calling into active exercise the highest efforts of the mental powers, and exhibiting the most marvellous results in the increased production of animal and vegetable food. Some of the most unpromising and barren portions of the country—more especially in Scotland—have been brought by these means into the highest state of cul-

tivation; and the wilderness may truly be said to be made to blossom as the rose. Land that formerly, and almost within the memory of man, would not bring the proprietor more than one or two shillings *per acre* of rent, now lets readily at from two to four pounds *per acre*.* Such are the results of the steady and persevering enterprise of the British farmer; and the conclusion our author comes to, after recording such facts as these, is,—

‘that to reap largely of cereals, it is necessary to *reduce*, rather than *extend*, the breadth of land sown; and that by giving greater space to forage crops, not only is a greater quantity of meat, milk, and wool obtained, but a larger produce of corn also. France will achieve similar results when she shall have covered her immense fallows with root and forage crops, and reduced the breadth of her cereals by several millions of *hectares*. The whole secret of English farming consists in this: a large extent of grass, whether natural or artificial, employed for the most part as pasture; two roots, the potato and turnip; two spring cereals, barley and oats; and one winter one, wheat;—all these plants linked together by an alternate course of cereals or white crops with forage or green crops, commencing with roots or plants which require to be hoed, and ending with wheat. This is the whole secret. The English have discarded all other crops, such as sugar-beet, tobacco, ligneous plants, and roots. Two only have escaped proscription, the hop in England and the flax in Ireland. The vine and other crops, such as the olive, silk, &c., in France, produce £40,000,000 sterling *per annum*. France aims at quality and variety; England seeks quantity and uniformity.’—Page 64.

We next come to the question of rents, profits, and wages, with the other various imposts on agriculture. Here M. Lavergne truly remarks, that in no country are the burdens upon the land so heavy or numerous as in England. Poor’s-rates, other parish and county rates, land-tax, church tithes, &c., figure respectively at six, four, one, and seven millions sterling, making a total of eighteen millions; of which England and Wales bear sixteen millions, being an average of 8s. *per acre*. Ireland and Scotland pay respectively one and a half millions, and half a million.

In France the direct burdens on the land amount to about ten and a half millions sterling, or 5 francs *per hectare*; about one-fifth in nominal, and one fourth in real, value of what is paid in England. The expenses of cultivation are equally disproportionate. Thus, the cost of artificial manure, implements of husbandry, renewal of seed and breeding stock, amount in France to four or five francs *per hectare*: in the United Kingdom they average twenty-five, and in England proper at least fifty francs. Rents

* In the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, there are hundreds of acres which, eighty years ago, were covered with huge boulders, and let at about 2s. *per acre*. These have been cleared at the expense of £100 *per acre*, and now let at from £7 to £10 *per acre*.

in France average thirty francs, or 25*s.*, *per hectare*, whilst in the United Kingdom the following are the averages:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
England proper.....	24	0	<i>per acre.</i>
Lowlands of Scotland and Wales.....	12	0	"
Highlands " ".....	1	0	"
Three-fourths of Ireland	16	0	"
North-west of "	6	6	"
General average16 <i>s.</i> <i>per acre</i> , or	40	0	<i>per hectare.</i>

The rural population of the two countries are stated as follows:

England and Wales ...	4,000,000	out of 16,000,000
France.....	20,000,000	" 35,000,000
Ireland.....	5,000,000	" 8,000,000

This gives to the 100 *hectares*, or 250 acres,—

For England and Wales	30	labourers.
France	40	"
Ireland	60	"

Thus, England, by employing 30 persons to cultivate 250 acres, produces 200 francs *per* 2½ acres; whilst in France 40 persons are required for the same extent of land, and produce only 100 francs *per* 2½ acres; and in Ireland 60, or just double those in England. Hence it follows that labour is much more productive in England than in France or Ireland. This prepares the reader for the following rates of wages:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Average in England ...	9	0	to	10	0	<i>per week.</i>
" France.....	6	3	"	6	6	"
" Ireland.....	4	0	"	6	0	"

In comparing the condition of the English farm labourer with that of the French peasant proprietor, our author fully bears out the view we have taken of the two systems of large and small farms, and their effects upon the masses. He says the French peasant is neither so well lodged, clothed, nor fed; his bread is composed of rye, buckwheat, maize, and even chestnuts; whilst that of the English labourer is made of wheaten flour, with sometimes a small mixture of barley or oats. The latter, too, frequently eats meat, which is a rare thing with the French peasant.

The produce of the two countries is thus divided:—

FRANCE.					
	<i>fr.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Proprietors' rent ...	30	<i>per hectare</i> or	10	0	<i>per acre.</i>
Cultivators' profit. .	10	"	3	4	"
Taxes	5	"	1	8	"
Accessory expenses. .	5	"	1	8	"
Wages	50	"	16	8	"
	100	"	33	4	"

ENGLAND.

	fr.		s.	d.
Proprietors' rent ...	60	per hectare	or 20	0 per acre.
Profit of farmer ...	32	"	" 10	8 "
Taxes	20	"	" 6	8 "
Accessory expenses. 40	"	"	" 13	4 "
Wages	48	"	" 16	0 "
	200	"	" 40	0 "

In accounting for the difference in the results of agriculture in the two countries, M. Lavergne very justly remarks,—

‘During the last five years (from 1848 to 1853) we have been experiencing a state of things not unlike what took place in France and in England between 1790 and 1800. This period has been distressingly barren of results to us, but largely productive for them. Whilst we were vociferously propounding a multitude of questions, without settling any of them, they were quietly working out theirs; and now both come forth from the trial, they strengthened and we weakened. The responsibility of the imperfect state of our agriculture does not attach altogether to our cultivators; its ulterior progress depends not solely on them; or rather, it is not by fixing their attention on the soil, that they will altogether be able to avail themselves of the phenomena there presented; but by endeavouring again to rise to the general laws which govern the economical development of communities.’—Page 91.

Our author evidently penned these sentences under the moral influence of the censorship; but it is easy, notwithstanding, to see the drift of his argument. If, under the ancient *régime*, the agriculture of France was crushed and manacled, as well as neglected by the Government, it is equally cramped under the present system of protection, and the continual interference in the regulation of prices, and infractions upon the laws of demand and supply. By the system adopted and in operation at this time in France, all the principles of economic science are set at defiance; and, what is worse, false ideas are cherished amongst a people but little enlightened upon economic subjects, and but too apt to bow, without examination, to the supposed superior intelligence of their ruler.

The number of landed proprietors in England is estimated at 250,000, which gives an average of 200 acres of cultivated land each; or, if the waste land is taken in, of 300 acres each, producing a rental of £240 sterling. The small proprietors are supposed to occupy two-thirds of the soil. In France the landed proprietors amount to between five and six millions, but the number of properties assessed is eleven millions. This, however, includes house property in towns.

In England, 2,000 proprietors possess one-third of the land; and of these, 50 have princely fortunes. Some of the English nobility possess entire counties, with a revenue of millions of francs. Allotting to these 2,000 families 25,000,000 acres, and

300,000,000 francs, (say £20,000,000 sterling of income,) it gives 12,500 acres, and £10,000 sterling income, to each.

The 11,000,000 assessments in France are thus disposed of:—

	fr.	fr.
5,500,000 under		5
2,000,000 from	5 to.....	10
3,000,000 „	10 „	50
600,000 „	50 „	100
500,000 above		100

This last class absorbs the bulk of the landed property, whilst the 5,500,000 below 100 francs occupy one-third of the total surface. In France the proprietors of chateaux are immediately followed by the swarm of small proprietors; whilst in England the immense fiefs of the aristocracy have the gentry between them and the small proprietors. M. Lavergne asserts that the large properties are not those which are best cultivated; but in proof of this, he adduces those mountainous estates of Scotland and England which are, for the most part, incapable of cultivation, such as those of the Duke of Sutherland and the Marquis of Breadalbane in Scotland, which are totally out of the question, and form no criterion of the comparative advantages of the two systems. This he, immediately after, virtually admits, when he says, the richest parts of the British soil—Lancashire, Leicestershire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Lincolnshire—are composed of large and middle-sized estates. In Lancashire,—one of the richest of them all, even in an agricultural point of view,—middling, and even almost small, occupations predominate. He also adduces the Island of Jersey as an example of the advantage of small holdings; but it must first be proved that the farmers of Jersey live by their land alone, and that they grow cereals enough for their own consumption. The fact is, the success of the Jersey farmers, like those of Belgium, is owing to their raising luxuries, such as butter, eggs, cheese, fruits, cider, poultry, and a hundred other articles, for the markets of the British and French metropolises. These two large cities, containing populations equal to both Belgium and Jersey, eagerly purchase the produce of the small farms of those minor countries, and *in return supply them with cereals*, of which they produce not enough even for their own consumption. In both these countries the rents of land are very high, and can only be covered by the production and sale of luxuries; certainly not by growing corn alone,—although, as we believe, the taxation is light.

M. Lavergne, again, asserts that the best farming in France is found where the small estates predominate, as in the department of the Nord and the Bas Rhin, and almost all the richest districts of the other departments. But this is not well borne out by the general results; or, at least, it is not thereby proved that any

great progress has been made. The whole of the facts brought forward go to prove, that the system operates as a drag upon improvement, keeping agriculture stationary and bound to an antiquated routine, like what formerly prevailed in England. He well remarks, that 'what is wanted for agriculture, is not that the estate should be large, but rich.' The latter is a relative term; for a man may be poor with a large estate, and rich with a small one. 'In England the estates of £1,000 a year are the most forward in improvement,' &c. This latter statement he makes immediately after speaking of the immense progress effected on the estates of the Duke of Bedford, Earl Spencer, Lord Yarborough, the Earl of Leicester, and others of the largest land-owners in the United Kingdom.

A chapter of M. Lavergne's work is devoted to the subject of the predilection of the English for rural life and pursuits, as one grand cause of the success of our agriculture. We fully agree with him, that this feeling, or, perhaps, *principle*, pervades the whole mass of the English people, except those whose tastes have been perverted by a long intercourse with the condensed society of cities or large towns. This love of the country is a natural and inherent instinct of humanity, and is not peculiar to the English, although it may have been less perverted here than in France by an artificial condition of society. In the latter country the expulsion or execution of the Royalists and Aristocrats, the destruction of the chateaux, and the subdivision of the estates, at the Revolution, proved the annihilation of the class of gentry and nobility who lived upon their estates. What portion of them survived either emigrated, or were driven into the army, both for a livelihood, and to avoid proscription; and there was then no class between the army and the small occupiers. Subsequently, a taste for a military or a town life grew up with the new aristocracy, and country pursuits were looked upon as vulgar, and only fit for the lowest ranks of society. In fact, by the subdivision of the land, it was to them that it was, to the greatest extent, consigned; and we see the effect in the little interest excited in France amongst the upper and middle classes by those public agricultural exhibitions set on foot and supported by the Government. We fear that, until this indifference is removed, the progress of agriculture in France will necessarily be slow. With us the case is different. The aristocracy are still looked upon by the masses as the ornamental part of the constitution, and their estates remain intact, as at the time of the Norman conquest, eight hundred years ago. The people look with pride and pleasure upon these noble domains as national institutions, and would view with regret their demolition, if such a thing were possible. On the other hand, the owners of these large properties and splendid mansions think it an honour to mingle with their tenants at those agricultural gatherings which take place, and many of them contend for the

prizes distributed for the best cattle exhibited. These noblemen live for the most part upon their estates, and take as much interest in agriculture as the farmers themselves. The example is set by the husband of the Sovereign, who is himself strongly attached to rural pursuits, and is, moreover, a successful competitor in, and supporter of, the various improvements in breeding and grazing cattle, as well as husbandry; and thus the spirit of agriculture, and the love of country life and occupations, descend through all the various grades of society, and impart a *soul* to the profession, not to be found in any other country.

The superiority of British farming is also ascribed by our author, amongst other things, to the almost universal system of leases, which makes agriculture a special occupation; and to the number of capitalists who fearlessly embark their money in it. These two circumstances raise up a distinct class of men, who receive an agricultural education, subsequently devoting their whole lives to it as a profession. Thus, whilst the French farmers are

‘sparing to the last degree, considering what is saved in expenses as so much gain, and unwilling to risk the loss of it by further venturing, in England they try which can put the most money into the land. This confidence belongs, in some measure, to the large farming system, which has specially been the cause of large outlay. It is large farming which every day gives more striking examples of enterprise as applied to the working of the soil; but middling and small farms follow closely upon the large.’—Page 111.

We subscribe most entirely to the first part of this paragraph, but cannot reconcile it with the encomiums bestowed in other parts of the book upon the small-farm system. The fact is, the latter *could* not if it would, and *would* not if it could, expend *money* in speculative experiments. The system itself necessarily superinduces a disposition to *save* rather than *get*; to consider a present shilling preferable to a prospective pound. The liberal and enterprising spirit is the natural consequence of the large-farm system, which involves the accession of a superior class of men, with capital, education, and enterprise.

‘The English farmer,’ says our author again, ‘has every facility for becoming well informed with regard to the latest improvements. It is a very common thing for them to send their children as pupils to those amongst themselves who are distinguished for their ability, and they willingly pay *boards* (premiums) which would frighten our farmers. They hold different meetings for the purpose of mutually communicating their ideas and experience. Those competitions of animals and machines which the Government of France is obliged to institute at the national expense, have long been established by private subscription in many places throughout the United Kingdom. The first noblemen, headed by Princes of the blood, and even the husband of the Queen, consider it an honour to preside at these meetings for competition and agricultural purposes, to take part in the discussions, and to contend for the prizes.’—Page 112.

Just so; but under the small-farm system the Government must necessarily be the *primum mobile* in, and the expense national for, all improvements, or they would never be effected at all. Even in Belgium, the very model of small farming, to which all friends of the system point, the Government is compelled to take the initiative in the onward progress of agriculture, or the whole system would stagnate for want of those liberal ideas of outlay which the English farmer fearlessly embarks in at his own expense, and without even consulting a friend.

One cause of the agricultural wealth of England, as alleged by our author, is the *prestige* conferred upon it by the taste of persons of wealth and influence for country life. 'In France, if a man wishes to become of consequence, he leaves the country; if an Englishman, he must retire to it. The poets and authors of England celebrate country life and country pleasures,' in terms that give a tone to the taste of society at large. Yet it should not be forgotten, that the pastoral vein of British authors is as much the effect as the cause of British tastes. Thus Thomson, Gray, Shenstone, and others, whose works are among the standard poetry of Britain, are but the echoes of the feelings of their countrymen. Their works are thus brought into comparison with a French author, Bruyere, who gives the following description of the husbandman:—

'We behold, throughout the country, a set of ferocious looking creatures, both male and female,—dark, livid, and scorched with the sun,—attached to the land, which they dig and grub with an untiring pertinacity. Their voice has a resemblance to that of a man; and when they rise on their feet, they exhibit a human countenance. They are, in fact, men. At night they retire to their dens, where they live upon black bread, water, and roots. They save other men the labour of sowing and reaping, and certainly do not deserve to be without that bread which they themselves have sown.'—Page 128.

One short paragraph goes far to account for the different progress made by the two nations.

'In London even, the people think more about business than pleasure; and this is the reason why our good Parisians find themselves so much out of their element there.'—Page 131.

Perhaps both people carry their predilections in this respect too far,—that if the French are too much addicted to pleasure, the English, on the contrary, are too much absorbed in business; but, in a national point of view, the benefit of the latter is seen in the immense progress made in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, in comparison with any other nation. Yet the English are not wholly destitute of a taste for pleasure, although of a very different kind from that in which our French neighbours indulge. And in practical benefit, we think the pleasures of the more sober portion of our countrymen more rational than

those of the French. But every nation has its own predilections; and those of the English lead them to seek in the pleasures of the country a relief from the cares and anxieties of business.

A second cause alleged for the agricultural wealth of England is her political institutions, in which respect he considers the French to be behind us three-fourths of a century. Since the Revolution of 1688 in England, the condition of the two countries has formed a striking contrast. A mild but firm and paternal Government has prevailed with us, appreciated by the people, and constantly increasing in its hold upon their affections. Every branch of industry receives both attention and encouragement; and however erroneously the Government patronage and protection may have been exercised, it was with an earnest and well-intentioned desire to promote the public welfare, and as such was received by the people. Even the wars in which England has engaged have, in the end, tended rather to extend than retard her commercial prosperity, unaccompanied as they have been by internal discord or foreign invasion. Her free constitution has enabled the people, without any national or even local convulsion, to extend their liberties in proportion with the increase of political knowledge; and it may now be asserted with truth, that she exhibits more of real republican freedom, both in a legislative and executive capacity, than the Government of any nation on earth.

France, on the other hand, from the same period (1688) has had dark clouds hovering over her political horizon, which every now and then have broken out in storms and tempests. Exhausted by the wars and follies of Louis XIV.,—especially that crowning one, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which the most industrious of her citizens were banished, to carry their skill, intelligence, and wealth, with their industry, to foreign countries,—she has never since had a sovereign, except Napoleon, who has thought it worth while to attend to the welfare of her commerce and agriculture. Her Monarchs being too much addicted to gross pleasures and royal magnificence to attend to the wants of these two interests, both remained stagnant during the last century. The efforts of Napoleon I. effected something considerable in the revival of agriculture; and, by calling in the aid of science, laid the foundation of the new system which has been adopted and carried out in England. But so far as the agricultural body in France was concerned, if we are to judge by the admissions of our author, the efforts of the French Government to revive agriculture were like those applied to a dead body by the galvanizer; *vitality* was temporarily restored, but *life* was still wanting. A military hierarchy had taken the place of rural feudalism; and a new taste had sprung up in consequence, opposed to that country feeling which certainly existed under the ancient *régime*, whilst the chateaux, and their owners, the nobles, existed.

The public taste and feeling therefore were—and still are—at variance with that principle, which alone can give vigour to agriculture.

‘The true ballast of the body politic’ (in England), says our author, ‘is the country feeling. This feeling, no doubt, is of an aristocratic kind, but it is not aristocracy itself; both may exist independent. British aristocracy has made common cause with the country feeling, and this is what constitutes its strength. French aristocracy holds itself aloof from it, and herein lies its weakness. In England the country life of the upper classes has, in the first place, produced energetic and high-minded habits, out of which the constitution has taken its rise; and then, owing to those very habits, liberty has been prevented from running into excesses. This liberal and conservative element has been wanting in France. In our own day, as formerly, absenteeism has effected, even in a political point of view, nearly all the mischief; and this is the reason why those two apparently distinct causes of prosperity, liberty without revolution, and the country feeling, are really but one.’—Page 150.

The third cause is ‘markets;’ which undoubtedly have been the great cause of the prosperity of England; and these again ‘are the offspring of liberty, order, and peace,’ accompanied by commerce and manufactures. ‘Since the reign of Queen Anne,’ (perhaps Louis XIV.,) ‘England has taken the lead from France in manufactures and commerce, that is to say, *in every thing*; for this advance supposes and includes all others.’ In fact, the manufactures afford the best and most certain markets for the agriculturists; for they consume all the produce raised in their neighbourhood. The immense wages received in those ‘ant-hills’ in the North, are paid away for the bread, butter, cheese, meat, and other articles furnished to them by the neighbouring farmers, who, on their part, are supplied with clothing in exchange. It is the market afforded by the non-agricultural population that has raised farming into a profession, and invited capital into it, as affording a certain and remunerative return.

The splendour and magnificence of the mansions and domains of the English nobility excited the admiration of M. Lavergne; but the contrast of these with the manufacturing towns with which they are frequently placed in juxtaposition, was still more striking.

‘I never,’ he says, ‘experienced this difference so much as in going from Chatsworth to Sheffield. Chatsworth is one of the finest of those princely residences of the English aristocracy, where such kingly luxury is displayed. This splendid place is surrounded with a finely timbered park, of several leagues in circumference, stocked with deer, sheep, and cattle, all grazing together. Fountains, artificial cascades in ornamental basins, almost rival the celebrated decorations of Versailles and St. Cloud. An immense conservatory, constructed with iron and glass, and which gives the idea of the Crystal Palace, contains quite a forest of tropical trees. An entire village of hand-

some cottages, picturesquely situated, has been built by the proprietor for his workmen and labourers. The river Derwent, winding beautifully through the park, seems almost as if it were designed by art. And encompassing this scene, already so grand, are the Derbyshire hills, forming a magnificent horizon to the whole. Everything there has an air of wealth, luxury, and power. But once beyond the barren ridge which separates you from the county of York, and arrived at the neighbouring town, everything is changed. Nothing but blasting furnaces, hammers and anvils, chimneys vomiting thick smoke, a population of blacksmiths, moving about like spectres amidst flames. One may compare it to the infernal regions at the gates of paradise.'—Page 132.

These splendid mansions and spacious domains are, in fact, the offspring of those black and smoking furnaces, which furnish the markets for the agricultural produce of the owners' broad acres, and, at the same time, induce men of capital to engage in the profession.

'Let us suppose,' says our author, 'the land of England divided according to the Arcadian notions of some philanthropists, so that each of her population may have—not a rood, as Goldsmith states, but—two acres, which will be about the quantity required. Such is the case with the centre and the south of France, where the *métayer* system prevails. There the cultivator has nothing to dispose of. Why does he work? To feed himself and his master with the produce of his labour. The master divides the produce with him, and consumes his portion. If it is wheat and wine, master and *métayer* eat wheat and drink wine. If it is rye, buck-wheat, and potatoes, these they consume together. Wool and flax are shared in like manner, and serve to make the coarse stuffs with which they are clothed. Should there happen to remain over a few lean sheep, some ill-fed pigs, or some calves reared with difficulty by overworked cows, whose milk is disputed with their offspring, they are sold to pay taxes.'—Page 158.

"This," he adds, "is the only system where markets are wanting."

This is no very favourable view of the *métayer* system, or of that of small farming. We grant that want of markets is the great defect, but we question whether it be not, in a considerable degree, the result, and not the cause, of the poverty of the population. Had the land been thrown into large farms, necessarily occupied by capitalists, is it not probable that they would have found the means of getting their produce to market, or even of creating markets, by inviting manufacturers, as has, in some cases, been done in this country? In the north-west of France agriculture is in a better state, the population being largely engaged in commerce and manufactures, which afford markets for the produce of agriculture. The farmers, also, have long leases, instead of being subject to the *métayer* system. M. Lavergne estimates that agricultural production has quad-

ruled, and the population doubled, during the present century, whilst rents have risen ten to one.

'If France of 1789 had known where to stop, as England did in 1688, her general prosperity from that time would doubtless have prodigiously increased.'

'It must not be supposed that the English make no revolutions. On the contrary, they revolutionize to a great extent. They are always at it, but in their own quiet way. Thus, they attempt only what is possible and really useful; and one may be sure that at the close there will be complete satisfaction, without the entire destruction of the past.'—Page 197.

Our author speaks with enthusiastic admiration of the improvements in agriculture and machinery in England. Draining, the introduction of the steam-engine, liquid manure, box-feeding, or *stabulation*, as it is called in France, he considers justly, has increased the produce of wheat to 44 bushels, barley to 55 bushels, and oats to 66 bushels *per acre*. With regard to liquid manure, to illustrate its beneficial effects, he adduces the farm of Cunning Park, in Argyleshire. It contains only 50 acres, which formerly yielded a rent of 25*s. per acre*, and maintained only ten cows, bringing its occupier a gross produce of £4 *per acre*. By the application of liquid manure and draining, it is now enabled to support forty-eight cows, yielding a gross produce of £24, and a net profit of £8 *per acre*.

Drainage is, perhaps, that part of land improvement the least perfectly carried out in England. M. Lavergne eulogizes the Government for the advance of five millions sterling for that purpose, and assumes that one-third of the land has thereby been effectually drained. We believe, however, that ten times that amount would leave a large portion of the country undrained. What, indeed, is wanted is, not grants of money alone, but an Act of Parliament to carry out arterial drainage, as the indispensable basis of an efficient system of land drainage; and until this is done, *nothing* can be done effectually. It might have been supposed that the necessity for this would have forced itself upon the minds of those who have at all considered the subject; and yet, strange to say, the measures proposed in Parliament for the purpose have failed. The public attention, however, has been directed to this branch of improvement, and the subject cannot long rest in its present state. The great obstacle to a system of arterial drainage is the existence of water-mills, by which millions of acres of valuable land, capable of bearing large crops of corn, or the best grass, are rendered unproductive, except of coarse grass, mixed with rushes. Any effective measure must involve the abolition of water power, wherever it interferes with the proper development of the productive powers of the land. And when this preliminary and indispensable

measure is provided for,—as it has already been, in part, in Ireland,—it will emancipate an immense portion of the best land from the dominion of water, which now renders it of little value to the owner.

“Take this flower-pot,” said the President of a meeting in France lately. “What is the meaning of this small hole at the bottom? To renew the water. And why to renew the water? Because it gives life or death. Life, when it is made only to pass through the body of the earth; for it leaves with the soil its productive principle, and renders soluble the nutritive properties destined to nourish the plant: death, on the other hand, when it remains in the pot; for it soon becomes putrid and rots the roots, and also prevents new water from penetrating.” The theory of drainage is exactly described in this figure.—Page 182.

But it is in the application of machinery that the largest advances have been made in agriculture. Two causes have operated to effect this. In the first place, the inventive powers of manufacturing machinists have been stimulated to the utmost, both by the competition for the prizes offered by different Societies, and for commercial ascendancy. By these stimulants, intelligence of a high order has been brought to bear upon the subject; and the result is, that a multitude of machines of all kinds, and for all purposes, have been invented, and their respective powers publicly tested at Agricultural Meetings, their comparative merits being determined by competent persons appointed for the purpose. The application of steam to the threshing and other machinery, forms an era in the history of rural economy; and we fully expect soon to see it supersede horse power in the aration of the soil, a considerable advance having already been made towards the accomplishment of this.

A second reason for it is, the more palpable and immediate character of the benefit produced by machinery. In testing the value of any other innovation,—the application, for instance, of a new manure,—the expected result may be frustrated by circumstances imperceptible to the farmer, but which operate against its future use, both by him and his neighbours, although in reality it may be of great value. On the other hand, the value of a useful machine is perceived at once upon its first application, and its adoption follows as a matter of course. Thus we have seen the threshing machine, upon its first introduction at the beginning of the present century, make its way amongst a class of farmers as averse to innovation generally as their forefathers were.

The different attention paid to agricultural shows by the non-agricultural portion of the people of the two countries appears to have struck M. Lavergne very forcibly, if not painfully. In another place he speaks of the multitude of persons, of all ranks

and professions, who visited the Smithfield Cattle Show, and displayed an interest and enthusiasm in the object of the gathering as great as that of the farmers themselves. And he contrasts this with the neglect and indifference displayed by the Parisians on the occasion of the grand agricultural display got up by the Government last year, in the Champ de Mars, none of them thinking it worth while to attend it. Nothing, we think, can more clearly illustrate the artificial taste of the people of Paris than this want of sympathy with rural pursuits, which thus induces them to treat the practice of husbandry itself with silent contempt, as a mean and degrading employment. As a climax to this contrast, we quote the following:—

‘Queen Victoria and Prince Albert take a real pleasure in farming. The Prince has a farm at Windsor, where the finest cattle in the three kingdoms are bred and fattened. His produce generally gains the first prizes at the agricultural shows. At Osborne, where she spends the greatest part of the year, the Queen herself takes great interest in her poultry yard; and the newspapers have lately announced a cure which Her Majesty has discovered for a particular disease amongst turkeys. We may laugh at this; but our neighbours take it very seriously, and they have good reason for doing so too. Happy and wise amongst nations is the people which loves to see its Princes engaged in useful relaxations.’—Page 134.

Several chapters of the work are occupied with descriptions of the different districts of the kingdom in respect to their agricultural capabilities, and the progress made in their development. It would be taking too wide a range to follow the author through these details. Of the different soils of which it is composed, the strong clays, generally speaking, exhibit the least improvement in the practice of husbandry, and the least amount of intelligence amongst the inhabitants. Yet the best wheat is produced on some of them, as in Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Surrey, from which counties the London market is chiefly supplied with its strongest native grain and flour. In Kent, the small-farm system, and its yeomanry, still hold a *status*, perpetuated by the law of *Gavelkind*, which promotes the subdivision of the land. It is, however, daily giving way, and will probably, in a few years, fall into desuetude.

The celebrity of Surrey as a suburban district attracted the special notice of our author, and particularly—

‘its historical recollections. The great men of England—statesmen, poets, warriors—have resided there. Even we Frenchmen begin to stock it with sacred spots. The greatest wrecks of our civil discords have there sought refuge. In a small chapel in one of those quiet country villages, Weybridge, repose the mortal remains of King Louis Philippe; not far from Twickenham, where he spent part of his youth, and close to Claremont, where he died, after wearing a crown

between two revolutions. The whole modern history of England and France agrees in this,—that here is always storm, there always peace.'—Page 209.

One would think that Louis Philippe had not much cause for regret in leaving this land of storms for the peaceful shades of Surrey and Claremont. The repose he there enjoyed, after a life of more than ordinary vicissitude, even for a French Sovereign, if rightly appreciated, must have been felt to be a relief, as affording a fitting preparation for the closing scene of life.

The splendid establishment of Mr. Lowe for prosecuting agricultural chemistry, at Rothhamstead Park, near St. Alban's, was visited by M. Lavergne.

'His laboratory is upon the scale of a regular manufactory:—a steam-engine, of ten-horse power, a cast-iron stove, eight feet long, enormous furnaces, every thing, in fact, suited for carrying on his experiments. The entire carcasses of animals are there reduced to ashes for the purpose of exact analyses. M. Payen, who is a good judge in such matters, has seen these arrangements, and expressed his admiration of them in a report that has been published. A piece of ground, of twelve or fifteen acres, divided into twenty-eight compartments, serves as a field for trying experiments with the different manures.'—Page 219.

The following remarks are worthy of a close attention:—

'Every one who has, with a little attention, followed the movements of agriculture at the present day, must be satisfied that the time is approaching when further progress will only be made by means of what is properly called "science." All that expense can do has already been nearly done; the world still advances, population goes on increasing, and the comforts of life are more generally diffused. What would suffice yesterday, is not enough for to-day; and what is enough for to-day, will not satisfy the wants of to-morrow. We must continue incessantly to draw new treasures from our common mother earth. We should have nothing but famine, depopulation, and death before us, had not God, whilst daily giving us so many new wants to satisfy, supplied us, at the same time, with a powerful means of warding off these evils. This exhaustless means is SCIENCE! Science, which fills the world with wonders; which has supplied the electric telegraph, enabling us to communicate instantaneously from one end of the earth to the other; which has given us steam, and perhaps, ere long, heated air, to transport vast multitudes of men and merchandise by land and sea; which, in the workshops of industry, produces so many wonderful changes in inert matter, but which has scarcely as yet been tried in agriculture. Nothing serves better to show the progress making in agricultural chemistry in England, than a quarter of an hour's conversation with the first farmer one meets. Most of them are already familiar with the technical terms. They talk of ammonia and phosphates like professed chemists, and are quite alive to the unlimited field of production which this study may open up. Cheap publications on the subject abound, and lecturers, paid by sub-

scription, hold forth throughout the country. In London there is a thriving school of chemistry and geology, as applied to agriculture, under the direction of Messrs. Nesbit.'—Page 219.

Our author, as a matter of course, visited Mr. Mechi's farm of Tiptree Hall, in Essex, and does ample justice to the disinterested and useful munificence of that gentleman. We fully agree with him in the strong terms of approbation he bestows upon his efforts to advance agriculture. We do not care to inquire whether Mr. Mechi's balance-sheet exhibits a profit or a loss at the end of the year; but we are sure that the principles he enunciates, the experiments he so fearlessly institutes, and the liberal publicity he gives to all his movements, entitle him to the thanks of the agricultural body, and place him amongst the list of benefactors to his country. We question whether those who are most forward in condemning, if not ridiculing, his system of farming, are not themselves amongst the most unenlightened of their class. If not, we are sure they will profit by the very experiments they are condemning, by adopting so much of them as suits their own purposes.

Whilst the seeds of a political revolution were scattered broadcast in France, and beginning to produce their baneful fruits, a revolution of another kind, peaceful and beneficial, was in progress in England. It commenced in Suffolk, under the auspices of Mr. Arthur Young, who, like Mr. Mechi, was an experimental agriculturist, like him spared no expense, and like him, too, was ridiculed by the empty wits of the day. Yet his system raised the inferior lands of Suffolk and Norfolk from 5*s.* to 25*s.* *per acre*. The Holkham chieftain was his friend and disciple, and, by following his precepts, has raised Holkham itself, as we have before stated, from a barren waste to a flourishing farm; and the value of the whole estate of 30,000 acres was increased from £300,000 to at least £1,200,000, thus doubling the £400,000 he spent in improvements. The plantations he laid down he lived to see rise to splendid woods, and actually built vessels at the neighbouring town of Wells, of the oaks he himself had planted! The domain, consisting of 1,200 acres, he farmed himself, and converted it from a rabbit warren to a productive estate.

The system adopted by Mr. Coke extended to the neighbouring counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, Bedford, Northampton, &c. In the last two, the Duke of Bedford holds large property, and, pursuing the same track as Francis (the colleague of Coke) marked out in agricultural progress, has doubled the value of his estates. In Lincolnshire Lord Yarborough, also, has pursued the same route, and his estate of 30,000 acres produces him a rental of £30,000. In the middle of the last century it only rated at £3,000! In all these cases, the large-farm system has been adopted with the same success, and that upon the most

inferior and unpromising soils in the kingdom, if we except some of the mountainous districts. In the rich lands of the western district but little progress has been made.

'In the grass lands of the west there has been no great improvement; formerly prosperous under the old system, their success has sent them to sleep, whilst all around them is progressing. Yet to these *prairies* of the west, the whole rural economy of England owes its origin; for their existence has taught the English farmers the importance of cattle.'

This western region consists of six counties,—Somerset, Gloucester, Hereford, Chester, Salop, and Stafford.

The county of Chester is a dairy and grazing district. Out of 700,000 acres, half are under pasture, and support 100,000 cows, which produce on an average from 200lbs. to 400lbs. of cheese, and 15lbs. to 20lbs. of butter each. The Marquis of Westminster is a large proprietor in this county, and a liberal improver. He manufactures a million of draining tiles annually, which are given to the tenants for fetching away. A large amount of artificial manure is used by the farmers, and bone-dust is applied to the pastures with the best effect. It is to be obtained from Manchester, the bones having previously been divested of their gluten by boiling. This latter is used in the cotton manufacture to thicken the cloths.

The making of cheese in Cheshire and Gloucestershire appears to have attracted a good deal of our author's admiration.

'Amongst the productions of rural industry,' says he, 'this, (cheese,) in my opinion, is one of the most interesting. Besides furnishing the masses of the people in all countries with a wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food, easily carried, and easily procured, cut in any quantity that may be needed, and requiring no preparation; I cannot forget that it was the manufacture of cheese which enabled Holland and Switzerland, two of the noblest nations of modern Europe, to establish their independence. There is more connexion than is generally supposed between a nation's political history and its rural economy. This industry passed into England from Holland along with turnip cultivation; and the latter of these gifts is worth nearly as much as the other.'—Page 243.

Berkshire is now celebrated as the county in which the late Mr. Pusey resided, the President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. On a farm of 370 acres, he directed his attention to the breeding and fattening of sheep; and his flock consisted of 400 breeding ewes and 400 wethers, which he fed in winter upon roots, and in summer upon irrigated meadows. These meadows were what attracted the attention of agriculturists. They cost Mr. Pusey about £5. 10s. *per* acre; and during the five summer months, he fed 73 fine South-Downs upon two acres. They were put upon the meadows in pens; and as the

grass was eaten down, the pens were shifted. Before putting the sheep on, the water was stopped off; and let on again when they were removed. Fed in this way, and finished upon corn and oil-cake in sheds, he fattened them at a year old, and sold them at a high price to the butcher. It is supposed that Mr. Pusey made no profit by his farm; yet no one denies that he succeeded in fattening four times the number of sheep, and doubling the quantity of cereal produce upon his farm; and why this should yield no profit, we are at a loss to conceive.

In Oxfordshire, the Blenheim estate, and others in the western part, are the worst cultivated. Blenheim Park contains 2,500 acres, and the rest of the estate is much larger. Almost all the Duke of Marlborough's tenants threw up their farms when the last low prices prevailed, in consequence of his refusing to make any reduction in his rents, as other landlords had done. Consequently, the Duke was obliged to employ agents to carry on the farms on his account,—a system which has never yet been found profitable to a landlord. 'Whoever wishes to see an epitome of the agriculture and soil of England, should visit Oxford and the counties adjoining.' They afford 'an example of every kind of crop, every sort of land, all grades of rent, and every method of cultivation; and the average of the whole agrees with the general average of the kingdom.'

M. Lavergne's predilection for small farms gives way when he arrives at Wiltshire; or, at least, he modifies it. 'The best system,' he says, 'is universally that which, in any given situation, pays at once the best rent, the best profit, and the best wages. Now this is not what Wiltshire does at the present time with its immoderately large farms; for proprietors, farmers, and labourers all complain. In no part of England are wages lower and poverty more rife.'

Derbyshire is compared with the mountainous districts of France, as Limousin, Auvergne, &c., in appearance and the occupation of the inhabitants, except that Derbyshire possesses roads and railroads in every direction. This is, in fact, the grand want of France; and we have no doubt but that, if the present Emperor is spared,—so alive is he to the improvement of the country,—these pressing wants will be supplied, and thus markets will be opened for the more isolated districts to dispose of their produce. Speaking of Chatsworth again, our author says:—

'These large properties are not altogether profit; for, however wealthy may be the proprietors, the keeping up of that beautiful place, with its gardens and magnificent park, all which the public enjoy more than the owner himself, is attended with great expense. The saying, "*Noblesse oblige*," applies more to the English than to any other people. In England titles and wealth command great respect; but the necessity of keeping them up sometimes ends in ruining the possessors. One can fancy that a time will come when no

private fortune will be able to stand the expense of keeping up Chatsworth; and then the consequence will be, that this Versailles of England will either disappear altogether, or it will become national property, which it is in fact already, considering the use that is made of it.'—Page 259.

Lancashire, the dullest, flattest, and most unpromising of countries by nature, has been rendered by art the most productive district in the world.

'Let any one fancy an immense morass, shut in by the sea on one side, and mountains on the other, a stiff clay land, with an impervious subsoil, everywhere hostile to farming; add to this a most gloomy climate, continual rain, a constant cold sea wind, besides a thick smoke, shutting out what little light penetrates the foggy atmosphere; and, lastly, the ground, the inhabitants, and their dwellings, covered with a coating of black dust. Fancy all this, and some idea may be formed of this strange country, where the air and the earth seem only one mixture of coal and water. Such, however, is the influence upon production of an inexhaustible outlet, that those fields, so gloomy, unpromising, and forsaken, are rented at an average of 30s.; and in the immediate neighbourhood of Liverpool and Manchester arable land lets as high as £4 per acre.'—Page 261.

'The liberal opinions'—or, as M. Lavergne calls them, 'almost revolutionary'—'of the Lancashire people would on the Continent certainly indicate approaching disorders.'

We must pass over the rest of the English counties, and come to our author's account of Scotland, which affords interesting matter for reflection. The progress, indeed, that civilization and agriculture have made in that country the last hundred years, is one of the wonders of the times, and far exceeds what has been done even in England. Every one is familiar with the account of the poverty of Scotland given by Dr. Johnson, which, although ill-natured enough, was scarcely exaggerated. Let us trace the course of that regeneration which has taken place there, and by which she now rivals England in manufacturing, as well as agricultural, industry.

The entire of Scotland was, up to a comparatively late period, held by Chieftains, each of whom was the head of a tribe, or clan, the members of which subsisted partly by the chase, partly by a rude kind of husbandry, but chiefly by plunder from each other, and especially from the English on the borders, where (in Cumberland) was a tract of land which, from being claimed by both English and Scotch, was called 'debateable land.' This tract was, consequently, the scene of continual warfare, consisting of raids or inroads upon each other, for the purpose of plunder. This state of things was as ancient as the time of the Romans, who built the celebrated 'Picts' wall,' which extends across the island, expressly to protect the English border against their incursions.

The soil was the common property of the clan, subject to the chief, and each one took as much as he needed, subject to a small payment in kind, and the old feudal condition of military service. But when his miserable crop of oats was reaped, it was considered vacant for any other occupant. No language was spoken but the Gaelic, and education was not only not desired, but was despised, as only fit for 'clerks,' or monks, and other ecclesiastics. Every reader is familiar with the graphic and spirit-stirring descriptions of Walter Scott, drawn to the life, and describing a state of things which existed throughout Scotland up to the battle of Culloden, the result of which extinguished the last hopes of the Stuarts, annihilated the power of the Scottish Chiefs, and broke up for ever the warlike combination of their lawless bands.

It was then that the Lowland Chieftains began to reflect on the position in which they were placed. The Act of Union had been passed some years before, but was a dead letter so far as a real amalgamation of the two peoples was concerned. The Scot despised the English refinement, and the English looked upon the Scot as an unreclaimable savage, whom it was easier to destroy than subdue. This is no exaggerated statement of the case, as the massacre of Glencoe will testify. Many of the Chiefs, however, had visited the English and French Courts, and had begun to acquire a taste for a more civilized life than their own country exhibited. Taking the lead, therefore, the Lowland Chiefs, after the year 1745, began that course of national regeneration which, seconded by the Government, has produced the most marvellous change in the manners and habits of the Scottish people and the physical condition of the country.

Scotland began this course of reform in the extreme of pecuniary poverty, but with a description of wealth which has materially influenced and aided her progress. Evangelical Protestantism had taken a powerful hold under the Presbyterian form, and the morality of the people was exemplary. Their poverty had superinduced frugal habits; and it was made a religious duty, as well as a social obligation, to live within, rather than above, an income. This valuable habit has never left the Scottish people, and enters into and regulates all their arrangements, both social and commercial, and it accounts for the few instances of failure in that country as compared with England. A Scotchman, if he can raise only capital enough to stock fifty acres of land properly, will not think of taking a larger quantity; and thus he keeps his operations strictly within his grasp, and succeeds accordingly.

The system of banking adopted in Scotland has also been a main ingredient in her prosperity. Banks of issue are established in every considerable town. These make advances of money, upon the personal security of three respectable parties, at 5 *per cent.* interest, allowing 3 *per cent.* upon deposits. And as

the bondsmen have an interest in the prosperity of the borrower, the latter is kept within bounds by their constant surveillance, which operates most beneficially upon him. On the other hand, the safety of the banks is secured by the system of exchanging notes with each other every few days, by which means the circulation never exceeds the ability of the issuers to meet it with specie. This admirable arrangement has been the means of preserving the Scottish banks from failure; whilst, by a more lax system, the reverse has been the case in the other sections of the kingdom. In nearly a hundred years not more than four or five Scotch banks have failed; whilst in England the number has reached to nearly four hundred in the same period; and in Ireland, within a very few years, nearly the whole of the banks have been broken up.

When we add to these main causes of prosperity the indomitable steadiness and perseverance of the Scotch in every thing they undertake, their acuteness in business, and their habitually systematic method of conducting it, we discover the groundwork of the rapid progress which they have made in all industrial pursuits, and the extraordinary physical changes produced in a country labouring under natural disadvantages of soil, climate, and surface, that might well have deterred any other people from attempting such a work.

The Act of Union, however, has been the basis of Scottish prosperity. When the people found that the Union was *un fait accompli*, which England was determined to maintain at all hazards, they sought how to turn it to the best account, by obtaining from the Government the means of improvement and progress. Their claims were recognised; and every effort was made to change the wild manners of the people, by opening up roads throughout the country, constructing canals and harbours, and promoting the education of the lower class. In the Lowlands the estates, which were secured to the Lairds or Chiefs, were laid out in farms of suitable size, and let upon long leases, which descended from father to son, and thus afforded a safe opportunity for improvement. Large loans of money were granted by Parliament, which were judiciously expended by the Commissioners appointed for that purpose. All the level lands have been cleared of heather and cultivated, and now produce the finest crops of cereals; whilst the more mountainous and barren parts are occupied as sheep walks, or for cattle grazing, where the improved Angus breed of oxen and the Cheviot sheep find ample pasture. 'This country, once so unsettled, now enjoys perfect security, and the Cheviot and the old black-faced breeds are the only rivals and competitors for the soil. The latter are receding before their rivals, as the bandits of old did before the shepherds.'

M. Lavergne admits that the land of Scotland presents a

favourable instance of the large-estate system, and, he might add, of the large-farm too. The following relation will illustrate the value of the former.

'In one of his interesting agricultural excursions, M. de Gourey mentions an enterprising Englishman, Mr. Mactier, (query, M^r Tyre,) who, after having realized a fortune in India, purchased a property of 22,000 acres from the Duke of Gordon, in Aberdeenshire, which was almost entirely in a state of nature. The price paid was £120,000; and he is laying out upon it in improvements of all sorts £25 *per* acre, or five times its original cost. These operations consist principally of subsoil ploughings. The property being covered with granite rocks, these are blasted and removed. The ground, after being thus cleared, is levelled, drained, and limed, and laid out in farms of about 400 acres each. These farms, it is stated, are let on nineteen years' leases, at the rate of five *per cent.* on the money expended upon them. The whole operation, when finished, will absorb about £600,000 or £800,000. This is the scale upon which agricultural undertakings are sometimes conducted. English capital readily finds its way to Scotland, because of its being a newer country than England.'

'The cottier system prevailed in the Lowlands, but has almost entirely disappeared, and the land is now laid into farms of from 150 to 200 acres. The number of labourers employed in Scottish rural economy is not more than five to the hundred acres; whilst in England it is twelve, and in France sixteen. The average production in Scotland is half that of England. The farmers themselves and their families form one half of the rural population. The other half is composed of labourers and indoor servants, the latter forming by far the greater part of the number.'—Page 312.

Such was the course of improvement effected in the Lowlands of Scotland. It is not within our province to go into the commercial and manufacturing portion of the subject; but we may remark that the progress in these has been quite commensurate with that of agriculture; that these sister branches of industry have gone hand in hand, mutually aiding and supporting each other, and mutually reaping the benefit of that steady perseverance and cautious prudence for which the Scottish nation are remarkable.

The change in the Highlands was effected at a later period, and at a slower rate, than that in the Lowlands; which is easily accounted for from the nature of the country. Wild, barren, and desolate, and inhabited by a race which differed from the rest of the world in customs, manners, and dress, and agreed in language with few other peoples, they retained their ancient character up to the close of the last century. Their Chiefs, it is true, had entered into the movements of the Lowlanders, and had endeavoured to effect similar improvements; but the barrenness of the soil, and the inveterate prejudices of their vassals, proved so great an obstacle, that at length they determined upon a step which, although bearing the appearance of great cruelty, proved in the

end beneficial to all parties concerned. This was no other than the forcible removal of the whole body of vassals from the estates. The following account of what took place on the property of the Earl of Sutherland will be the best illustration of the measures that were adopted by several of these feudal Chieftains.

The County of Sutherland forms the north-west extremity of Great Britain, a wild, rugged country with numerous mosses and bare rocks, and is less picturesque than many of the adjacent districts. It lies in the same latitude as Norway and Sweden, and is subject to similar discomforts of climate. A narrow strip of good land extended along the coast on the south, but no where else was there any land capable of cultivation. The proprietor of this bleak and barren country, which consisted of 800,000 acres, was a great Gaelic Chieftain, called Mhair Fhear Chattaibh, or 'The Great Man of the South,' in allusion to the contests of his ancestors with the Danish pirates, those marauders who infested the Caithness coast to the north. The clan subject to this Chief consisted of 15,000 men, women, and children, whose condition was little better than that of beasts. The Ninety-Third Regiment was entirely raised out of this clan.

The sole descendant of this race of feudal Chiefs, at the commencement of the present century, was the Countess of Sutherland, who married with the Earl of Stafford. This nobleman was rich, and entered at once into the views of his lady, in her desire to effect improvements on her patrimony. After various plans had been suggested and tried, amelioration was found to be hopeless as long as the present population remained upon the property in their native poverty and prejudice; and the Earl came to the resolution, with the full consent of his Countess, of removing the entire mass of the people; and either to settle them on the fertile tract on the southern coast already referred to, or, if they preferred it, to afford them the means of emigrating to Canada, settling them comfortably on their arrival there.

The plan began to be carried into effect about the year 1810, and between that period and 1820 three thousand families were compelled to quit the homes of their fathers, and be transplanted to the new settlement provided for them by their last remaining Chieftain. Some preferred being sent to Canada, and a few resisted the measure: these latter, however, were forcibly expelled, and their cabins burned over their heads.

A terrible outcry was raised at this seemingly barbarous measure; and in 1820, the new Laird, the Marquis of Stafford, and his Lady, found it necessary to publish a justification of their conduct, which was done through their agent, Mr. Loch. This gentleman showed to a demonstration, that this forcible removal of the vassals of the Marchioness had done them a real

service; for such was the state of poverty in which they lived, that a famine frequently occurred, and on one occasion lasted seven years;—that commodious dwellings had been prepared for them at a great expense, churches and schools built, and a harbour and pier constructed in the new village of Helmsdale, on which £16,000 had been expended. The people became fishermen and sailors, and many of them learned from the southern bricklayers, carpenters, &c., who were employed, those trades as well as others, and were soon enabled to dispense with the aid of strangers. The excellent land in the vicinity was carefully cultivated upon the improved system, and the colony, even at that early period, had begun to assume an air of comfort and prosperity to which its inhabitants had hitherto been strangers.

On the other hand, the dispossessed region of mountains and rocks had been laid out in sheep farms of 25,000 acres each. These were let on leases at one shilling *per* acre, and Cheviot rams and ewes of the improved breeds were imported in large numbers, and added to the native breeds. The heather was burned, the mosses drained by open ditches, and the water collected to irrigate the mountains by artificial canals. By these means a fine close natural grass covered the highest summits, as well as the lower valleys. By the treading and manure of the sheep, those thin soils, which would not have borne heavier cattle, became every day firmer and more productive; so that at this time it was estimated that the number of sheep fed upon the Sutherland mountains amounted to 118,000 Cheviots, and 113,000 black-faced; and the exports of wool rose to 415,000lbs. *per annum*, which was sold to the Yorkshire manufacturers. At Inverness market, 30,000 sheep were sold to the southern farmers, to be fattened for the butcher.

The farmers on the coast have adopted the Lowland system of husbandry, and now grow fine fields of wheat and barley, where previously nothing but heather was seen. A considerable shipping trade has sprung up at Helmsdale, where formerly no vessel dared to enter; and some thousands of tons of shipping annually trade there.

Public opinion has long changed respecting this movement; and the British Government were so convinced of its good policy and effects, that they created the Marquis of Stafford Duke of Sutherland; and certainly, if any one is entitled to such a distinction, it is the man who has changed the wildest of countries, and the wildest of human beings,—the former into a profitable tract, and the latter into peaceful, loyal, and industrious subjects.

The system pursued by the Marquis of Stafford was adopted by most of the Highland Chiefs, with the same good effects; and our author remarks that ‘wherever in the Highlands

it has not been acted upon, the people are in the greatest misery.'

The salmon fishery of the Highlands is no inconsiderable item in the economies of Scotland. Since 1800, the value of some of the rights of fishing have advanced from £5 to £2,000 *per annum*. This branch of industry is likely to become more valuable from the new method of artificial breeding, which has been introduced into Scotland by the Duke of Athol.

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, is a princely residence, and excited the astonishment even of Queen Victoria by its magnificence. 'It is a paradise in the midst of a wilderness.' The estate of the Earl puts many of the German principalities in the shade. It extends 100 miles in length, and stretches from sea to sea across the Highlands.

We come now to that portion of the volume which treats of Ireland; and there are peculiarities in the construction of society in that country, bearing upon its agricultural progress, which demand attention, and of some of which we think M. Lavergne has taken an erroneous or partial view. Into the history of the past it is not our design to enter, further than to say, we entirely agree with him, that misrule and oppressive legislation are too palpable in the treatment of Ireland by the British Government in times past, to be ignored or mistaken in their effects upon the prosperity of the country. But since the union of the two kingdoms at the beginning of the present century, there has been no obstacle in the way of Ireland's prosperity, either commercial or agricultural, but such as originated partly out of circumstances totally irrespective of either good or bad legislation, and partly from the gross mismanagement of the Irish themselves. We shall take the most prominent of these causes, which we consider to be, the unsatisfactory condition of the landed property; the long continuance of the O'Connell agitation; the decay of the manufactures; and the influence of Roman Catholicism.

First. The wretched condition of the landed property of Ireland is now matter of history, having been fully disclosed by the operations of the Encumbered Estates Commission. An immense proportion of it was so overwhelmed with mortgages and other claims as to be of much value neither to the nominal owner nor the tenant, nor, consequently, to the country. The system, too, of subdivision, having the twofold object of increasing the political power of the landowners, and at the same time increasing their rent-rolls, was carried to an extreme extent, and produced a wretched mode of husbandry, which exhausted the soil, and impoverished both occupier and owner. The latter in fact was, in some cases, more to be pitied than the former; encumbrances having existed for a century, and even since the time of the Commonwealth, and having been continually increasing through

the improvidence and extravagance of the former owners, so that the present proprietors found themselves with a nominally valuable estate, but with an actually insignificant income from it. A large number of estates too were in Chancery, with receivers over them; and these were commonly mismanaged, and always farmed upon the scourging system, the tenure being uncertain. In many cases the land had so long been subject to this process, as to be utterly abandoned, no farmer thinking it worth cultivating. On some of these spots, squatters from the mountains have taken up their abode, paying no rent, and defying the authorities to dispossess them. We have ourselves gone over an estate which was thus illegally held by a lawless band of mountaineers, all Ribbonmen to the backbone, and who resisted every attempt to turn them off the property.

Such was the state of things up to the year 1849, when the Encumbered Estates Court was opened; and by its subsequent operations landed property to the extent of twenty millions sterling has been sold, and emancipated from the pressure of encumbrances of various kinds, which had previously absorbed the chief portion of the proceeds. So far as the Commission has yet proceeded, the benefits accruing to the land are immense. The liberated property has fallen into the hands of persons able to work it to the best advantage; and the consequence is, that in every part of the country we find agriculture reviving, labour advancing in value, industry active, and produce increasing. The impetus thus given to husbandry is fast raising Ireland from that depth of misery which for so long a period made her a scandal and reproach to the British Government, and a burden to herself.

Not the least benefit conferred on Ireland by the Encumbered Estates Court is, the unquestionable parliamentary title it gives to the purchaser of a property, the want of which was previously one of the greatest obstacles to the disposal of landed, and, indeed, every other description of real, property. This will readily be conceived, when we state, that upon the purchase of an estate of any extent, no Irish lawyer of respectability would undertake to search the register for a title, without a fee of £500 first paid down. Such in fact was the entanglement in which the majority of Irish estates had become involved, that it was almost impossible for any honest lawyer to recommend a purchase. This, however, was all set to rights by the Encumbered Estates Court. Claimants were called upon by advertisement to come forward and state the nature of their claims by a certain time, or they would be excluded from the benefit of them. These claims were argued, and determined according to the evidence by the Commissioners, and the sale then proceeded accordingly. But as soon as the period fixed had expired, no future claim, however good, would be of any avail, or could become the subject of litigation.

The purchaser would at once, and at a small expense, receive a title good against the whole world.

We deeply regret to find that this admirable institution, the most useful, efficient, and cheap, that ever emanated from the British Legislature, of a legal character, is sought to be abolished, and its functions transferred to the Irish Court of Chancery ; a Charybdis that has swallowed up so many estates, and from whose destructive voracity so many others have been wrested by the Encumbered Estates Court. We have seen the working of this institution, and have all along feared that it furnished law of too good a quality, and at too cheap a rate, to be long tolerated by the fraternity out of whose unscrupulous grasp it had wrested its prey. The plea for its abolition is, the large accumulation of business, which rendered it impossible for the Commissioners to get through it. But how this will be mended by the proposed transfer, it is impossible to perceive. The probability is, that instead of being accelerated by the measure, the business will be indefinitely protracted, in the usual way of Chancery suits ; and that the same routine will again be applied in full efficiency, which has swallowed up so many estates in Ireland. We suspect that it is for this very purpose that the transfer has been determined on, and that it is rather to save the lawyers than to benefit the country. On this subject the following passage from a French work of the last century may perhaps throw some light :—

‘The Duke de Grammont asked the Chancellor D’Aguesseau, on some occasion, whether, with his experience of the *chicanery* in legal processes, and of their length, he had never thought of some regulation which would put an end to them ? “I had gone so far,” replied the Chancellor, “as to commit a plan of such a regulation to writing ; but, after I had made some progress, I reflected on the great number of *avocats*, attornies, and officers of justice, whom it would ruin. Compassion for these made the pen fall from my hand. The length and number of lawsuits confer on the gentlemen of the long robe their wealth and authority. One must therefore continue to permit their infant growth and everlasting endurance.”’*

A more unscrupulous and infamous avowal was never made by a professional man ; but we fear the principle involved in it has had more to do with the abolition of the Encumbered Estates Court than an honest desire to promote the public good. If the latter had been alone sought, the Court, instead of being done away with, *would have been made perpetual* ; for if the business of the Court accumulated, it was a proof of its efficiency ;

* *Œuvres Complètes de Louis de St. Simon*, tom. ix., p. 12. The editor adds, ‘If a person should consider the immense sums of money which the Crown acquires in various forms from lawsuits, he would perceive that the lawyers are not the sole gainers by them, and therefore not the only persons interested in their preservation.’

and its machinery might have been extended. But to transfer its powers to the Court of Chancery, the very Court from which it was at first intended to wrest the wasting properties, is a retrogression in legislation, from which it is impossible one particle of benefit can accrue, but, on the contrary, an immense amount of evil. Our only hope is that, for the sake of Ireland's future prosperity, the bill will be thrown out by Parliament, and the machinery of the Court extended in a degree commensurate with the vast amount of business flowing into it.

Some idea may be formed of the deplorable condition of the land from the fact that, in three years, petitions for the sale of properties had been presented to the Court, the rentals of which amounted to £1,360,000, whilst the mortgages and other encumbrances were £30,400,000, the interest upon which amounted to much more than the proceeds of the rent-rolls.

Such were the foundations of the land-evils which prevailed in Ireland. Add to which, the estates had most of them been obtained by the ancestors of the present proprietors by confiscation, on account of the rebellion of the previous owners. Thus, in Elizabeth's reign, 600,000 acres were estreated; and James I. confiscated six entire counties, one of which was sold to a London corporation, from which it takes its name of Londonderry. Cromwell, Charles I., Charles II., and William III. pursued the same course. Every British Government, whatever might be its form, held the same idea of subjecting Ireland, by preventing the Irish from holding land in their own country. This principle is to the present day the cause of heart-burning and resistance to the authorities. The people have never relinquished their claim to the soil, and the national cry of 'Ireland for the Irish' still resounds from one end of the island to the other.

The burdened condition of the land, and the hostility of the rural population, produced the evil of absenteeism, which numbers of the proprietors found absolutely necessary, in order to make their scanty incomes hold out. They thus drew away the produce of the country, without making any return. Rents did not represent fixed capital, because the owners expended nothing upon the land. Floating capital was reduced to the lowest amount, the occupiers being too poor to expend more on the land than was really necessary, and that of the commonest and cheapest description; and intellectual capital was wholly wanting, from the absence of all the means of acquiring it. But above all, industrial capital was at the lowest ebb, and this was the foundation or cause of the absence of all other. On this subject we quote the following sensible remarks from Sir R. Kane's work on the Industrial Resources of Ireland, p. 388:—

'There is another circumstance so popularly counted on as a most material obstacle to the development of industry in Ireland, that I cannot leave the subject without briefly adverting to it,—that is, the

want of capital. This has been the bugbear of Irish enterprise for many years. England has capital, Ireland has not; therefore England is rich and industrious, and Ireland is poor and idle. *But where was the capital when England began to grow rich? It was the industry that made the capital, and not the capital the industry.....* We leave our fields in barrenness, our mines unsought, our powers of motion unapplied, waiting for English capital. Labour is capital, intelligence is capital. Combine them, and you more than double your amount of capital: with such capital England commenced, as Ireland must commence; and once that we have begun, and are in earnest, there will be no lack of money capital at our disposal.'

With such drawbacks, it may be conceived that agriculture made but little progress. A regular course of crops, as is the practice in England, was not dreamt of, with the exception of a few instances in which the farms were under the management of English or Scotch tenants or bailiffs. No turnips, beans, artificial grasses, &c., as restorative crops; and the natural grass-fields were filled with weeds, stagnant pools, &c. To two crops every other was made to yield, namely, oats and potatoes; and these were continuously taken off the same land, so long as it continued to yield anything beyond the seed.

Whilst the estates were mostly enormously large, the small-farm system was general throughout the country. There were 630,000 farms under thirty acres, and only 50,000 above that extent. Even these were all subdivided, in cases where there was a family, by apportioning to each child as they grew up an acre or two, according to the quantity held by the parent, which caused an endless division of the soil. Most of the land was in the hands of middlemen, who were responsible to the landlord, generally an absentee. Under this system of subdivision, the rural population increased rapidly, and in 1846 numbered 40 to the 100 acres. Such, indeed, was the competition for land, that any rent fixed by the middlemen would be at once promised by the applicant. The number of labourers, however, properly so called, or those who lived solely upon their labour, were exceedingly few; all were small farmers. But little cattle was raised compared with vegetable produce, as the following statement will show:—

			£
Vegetable produce—Wheat			2,500,000
" "	Barley		1,250,000
" "	Oats		6,250,000
" "	Potatoes		10,417,000
" "	Flax and gardens		2,084,000
			<hr/>
			22,501,000
Animal produce			10,834,000
			<hr/>
Total			£33,335,000
			<hr/>

This allows about £1. 12s. *per acre*, distributed thus:—

	£.	s.	d.
Proprietor's rent	0	10	0
Middleman's profit	0	2	8
Taxes	0	1	8
Incidental expenses	0	1	8
Wages	0	16	0
	1	12	0

The proportion of produce *per head* for the population of the three countries is as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.	
Ireland	4	4	0	<i>per head.</i>
England and Scotland	8	6	0	"
France	5	16	0	"

And the proportion of wages paid:—

	£.	s.	d.	
Ireland	3	7	0	<i>per head.</i>
England	6	14	0	"
Scotland	8	8	0	"
France	5	4	0	"

Two important consequences arose out of this competition for land; namely, the scourging system applied to the soil, and resistance to the payment of rent. The former of these evils increased with the increase of the rural population. As land became more in request, the rents demanded rose in a proportionate degree. Under the con-acre system, £10, £20, and even as high as £30 *per acre*, was agreed to be given in some districts. The object of the tenant was then to expend as little upon, and abstract as much from, the land, as natural fertility and a good season enabled him. If it turned out well, the rent was probably paid; if otherwise, it was resisted, and no Irish landlord, with common prudence, would attempt to enforce it, unless with such protection that resistance would be useless. Of late, the usual course with the tenant has been to dispose of all his little goods, and start off to America; and such was the state of the country, that the landlord seldom thought it worth his while to prevent it. In many cases we have known, indeed, they have themselves originated the plan by offering the tenant the back rent,—perhaps five or six years,—and a free passage, with money to support them for a time in the 'new country,' if they would but give up the land. But this liberal offer was not always accepted, or always successful. We have known instances of such land being afterwards claimed by the relations of the outgoing tenant, and a 'ribbon' defiance given to the owner, if he dared to let it to any other; so that, after all,

the land lay vacant, the owner being equally debarred from working it himself.

But not only was the land thus reduced in fertility by over-cropping with cereals and potatoes: whilst but little animal manure was raised, a large portion of the most valuable of that manure was exported from the country. We refer to the cattle bones, both those of the living beasts and of the slaughtered being alike exported to the English market. Sir R. Kane states this as one cause of the large decrease in the product of wheat: as the bones contain a large portion of phosphates, so essential an element in the composition of plants as well as animals, and so necessary to their healthy growth, it is of vital importance that these should be returned to the soil. Yet, until recently, but a very small portion of them have been retained in Ireland; and this, with the disuse of lime as a dressing for wheat after the famine, caused a decrease in the produce of that grain of more than 50 *per cent*.

Such were some of the main causes which produced the deterioration of the soil in Ireland. The next subject, which we must (only) glance at, is the cause of that 'state of warfare,' (as our author calls it,) which prevailed in that country for so long a period.

We shall not go back beyond the present century, when the Act of Union took place. For ten or fifteen years after that period, Ireland rose rapidly from the exhaustion in which she was left by the struggle of '98. We have the unquestionable evidence of writers of all parties, but especially Catholics, to the fact, that in those fifteen years the commerce and manufactures of Ireland were in a flourishing condition. Thus the late Dr. Milner, in his 'Tour through Ireland in 1807,' states that,—

'In the cities and principal towns, their' (the Catholics') 'condition is far different from the agricultural districts; that by trade and commerce they were acquiring the means of recovering by purchase the inheritance of their forefathers; that *more than two-thirds of the real property* that had been sold was bought by Catholics; that the previous year their purchases had amounted to above £800,000; that they were more wealthy than the English Catholics; that their increasing wealth would not fail to give them great weight in the Senate; and that, in fact, they exceeded the Orange faction, not only in numbers, abilities, and integrity, but in wealth and political influence.....Your evils are working their own cure; in a word, increasing, as you are, so rapidly in numbers, wealth, and influence, you must find your proper level in society, and your weight in the scale of empire.'

From a historical knowledge of the events which succeeded this state of things, we have no hesitation in affirming, that it was the agitation raised by O'Connell and his party that arrested

Ireland's prosperity, and again sank her, for a time, in misery, idleness, destitution, and rebellion; in fact, it was a state of warfare against all constituted authority, and an attempt to subvert the Government, and set up one of their own, independent of, and hostile to, England.

We shall not dive far into the history of that most unfortunate period of Ireland's retrogression, further than to state that this agitation commenced about the year 1820, and ended in 1848; that the objects sought for were, first, Catholic Emancipation, which was obtained in 1829; and, next, the Repeal of the Union, which for nineteen years kept the whole country in a state of ferment, destructive of industry and all material prosperity; and, after draining the country of money directly and indirectly, to the amount of half a million sterling, ended, after the death of the 'Great Agitator,' in a ludicrously abortive attempt to raise a rebellion. A foreign army landing on the shores of Ireland, and devastating the country, would not so effectually have destroyed it, as did this senseless agitation for Repeal; and we believe that all Irishmen whose opinions are of any value, now entertain the same view of it as ourselves. No stronger proof of this can be adduced, than the utter oblivion into which *even the name* of O'Connell is sunk, and the contemptuous indifference displayed towards his family by the Irish themselves; whilst by thousands of the emigrants he is cursed, upon their leaving the land of their fathers, as the cause of their expatriation.

The only remains of this 'state of warfare' at present existing are the 'secret societies,' which, in fact, have been organized in Ireland for more than a century, under one name or another. By whatever name, however, they called themselves, they were all exclusively Catholic institutions, and, consequently, of the same lawless and ferocious character. At present it is the 'Ribbon conspiracy,' the object of which is to crush Protestantism, and obtain for Popery the civil, as well as ecclesiastical, ascendancy. Such, however, is the moral influence of Protestantism, that the efforts of the 'Ribbon Society' are limited to shooting their opponents from behind a hedge or wall. Of these Societies M. Lâvergne thus speaks:—

'These bands, wherever they went, committed horrible atrocities, —the only revenge for poor Ireland. Close to the most peaceable country in the world, where a soldier is never seen, and where, without a National Guard, without an army, or public force of any kind, each individual, under the sole protection of the law, enjoys perfect security to the lasting credit of the nation, was to be found a country profoundly troubled by a constant peasant war, with murders, fire, and plunder. When suspended for a short time, agitation did not cease. It continued under other forms, summing up its hopes in that national cry, repeated on all occasions, "*Ireland for the Irish.*"'—Page 368.

The decay of manufactures in Ireland arises mainly from the dislike of the people to that branch of industry, and from the existence of a stringent combination amongst the operatives, which at different times has taken different modes of carrying out their plans, and ended in driving the manufactures out of the country. We could prove this to have been the case by official as well as private authority, and by facts that have come under our own observation, did space permit. Our present object is rather to refer to the injury this decay has caused to agriculture, by the loss of the home market for produce, and the abstraction of both wealth and industry from the country. Not less than 20,000 operatives have thus been driven from Dublin alone; and all over the country the manufactures are but the fibres of the roots of their former plants, if we except the linen manufacture in the north. Whether they will ever again rise depends on the people themselves.

The last question is the influence of the Catholic religion upon the prosperity of agriculture. Our author denies that this is prejudicial to industry; but we tell him that he has not studied the constitution of society in that country sufficiently to understand it. We tell him that the Priesthood were the life and soul of the thirty years' agitation that ruined Ireland; that O'Connell was the 'man of the Priests;' that a large portion of the 'rent' went to the support of Popery in Ireland; that the 'Ribbon conspiracy' is sanctioned and supported by the Priesthood; and, in short, that their influence is opposed to all progress, whether in agriculture, commerce, or manufactures, if the result does not tend to their aggrandizement; or, in other words, they encourage opposition to the settlement of 'foreigners,' that is, English or Scotchmen, if they are not supporters of their religion; and the Ribbon Society is their agent in the affair. Wherever this religion most prevails, there misery and poverty abound; wherever it is absent or uninfluential, there prosperity and industry are found. Take the two not far-distant counties of Donegal and Down,—the former Catholic, the latter Protestant. Both have the advantage of tenant-right, yet Donegal is in the utmost wretchedness and poverty, whilst Down is prosperous and flourishing.

In closing our review, we must not lose sight of the agriculture of France. We are glad to find that it is making advances; and we are sure it will have every aid from that galaxy of scientific men who have so long taken the lead in promoting the material prosperity of that country. But we would rather have seen the progress effected by the energy of the people themselves, than by the galvanic operations of imperial edicts. At the same time, we should be glad to see the land so far arranged, as to invite men of property, intelligence, and enterprise to undertake its cultivation as tenant farmers, as has been the case in Eng-

land. Until this latter object is effected, we shall not expect to find the agriculture of France standing upon that firm basis which the increasing population and increasing wants of the nation require.

France, like England, has turned the point at which the elements of demand and supply balanced each other; and every day in future will increase the preponderance of the former. It is not by increasing the number of articles of consumption, or even by extending the breadth of the most important of those articles, that this question can be solved; but, by a bold and fearless system of husbandry, to bring the land into the highest state of cultivation, and thus to increase the produce of those cereals most important in the sustenance of the people. This can only be done, as M. de Lavergne has shown, by an increase of the animal, and a decrease of the vegetable, products; or, in other words, by a course of cropping which gives one entire half of the land to the production of food for animals, one fourth only to that of food for man, the remaining fourth for his drink and, in part, for his stud.

ART. II.—*The Song of Hiawatha.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London: David Bogue.

‘THIS Indian Edda, if I may so call it,’ says the author, ‘is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozho, Tarcuyawagon, and Hiawatha.’ We are further informed, that ‘the scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.’ Here then, at last, is a genuine American poem, by a native of America; a poem redolent of pine-forests and the smoke of wigwams. ‘In reading American poetry, we never get beyond the shores of Kent,’ said a surly critic some years ago. It is obvious enough, that if this complaint was justifiable then, it is utterly without foundation now. Such an assembling of the tribes as is depicted in the following lines is not to be confounded with the ‘gathering’ in the ‘Lady of the Lake.’

‘Down the rivers, o’er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,

Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omawhanes,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways.'

But we have yet to learn in what peculiar sense '*Hiawatha*' is an American poem, to the exclusion of all other poems, past and present, from the rightful possession of that title. The complaint of the critic to whom we have just alluded, has been repeated and reiterated, both in this country and in America itself. The lyre of America, it is affirmed, sounds only in faint and feeble echoes of the minstrelsy of England. In a certain qualified sense this is doubtless true; but, applied broadly, and in that tone of entire and indiscriminate disparagement in which it is generally applied, it is as manifestly false and unjust. Those who make this objection should bear in mind, that the writers of America claim the same literary ancestry as ourselves. The same Anglo-Saxon blood that is warm in the heart of John, beats also in the breast of Jonathan. The same home held both in that past out of which the characteristics of each have grown. The same ancient associations and legendary voices gather about the memory and whisper in the ear of each. The authors of America are as truly the intellectual progeny of Shakspeare and Milton, of Spenser and Bacon, as we are. The sap of the family tree flows as freely through that remote and mighty bough, as through the gnarled and knotted trunk. It were about as reasonable, then, to expect the Americans to evolve a new literature, altogether different from that of England, out of 'native elements,' as it would be to expect them to fabricate a new language out of Delaware or Pawnee dialects. The race is the same, although the tribe is different. Or rather, we may expect to see the same facial resemblances, but bearing witness to climatic difference. It is only in those specialities of influence, arising from an altered general contour in the aspects of scenery, and from temporary local association, that we are to find those elements which distinguish American poetry from the peculiar outgrowth of our own soil. National characteristics are the silent, but inevitable, acquisition of ages; and it is not the lapse of one or two centuries that can wholly do away the traces of what has been. Change of climate does not produce change of race; and the American as yet is little more than the Englishman abroad. We are, therefore, not to look for any radical difference between the literature of our own country, and that of the great western Continent; not to expect the contrast between them to be as violent as that which subsists between the spontaneous efflorescence of two widely divergent nationalities,—between the poetry of Rome and that of Russia, between Homer and Hafiz. But we have a right to expect that the

muses will give evidence of the change of their abode; that the current of song will take the tone of those 'woodnotes wild' amid which it arises. And this is the only kind of originality, we think, that we have a right to demand of our trans-Atlantic brethren. And has not this already been achieved in many triumphant instances in American literature, or has it yet to be done? Has the rush of their rivers found no echo in the 'shell of song?' Has no mirror been held up to reflect the sea-like lakes, the lush prairies, and the wonderful vegetative life of the American continent? We know of scores of productions of worth and promise, any one of which is quite sufficient to establish the affirmative of these questions. In this sense, all the best writings of America are the genuine product of American influences. In this sense, Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' and many of the writings of Poe, Whittier, and Lowell, are as intensely American, as Cowper and Crabbe and Tennyson are intensely English.

But 'Hiawatha' is American in the same sense only as Uncas in his war-paint is American. It is so aboriginal, that the present inhabitants will fail to recognise in it any traces of their own habitudes of thought and feeling, or any echo of the legends of their ancestors. The backwoods have their terrible traditions as well as the manorial halls of England; ghostly voices whisper amid their leafy glades, as well as amid the broken arches of our own forsaken cloisters; but he who passes beyond the point at which American tradition and legendary lore begin, and penetrates into the jungle-life of the Mohican and the Shawnee, travels as far out of the reach of American sympathies, and is as foreign to American associations, as he is to those of England, France, or Germany. Voltaire might say, a hundred years ago, that America was a country without a history; but what was crude and unformed then, has been mellowed and glorified by the lapse of time; and now our brethren have a past to look back upon, narrow, it is true, and somewhat crowded with prosaic event and circumstance, but yet wide enough and shadowy enough, here and there, to allow room for the wild forms of superstition, and the startling whisper of legendary romance. The position of their Puritan forefathers, amid the haunts of the red man, was novel enough to inspire more poetry than has yet been written; and wild tales are told of those later times, when the white man crossed the Indian on his war-path, of Boon, and Harrod, and Smith, the Silent Hunter, which have not yet been sung in poetry. But when this region has been fully traversed, you have gone over all that is truly American. Any thing beyond belongs to other races. The mind of America is as remote from that of the Indian aborigines, as it is from that of the Hindoos. The great spirit of the Indians, Gitche Manito, is no more to them than the sanguinary gods of Mon-

tezuma are to the present inhabitants of Mexico, and not so much as Odin, Thor, and Frega are to the present inhabitants of England, Norway, and Sweden. They were not 'suckled in that creed outworn;' and he who demands of American poetry that it be not merely the child of the forest and the prairie, the mountain and the river, but that it echo also the war-cry of the extinct races by whom the country was anciently populated, is about as consistent as he would be who should ask of an English poem, that it be constructed in imitation of the Anglo-Saxon poem of 'Beowulf,' or the ode on the 'Victory of Athelstan.' And it is obvious that, in giving heed to this clamour for something intensely American, Mr. Longfellow has put himself in a position of great disadvantage with his readers. For, in addition to the difficulty of addressing the emotions and æsthetical faculties through representations of Indian domestic life, and from a barbaric stand-point, he has also the added difficulty of creating those sympathies by which the merits of his performance have to be tested. He does not find them, but has to make them. This is a difficulty which no one, whatever may be his powers, ought voluntarily to encounter. It not only takes for granted that the author has the power of abstracting himself from all customary associations of life, habit, and education, but it pre-supposes the same power in the reader also. That poetry which does not appeal directly to human feeling and sympathy, but which refers to something beyond; that poetry of which the reader is compelled to say, not, 'This is true to my experience; this is an utterance of my inmost thought, and gives wings and a voice to my heart-born wishes and aspirations;' but, 'This *might* be true, were I thus circumstanced, had I been born a barbarian, and been taught to surround all objects with supernatural terrors;' which constrains him not to weep or smile, to hope or fear, to kindle into rapture, or to melt in tenderness; but which leads him to judge and compare, to summon into the presence-chamber of his soul remote and, to him, impossible circumstances, in order that he may be able to pronounce on the truth or untruth of those sentiments which are represented as arising out of the peculiarities of those circumstances, and to strive to be that which he is not and can never be, just that he may be in a position to test those utterances of the poet which appeal directly only to that condition of life to which he finds it impossible to attain,—is not likely to take a strong and abiding hold on the popular mind, or to sink very deeply into the popular heart. It is but cold work, when a reader is called on, not to feel, but to judge, after the fashion of dilettantism, of the truth of representations of foreign feeling, without having the necessary criteria on which to form a judgment.

It is true, as we have formerly contended, that a certain degree

of remoteness in respect of scene and subject will give the advantage of objective clearness to the poet's conceptions, and afford room for a more artistic treatment and design. But this is an advantage of form rather than of spirit; and when the latter is liable to be in bondage to the former, it will become a positive and serious hindrance: we shall have the restoration of external features, but no re-animation of individual and social life. The accidents of costume will hide more characteristics than they manifest; the forms of public ceremony and private usage will only obscure the deeper qualities of race. But of his own race and nation, of whatsoever is really great and noble in either one or the other, the true poet will leave no doubt; for his nationality is the medium of his thoughts, as the atmosphere is of the shining sun, and by it his genius is invested either with the golden splendour of the south, the clear domestic quiet of the temperate zone, or the Ossianic mist-forms of a northern region.

The greatest masters of song in England and Greece, in Italy and Persia, have one and all struck their national harp, whose echoes were the acclamations and glad greetings of their several peoples. They smote athwart the subtle strings of national association, leaving not a chord unstruck, and not an affection unawakened. They did not traverse unknown regions for unknown themes, and bring a lyre to Athens strung in the groves of India. The people found the sympathy, and they found the poetry which appealed to it. Those gentlemen whose affection for the Greek muse is so ardent and sincere, that they find it necessary to introduce her into English hamlets and Thames villas, will perhaps one day learn that their own practice is most emphatically condemned by those very models whom they profess to imitate and revere. Homer and Æschylus did not write poetry after the manner of the Egyptians, nor did Sadi and Firdousi imitate the Greeks.

We do not say all this in the way of captious detraction and disparagement. We yield to none in sincere and hearty appreciation of the genius of Mr. Longfellow. But we believe that he has been misled by the popular clamour into the selection of a subject which of necessity possesses such intrinsic difficulties as even his fine spirit is not always able to contend against successfully. We do not wish it to be understood that '*Hiawatha*,' as a whole, is altogether so *outré* and uninteresting, as some perhaps may be led to suppose from the tenor of our previous remarks. Professor Longfellow can touch no topic without shedding on it the rich hues of his own fresh and poetic fancy. But we do fearlessly assert, that '*Hiawatha*' is less interesting, and less attractive, as a poem, than the author is capable of producing under happier circumstances, and untrammelled by less obvious difficulties, however voluntarily incurred. The same obstacles that were an effectual bar to the popularity of Southey's epics

lie on the path of the Indian hero. Roderick, Madoc, and Thalaba attracted but little attention from an unsympathizing public. The demands they made upon the English mind were too large and exorbitant; and so the English mind refused to meet them, and regarded them with freezing apathy and listlessness. The fate of the noble Goth and his British and Oriental companions was, we fear, notwithstanding the great and decided merits of the poems themselves, something like that of those little pagan gods whom missionaries sometimes introduce at public meetings, and which, doubtless, are imposing enough in their native jungles, when surrounded by a dusky ring of votaries and willing worshippers, but, when stripped of all their barbaric associations, and presented in all their rude deformity to a Christian assembly, are simply little wooden monstrosities, exciting no feelings but those which are the very reverse of respect, awe, or terror. And as Southey failed to interest the public in the incarnations of Brahma, Vishnu, and Seeva, so we fear that Professor Longfellow will find it difficult long to entrance the public mind with the mythic but rather uneventful career of his Indian demi-god.

One of the principal difficulties, lying on the very threshold of the subject, is this:—that in proportion as the author is true to his theme, in that proportion is he at a distance from the sympathies of his readers. One instance occurs to us out of many. It forms the eighth section of the poem, and is entitled, ‘Hiawatha’s Fishing.’ The hero sets out in his bark canoe on the ‘Big Sea Water,’ for the purpose of capturing the sturgeon, *Mishe-Nahma*, the ‘king of the fishes.’ He finds the monster lying on the white sand at the bottom; and,—

“Take my bait!” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
“Take my bait, O-sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water:
Let us see which is the stronger!”

We are informed that Hiawatha waited a long time for an answer to this challenge, but in vain; until at last the sturgeon, being wearied with his noisy importunity, commanded the pike to take the bait of this ‘rude fellow,’ and to break his lines. With this command Kenozha, the pike, cheerfully complied, so far at least as taking the bait was concerned; but when Hiawatha discovered what it was that he was drawing to the surface, he was full of scorn, and shouted through the water,—

“Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike Kenozha:
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the king of fishes!”

At which rebuke, feeling thoroughly ashamed of himself, the pike retreated in confusion to the bottom. Then the sturgeon

commanded the sun-fish to encounter our hero. Slowly uprose Ugudwash, the sun-fish, wavering and gleaming 'like a white moon in the water,' seized the bait, and swung with all his might upon the line, making the canoe spin in the eddies like a thing alive. Hiawatha, on discovering his disappointment a second time, heaps on the 'white and ghastly' sun-fish the same reproaches which had so discomfited the too obedient pike. At last, the sturgeon thinks it high time to bestir himself, and take the matter into his own hands, as the derisive challenge of Hiawatha continues to ring over the water; and so, lashing himself into the proper state of fury, and quivering with rage in every nerve and fibre, he clashed all his plates of armour, 'gleaming bright with all his war-paint,' darted upward into the sunshine,—

'Open'd his great jaws, and swallow'd
Both canoe and Hiawatha!'

Here is a pretty situation for a hero to be in! Nevertheless, Hiawatha, in the midst of his unparalleled peril, continued to preserve his presence of mind. He was accompanied in his misfortune by a squirrel that had perched all along on the edge of his canoe, and which, as we are told, still 'frisked and chattered away very gaily,' and rendered more efficient service by 'toiling' and 'tugging' with Hiawatha, in his efforts to place the canoe crosswise. Then Hiawatha, in his anger, smote the great heart of the fish, which he both heard and felt beating in the darkness; whereat a shudder ran through the frame of Nahma. He redoubles his blows, and the shuddering is repeated, until all is over, and the monster floats through the water dead, and grates at length on the beach. Then he hears the clang of wings flapping outside, and a screaming and confusion as of birds of prey contending with each other. By and bye, an aperture is made through which the light descends, and he sees the glittering eyes of sea-gulls peering at him, and saying to one another, 'Tis our brother Hiawatha!'

'And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns,
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and for ever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the noble scratchers!'"'

And we add, that the 'noble scratchers' perform faithfully the important task assigned to them; that the rifts are enlarged; and that Hiawatha, canoe, and squirrel and all, emerge gladly

into the sunshine; and that here ends the notable adventure entitled 'Hiawatha's Fishing.'

Now all this may be strictly true to Indian notions of probability, may accord well with their intellectual status, and may be the natural expression of some legend, floated from afar on the breath of tradition over the surface of the rude society of the mighty forests; but what chord does it strike in the heart of civilized readers? what lesson does it teach? what hope, or joy, or sorrow does it commemorate and embalm? We venture to affirm that the object of a poet should be, not merely to be faithful to his subject, but to take care that his subject be so well selected, as to suit at once the purposes of poetry, and the interests, affections, and sympathies of his readers. Faithfulness to your theme surely does not necessarily imply unfaithfulness to your own habits of life and association, your own culture, endowment, and characteristics. If it does, then let the theme be abandoned. Or if it is asserted that there is some profound mystical meaning underlying this extraordinary legend, then, pray, what is it? The poet, who is the interpreter of nature, does not surely stand himself in need of an interpreter.

Mr. Longfellow's choice of a subject has, of course, determined the peculiar style in which he has treated it. Otherwise we should be led to object to that affectation of simplicity which, like affectation of every other kind, cannot fail to be offensive. And to say that the style is adapted to the subject, only proves what we have been endeavouring to prove all along, namely, the unhappiness of that choice of a subject which requires affectation of any kind to treat it fitly. This studied simplicity, and that artlessness which is the result of art, are becoming sadly too common in our poetical literature. Because these qualities are delightful when genuine and spontaneous, it certainly does not follow that they are equally delightful when they are felt to be spurious and artificial. Because the thoughts tremble in broken sparkles out of the sweet lips of the maddened Ophelia, this does not justify every gentleman who pleases to indulge in ejaculations and half-sentences *ad libitum* or *ad nauseam*. We have before our minds certain writers who, in striving to be intensely natural, end in being intensely ridiculous. It is extremely difficult to play any part naturally. Perhaps they might succeed in *being* natural, if they would not attempt to play any part at all. At all events, those vices of style which are attributable to this spurious simplicity are as offensive and artificial as the opposite vices of bombast and unnatural inflation. The insignificant young gentleman of the novels, who will for ever be magnificent and imposing, is not a whit more absurd than the blooming damsels of fifty, of the same authentic records, who insist continually

on being regarded as both young and artless. The delicious *naïveté* of our own ballad-literature, and of that of Spain and Germany, thrills because of its touch; and we feel a kind of pity mingling with our admiration of that utter unworldliness which casts its inmost thought and feeling before you without the slightest reservation. But it is obvious that the simplicity-on-principle method, and artificial artlessness, will repel as much as those attract. The difference between the unstudied originals and their painful imitators, is just all the difference between a happy peasant girl with rude health blowing on her well-tanned cheeks, free as the morning wind upon the mountains over which she trips in careless grace and gladness, and the Lady Chloes and Clorindas, faded in their silks and satins, and studying rural graces in a painted arbour. We do not intend these remarks, in all their severity, to apply to Professor Longfellow; for happily he is a true poet, and his high culture and noble instincts have prevented him from wandering very far astray in this respect,—no farther, perhaps, than the necessities of his subject compelled him to wander. And yet, even in him, 'simplicity' is occasionally sadly overdone. In speaking as an Indian, he sometimes forgets the grand dialect of the poets, and treats us, as in the address to the bear, to a little unmeaning babble, by way of proving his fidelity to his subject.

But we have not yet said anything about the character of Hiawatha himself. 'Once upon a time,' writes the Rajah Surey Bunkshee, in a letter quoted by Lord Teignmouth in his 'Life of Sir William Jones,' 'one Boudah Outhar, otherwise Sery Boot Taukwor, came down in the country of Arracan, and instructed the people and *the beasts of the field* in the principles of religion and rectitude.' The mission of Hiawatha among the Ojibways was similar to that of Boudah Outhar among the primitive inhabitants of Arracan; only the former included not only 'the people and the beasts of the field,' but the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea also, in his instructions. But however we may smile at the extent of this mission, we cannot help a thrill of admiration at the character of it. And the Christian reader will not fail to recognise in these simple legends of a simple people an echo of the promise made to our first parents; and will see, in the career of these supernatural deliverers, born among the people, and mingling with them familiarly in their daily labour, a faint penumbra of the glorious career of Him who is at once the hope and crown of all the nations. *This* part of his subject Professor Longfellow has treated in a manner which is above all praise. Still it is where Hiawatha is most human, and least Indian, that he carries our sympathies along with him. We do not feel much interested in his three days' conflict with his father, Madje Keewis, the 'West Wind;' but our hearts attend him to the hut of the arrow-maker of the Dacotahs, to woo the lovely Minnehaha.

But we have done with raising objections. Let us vindicate, by one or two extracts, our assertion that '*Hiawatha*,' notwithstanding what we cannot but regard as faultiness of structure, contains innumerable fine passages, which are well worthy of the gifted spirit and wide reputation of the author. There are few of our readers, we fear, who have not, at some period or other, been qualified to pronounce on the truth and beauty of the following illustration:—

'Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watch'd and waited,
Scanning one another's motions:
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.'

In '*Hiawatha*' there are but few of those sudden images which flash on you their startling beauty for a moment, and are gone again ere you have had time to breathe, and pause in admiration over their loveliness; few of those felicities which delighted us in '*Evangeline*,' in the '*Voices of the Night*,' and in the author's prose tales of '*Hyperion*' and '*Kavanagh*,' where they follow each other in rapid and brilliant succession,—faultless and fair as wood-nymphs leaping out of the green coverts into some open space of sunshine, and then bounding away again into the interminable forest in playful pursuit of each other. But we notice no fewer than four images on sunset, all of which are original, distinct, and beautiful.

'Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.'

The second is less beautiful, but not less characteristic.

'On the morrow, and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters.'

Again:—

‘Till the sun dropp’d from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the autumn
Falls, and floats upon the water,
Falls, and sinks into its bosom.’

The last is, we think, the boldest of the four.

‘Fiercely the red sun descending
Burn’d his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war parties when retreating
Burn the prairies on their war-trail.’

The image with which the following brief passage closes, has, perhaps, more of vividness than grandeur. At least, it does not pursue that plan which Coleridge said Klopstock always followed when he wanted to raise an object into sublimity; namely, to take something very great, and say it was nothing at all in comparison of that about which he was speaking.

‘Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this song of Hiawatha!’

We quote the following passage from the eighteenth canto, entitled, ‘The Death of Kwasind,’ for the purpose of showing how felicitously the author introduces the characteristics of American scenery into his pages. It shows how Kwasind was overtaken by sleep, as he floated in his canoe through the sunshine and the shadow down the current of the sluggish Taquame-naw. The whole passage is full of noon-tide influences, and is almost as beautiful and as drowsy as the famous sleep-scene in Mr. Tennyson’s ‘Day-Dream,’—the most perfect, perhaps, of all the Laureate’s creations.

‘T was an afternoon in summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows;
Insects glisten’d in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Fill’d the drowsy air with buzzing,
With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the strong man,
 In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
 Floating slowly down the current
 Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
 Very languid with the weather,
 Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
 From the tassels of the birch-trees,
 Soft the spirit of sleep descended ;
 By his airy hosts surrounded,
 His invisible attendants,
 Came the spirit of sleep, Nepahwin ;
 Like the burnish'd Dush-kwo-ne-she,
 Like a dragon-fly he hover'd
 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur
 As of waves upon a sea-shore,
 As of far-off tumbling waters,
 As of wind among the pine-trees ;
 And he felt upon his forehead
 Blows of little airy war-clubs,
 Wielded by the slumberous legions
 Of the spirit of sleep, Nepahwin,
 As of some one breathing on him.'

We have said that the allegorical and typical character of his hero the author has managed with consummate skill. The benefits which *Hiawatha* conferred on his people were, of course, only of a material order ; but they were such as were capable of being thoroughly appreciated by the simple tribes to whom they were rendered ; and such as, while pointing to more sublime advantages to be bestowed by Another Hand in the future, were likely to endear him to their unsophisticated hearts for ever. His departure, on hearing of the advent of the white men, bearing the badge of the Cross, and ushering in a new dispensation, is as affecting as it is dignified, and essentially poetical. Like our own British hero, King Arthur,—whose story Spenser intended telling, as we learn from a letter written by him to Sir Walter Raleigh, as well as Milton and Dryden,—whom Blackmore *has* commemorated after his own peculiar fashion,—and on whose eventful career Sir William Jones drew up the plan of an epic poem, as well as Mr. Tennyson,—*Hiawatha* did not die, but was carried away in a boat to the Far West ; so that now it may be said of him, as the old chronicler, quoted by Dr. Percy, said of Arthur, that 'men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.'

'And the evening sun descending
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,
 Burn'd the broad sky, like a prairie,
 Left upon the level water
 One long track and trail of splendour,

Down whose streams, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sail'd into the fiery sunset,
Sail'd into the purple vapours,
Sail'd into the dusk of evening.

* * * * *

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the north-west wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !'

We may just remark, in conclusion, that the measure of 'Hiawatha' has been suggested, at least, by that of the ancient Finnish poem of Keleva,—a measure which would have become monstrous in any hands less skilful than those of Mr. Longfellow. The poem extends over nearly eight thousand lines; and although it contains many things which, we think, might be omitted with advantage,—things which, although they may be essentially Indian, are not therefore essentially poetical,—yet it is as full of the sunshine of golden scenery as a picture of Claude, and as healthy in purpose and design as any poem of recent issue.

ART. III.—*The Primitive People: its Religion, History, and Civilization.* By FREDERIC DE ROUGEMONT. (*Le Peuple primitif: sa Religion, son Histoire et sa Civilisation.*) Part the First: Religion. Two Vols. 12mo. Geneva and Paris: Cherbuliez.

No period of human history has shown itself as capable as our own has done of entering into the spirit of bygone ages, and appreciating national or individual characters which intervening periods had forgotten or mistaken. How many celebrated men of former days has this generation learned to know better than our fathers did,—in certain cases better than their own contemporaries; rescuing some of them from unmerited obloquy, and visiting others with the reprobation from which they had apparently escaped! Modes of feeling long effete, and reckoned unintelligible, have revived under the treatment of a many-sided sympathy with all that is human, and can be studied as if in their prime, like shrivelled seaweeds expanded in water, and exhibiting once more their natural shape and hues on the paper

of the botanist. Men have searched out with untiring labour, and put together with incredible sagacity, all the vestiges of the history, arts, and social economy of extinct civilizations; they have interpreted Egypt's monuments, which had been without a reader for twenty centuries; they have become familiar with the palaces of Nineveh, and the sepulchres of Etruria; they pore over the cylinders of Babylon, translate the literary monuments of Persia, India, and China, do not despair of one day deciphering the mysterious inscriptions of Yemen and Sinai; have excavated the earth-mounds of the valley of the Mississippi, and copied the grotesque idols and huge temples of Central America.

Now, Providence seems to have furthered this comparatively great acquaintance with the past in a way which would indicate some special purpose. We have treasured up the legends of every country, and noted even the *costumes* of different races, just at the time when all that was particular and local was about to be swallowed up in the great current of common interests, and of a uniform civilization. Languages, on the eve of dying away, have been caught upon the trembling lips of the few old people who had spoken them in their childhood, and consigned to records where they can be consulted for vestiges of the world's history that would otherwise have been lost. We believe that these are characteristics of a time of transition. There are great things before mankind; but it is called upon to pause, to recollect itself, to look back upon its long career, and make sure of its remembrances, before entering upon a new period of its heaven-directed pilgrimage. It is not the privilege of all highly cultivated societies thus to understand the past. Witness the age of Louis XIV., when even a Racine metamorphosed Greeks of the heroic times into French Marquises: the Augustan age again, so similar to our own in many respects, had quite lost the key of mythological antiquity, and was unable to enter into the spirit of the times from which it derived its traditions, its worship, and its primitive institutions. It is not every educated adult who can sympathize with the feelings of childhood; but he only who has retained or regained a certain elasticity of mind, a spirit of genial and youthful hope; and it is cheering to perceive that such a spirit does exist amid all the heart-weariness and scepticism of this nineteenth century, so full of contrasts: this busy, hardworking generation can lay aside its cares, forget for an instant its gigantic undertakings, and listen to the naïve imaginings of the world when it was a child. Of course, there is more positive relationship between periods which resemble each other. Our Middle Ages were, in one sense, the mythological ages over again, corresponding points in a spirally ascending line: but then there could only be the instinctive sympathy of child with child; ours is the conde-

scension of matured intelligence, able to disengage itself from its object, to study it from without and from above.

Much was accomplished when we were enabled to picture to ourselves what the valley of the Nile was once, and what the plains of Euphrates and Tigris, and to follow, as we do, with a measure of certainty, the migrations of the principal races of Europe, as they succeed each other, like waves of the ocean, rolling westward. It is much to call the mighty dead from tumulus and pyramid: but, after all those partial restorations, is there not yet remaining a more general one,—the recovery of the trunk as well as the main branches of the tree? Humanity was one before its various races separated in the plains of Shinar. Can the veil be withdrawn from the religion, the history, and the civilization of this oldest of societies? Can we re-ascend the current of this other Nile, through deserts, to its mysterious sources? Can there be found a Layard or a Champollion for the primitive people? To supply this want is the noble ambition of the author before us; and we are bound to say he has brought to the task at once the most prodigious erudition, and a rare power of generalization and construction.

"But is not the attempt chimerical?" many will exclaim. "Where are the monuments of this primitive people? Where the means of investigating their history?" It can be answered. In the first place, there are the invaluable authentic fragments of the earliest doings and vicissitudes of mankind in the first eleven chapters of the Book of Genesis. It is worthy of the true religion that, while its proper beginning is from the death and resurrection of our Lord,—so that its foundation can be examined in the clear light of history, and belongs to the remembrances of a cultivated age,—its preparation, on the other hand, should stretch back to the very cradle of the human race. They are but fragments, those brief notices of the Fall, of Cainites, Sethites, Lemecides, of the Deluge, of Noah and his descendants; but we may safely assume that they are the most important facts of the whole history, the most essential to be kept in remembrance. In the second place, there are the results to be obtained by comparing the mythologies of all nations. What if legend, symbol, and myth, and the conceptions of the different divinities throughout the pagan world, should be found to present so many points of contact, as not only to prove that they are the scattered remains of one system variously combined and modified, but even to enable us to reconstruct that system to a great extent, and form an idea of the complex sum of sacred tradition which stood the primitive people in stead of poetry, and history, and philosophy, and theology?

What if the very languages we speak are monuments of this primitive people? The reader is aware that comparative philology has already enabled the learned to determine questions

with respect to pre-historical events, which did not even present themselves to the imagination fifty years ago. From a critical study of the Indo-Germanic—or, to use the more comprehensive term, Ind-Celtic—languages, they can tell us the order in which the different members of this great family of races broke away from the parent Aryan stem. Not only so, but in comparing the several groups of those closely related languages with each other and with the type which approaches most nearly to the original, indications can be traced of the social state of the parent stock at the time of the separation of each group. If, for instance, there exists throughout all those languages a great coincidence of pastoral and agricultural terms, we have a right to conclude, that at the period of the earliest dispersion they were at once a pastoral and an agricultural people. If later groups only agree in the terms for house, roof, door, window, &c., while a marked coincidence in the words for tent, pole, cord, &c., pervades all the groups, it is natural to suppose that the parent stem lived in tents at the time of the departure of the oldest groups, and had settled in fixed dwellings during the interval before the next emigration. If ‘daughter’ in Sanscrit means *milker*, and ‘brother,’ *bearer of burdens*, we have a glimpse at the manners of our ancestors in extreme antiquity, and one which is not unfavourable to the stronger sex. Again, the room occupied by the invisible world in the thoughts of each particular branch, is ascertained by their relative wealth in mythological terms, and the vocabulary of each people is found to be the inventory of their arts, their institutions, and even the impressions they receive from the external world. It contains the spectacle of an entire civilization, a history of the times when there were no historians. Now it is evident that what has been done for a family of nations, numbering two-fifths of mankind, may be attempted, though with less prospect of success, for the whole human race.

Nations which were some of them widely separated from each other, farther back than history or tradition reaches, are found to agree in the most extraordinary way in their divisions of the heavens, the grouping of the constellations, and the signs, generally arbitrary, by which those divisions and constellations are designated. What if the astronomies of China, India, Babylon, Arabia, Egypt, and Mexico, can be shown to be so essentially identical, that they must be but different editions of a primitive system? What if it be not altogether extravagant to suppose that the very measures used by the primitive people can be ascertained? At least, Professor Boeck, of Berlin, has proved that the principal nations of antiquity in the old world inherited one and the same metrical system, which each applied after its own fashion; the same cubit was used for the pyramids and for the temple-palaces of Nineveh.

There is something so attractive in this mighty thought of a voyage, Columbus-like, for the discovery of the primitive world, that one feels an involuntary distrust of the adventurous traveller. May not his imagination be seduced by the grandeur of the undertaking, and create a phantom city, instead of the reality he seeks?—

‘A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted!’

One thinks of M. de Saulcy, of the French Institute, and his recent fancied discovery of the cities of the plain by the shores of the Dead Sea; Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim,—not one of them is wanting. It is to be observed, however, as a sort of preliminary *caveat* in M. de Rougemont’s case, that he did not set out in search of the primitive world, but stumbled upon it rather in the course of other researches. He has undertaken, it seems, an elaborate series of apologetical works; and it was in the course of these labours, as yet unpublished, that he became more and more convinced of the immense extent to which the facts related in the early chapters of Genesis have been built into the traditional and mythological edifices of all nations. The ruins of the period when mankind were one, lay at his feet, in a shape that could still be recognised, before he thought of exploring for them.

The two volumes before us only contain the first part of this great undertaking. They are limited to the collection and classification of the immense mass of religious traditions, which are to form the materials and chief authority for the historical part, and to the explanation of their origin from the point of view at which the author has stationed himself. This first part is, in short, a comparative mythology, founded on the most extensive possible *data*, supplementing the traditions of the Shemitic races, those of classical antiquity, those of India, China, Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Etruria, Scandinavia, those of Germans, Celts, Iberians, and Slavonians, by those of every tribe in Africa, America, and Polynesia, of which trustworthy travellers, or Missionaries, have given us an idea. It is a professed key to mythologies, tried upon all the known religions of the world. The author does not merely select sundry fragments from the mythologies of different races to bear upon an apologetical purpose: he treats the subject as a whole, believing it is thus only that the wonderful unity which survives through all the transformations of the several sacred traditions can be understood, and looking upon that of the Hebrews as the key of

all the rest,—oldest, sole intelligible and authentic version of the common remembrances of mankind, the claims of which are vindicated at once by its moral superiority, and by the fact that its contents alone are to be found pervading every other version.

Ages of credulity do not reason upon the origin of their creeds: hence extreme antiquity was incapable of any approach towards a scientific mythology. The first philosopher who had so far divested himself of all faith in the gods of his fathers, as to ask himself how the idea of such divinities had come into the minds of men, was Evemerus, a friend of Cassander's. The Voltaire of his time, he believed faith in the invisible world to be an illusion and a weakness, and taught that the gods had all been simple mortals, the first benefactors of society, or the ancestors of different tribes, transformed into superior beings by the extravagant gratitude, or the imagination, of succeeding generations. The ideas of Evemerus were received with great favour by the Epicureans, and were adopted by such historians as Diodorus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. Notwithstanding the eloquent protest of Plutarch, they were suited to the spirit of a corrupt and sceptical age, in which the old religions, like Romanism at present in France, only subsisted by their acquired velocity. Ennius translated Evemerus's History of the Gods into Latin. Its views prevailed among the chief writers of Rome, and its theory of the origin of heathen divinities was generally adopted by the Christian fathers of the third and fourth centuries, because it enabled them to make shorter work of their controversy with declining Paganism.

Evemerism may be called *the historical theory*, since it supposes all mythology to be history in disguise. Like every other exclusive way of accounting for pagan idolatry, it is partially and exceptionally true. Men have really come to pass for gods by being gradually identified with the gods who had been supposed to inspire them. Thus Seth has been absorbed in the higher personage of Toth, or Thoth; Tubal-Cain became the god of elementary fire; Jabal the shepherd, and Jubal the musician, taken, in process of time, for one person, became Apollo, musician-shepherd, god of universal harmony. Venus and Pandora have divided between them the beauty and talents of Naamah, 'the beautiful;' (Gen. iv. 22;) and Venus is the wife of Vulcan, as Naamah was the sister of Tubal-Cain. Volunder, the lame magician-smith of Scandinavia, has two brothers, of whom one is a harper, like Jubal, and the other an archer, like those dwellers in tents of whom Jabal was the model. De Rougemont shows, moreover, that the mythical and pantheistic spirit of antiquity transferred to the Supreme Being the destinies of mankind itself, its migrations, discoveries, institutions, reverses, and, above all, its destruction in the Deluge, and subsequent resurrection. Thus mythologies are full of

deities dethroned, who suffer and die like mortals; and among most nations a double history of the primitive world can be detected, the one *mythical and divine*, the other *legendary and human*; the most prominent fact of the history being the Deluge, 'that passion of humanity,' which was to the remembrances of the primitive people, at least in the impression of awe and in that of deliverance, what the passion of Christ has been for the Christian Church. Another process by which the human and divine have been confounded is the reverse of the two preceding. When nations have perished, or experienced great revolutions, their supreme gods often descend gradually to the rank of simple mortals, and become for a subsequent society but very ancient Kings, or illustrious heroes: such were Castor and Pollux at Sparta, Picus and Faunus in Latium.

However, on the other hand, it is undeniable that all pagan systems distinguished between gods and heroes. The father of historians and travellers, Herodotus, makes the observation,—it is repeated by Plutarch, and confirmed by St. Paul as a universal popular distinction,—*There be gods many, and lords many.* (1 Cor. viii. 5.) It has only been by usurpation, or mistake, that the barrier has ever been broken down; and when the great body of myths are brought under review, Evemerism is found incapable of explaining them. The atheistical principle, that faith is a parasitical plant, foreign to our nature, is, indeed, a most preposterous assumption with which to pretend to explain any form of religion; for, if men have ever treated their fellow-creatures as divine, and offered them worship, they must first have had the idea of the divine, and the instinct of adoration. If it be admitted that man is a being essentially religious, he must have had some other object of worship before he could come to divinize his own history: or if it be denied that he is religious, then how came he to substitute a collection of fables for sober history?

Evemerism has been indirectly the means of inundating with fictions the whole history of antiquity. Writers have invented Kings, and dynasties, and wars that never existed, in order to find an historical original for the myths they did not understand; and the supposed annals of the world, for a certain period, are but romances created by compressing and cutting down theological data. Le Clerc was a great culprit in this respect. Buttmann, who flourished during the first quarter of the present century, was the first, M. De Rougemont tells us, to trace the true limits of mythology and history. One of the illustrations of the new critical method best known in England is Niebuhr's 'Rome;' it is a method requiring to be carried out to the revision of the traditions of the heroic ages of all countries. Dr. Hales, G. Smith, and a host of other writers, had accustomed us, for instance, to look upon Kaiomar as the

founder of what they call the Pishdadian dynasty in Persia: most of the personages of this dynasty have awkwardly long reigns in the tradition in its native shape,—1,000 years, 700, 560, &c.; but our chronologists substitute arbitrarily 40, 30, &c., as more sober and judicious. We learn, for the first time, through De Rougemont, that the Kaiomar of the *Zend Avesta* is a winged bull with a human head, symbol of man reigning over nature, and of the divinity incorporated with both; an interpretation which, we must own, seems more like the truth than the processes of orthopedical chronology. Kaiomar is also said to have issued from the bull *Aboudad*, symbol of universal life, to have been androgynous, put to death by the *deves*, (malignant demons,) and then the male and female ancestors of the human race sprung from his ashes. Here we have Adam before the creation of Eve, synthesis of both sexes, then the Fall, and the beginning of ordinary life. Djemshid, another personage in the same dynasty, when treated 'soberly and rationally,'—that is to say, when the greater part of what is told of him is eliminated without reason or explanation,—becomes a Persian King, founder of Persepolis, and unfortunate in his old age. For De Rougemont, who takes the traditions as he finds them, Djemshid becomes a mythical being, who sums up in himself the whole diluvian period. Presiding, at first, over the re-peopling of the earth, and the establishment of the covenant of God with His people, he afterwards declines in piety, and gives his sister to a *deve*, whence were born the men with tails, who live in the desert; and he finally has himself adored as a god. That is to say, savage races are degenerate through their own fault, and may be compared to monkeys; and the origin of idolatry was contemporaneous with their dispersion. Another instance of this rationalistic method of explaining away mythologies: Proteus was long thought to have been a King of Egypt at the time of the Trojan war; and since we have learned a little of the monuments of Egypt and of Manetho, this Monarch has become as hard to seize, and as troublesome for chronologists, as he was said to have been for Menelaus. But Proteus is the son of Oceanus and Tethys, reigns over the inhabitants of the waters, and especially over *cetaceæ*; he gives oracles, because he has drawn all things out of water, and knows their laws, and, in an Orphic hymn, he is called 'the first-born.' Is he not probably a personification of primordial matter, which, in the course of the world's formation, has undergone all sorts of metamorphoses, becoming sea, land, mineral, plant, animal, and man?

The next great attempt to construct a scientific mythology may be called the *physical theory*. Towards the Christian era men began to feel the vanity of polytheism. Some betrayed their aspirations after a God who should be a healer and a saviour, by crowding the temples of Esculapius as had never been done

before. In others, this tendency assumed a speculative turn; they endeavoured to identify their principal divinities, as is to be seen in the Orphic hymns belonging to this period; and they treated the gods as personifications of natural phenomena. Josephus's attempt to explain the Hebrew tabernacle and its utensils, as a collection of astronomical symbols, exhibits the sort of theology which was then in vogue. As Christianity spread, the adherents of polytheism felt themselves more and more obliged to reform it; they tried to render it consistent, moral, and reasonable, by deciphering its symbols, and professing to find a profound meaning in its fables. Hence the neo-Platonic school of Alexandria. Unlike the naïve instinctive pantheism of the earlier idolaters, who felt God everywhere, the pantheism of Porphyry and Jamblichus was a voluntary intellectual effort to justify traditional rites, as different forms of the same nature-worship; and the *physical theory*, in the purpose of its most eminent propounders, was a plea for *pantheism*, as the *historical theory* had been a plea for *atheism*.

The physical theory has more to urge in its behalf than Evemerism: it also is partially true, and in a greater measure; that is to say, men are yet more nature-worshippers than hero-worshippers. Witness the *astral* religions of the old Arabians, Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians; the *solar* religions of the Syrians, the Aryans of the time of the Vedas, and the Peruvians; the *cosmic* religions of the Hindoos, deifying the forces of nature in general; the *physical* religion, in a confined sense of the word, which gives the sceptre of the universe to nature, personified as a great goddess, mother of all that exists, as Cybele in Phrygia, Derceto in Syria, Venus in Cyprus and elsewhere. Even in religions where this element is not predominant, it is still visible. When the red-skin of the prairies tells of a wolf who swims for a whole year round the world, the interpretation can hardly admit of doubt, and the less so as carnivorous animals, especially the wolf, are found to be symbols of the sun and of light, in almost all mythologies. When the Scandinavians rejoiced at Thor's having recovered his thunder, that meant that the stern winter, which threatened to invade the whole year, was gone; for the thunderstorms of summer announced the return of a Divine protector. The pines, rigid with icicles and frozen snow, suggested the idea of an invasion of an army of giants; but Thor, with his hammer, fights against the enemy.

On the other hand, this theory has been applied to myths and to practices for which it is inadequate to account. Such, for instance, were the lamentations for lost deities in different countries. It is true that natural analogies exercised a wonderful influence over the early pagan mind: the closest association was established between the ideas of winter, the death

of man, and the end of the world. But can we suppose men would have perpetrated upon themselves the most barbarous of mutilations merely because the days were a little shorter and colder than in summer, and vegetation for a time suspended, and that in southern climes? Remembrances of unspeakable terror must have been at the origin of those gory rites and frenzied lamentations. Osiris is the antediluvian world; his limbs rent asunder, the perishing members of the race; the chest in which they are enclosed, the ark; his restoration to life, a new humanity issuing from its tomb. His festival was celebrated on the 17th day of the second Egyptian month, the very day on which the fountains of the great deep were broken up. (Gen. vii. 11.) The myth of Proserpine, surprised in the midst of complete security, and dragged down to the infernal regions, had doubtless the same signification in its primitive form; though in the hands of the poets the watery gulf became the fountain of Cyane; and the goddess herself, instead of the dread infernal Juno, presiding over death, a mere personification of flowers, six months underground, and as much above. Isis in search of Osiris, Mylitta of Adonis, Cybele of Atys, Ceres of Proserpine, and fabulous personages astonishingly resembling these in Samothrace, Wales, Lithuania, Lapland, and South America, present the same picture of the remnant of the human race bewailing their brethren, and asking if they were indeed alone in the earth.

The physical explanation of mythology is still the favourite one with writers who are hostile, or at best indifferent, to Christianity. At the close of the last century Court de Gébeline and Dupuis represented all the religions of the world, and Christianity itself, to be but forms of Sabeism; and the majority of the present German and French writers on those subjects continue to treat pagan systems as translations of natural phenomena into an allegorical language. For Bergier, the religion of the Greeks and Latins is but a manual of natural philosophy, in which elementary bodies and forces have received names as gods without any serious faith in the existence of the supposed divinities; and Voss, Hermann, Lobeck, Schwenk, tread in his steps. This school is farther from the truth than the neo-Platonicians themselves. The latter believed we were made to worship nature; they took the religions of antiquity in earnest, and tried to justify them; but modern allegorizers, in their horror of what they call mysticism, think all religions out of place, and hence they cannot account for them. Such theories should be left to the eighteenth century; they could only arise or be maintained in an atmosphere of utter poverty as to religious feeling, and of incapacity to understand antiquity. Why should the phenomena of nature be translated into an unintelligible language thousands of years ago more than now? And

how came the key of those hieroglyphics to be forgotten, and natural science to begin its career over again distinct from religion?

It is certain that religion was so far from being a corruption of science, that science, as such, did not begin to exist until later. It is equally certain that artificial allegorical creations, and the conveyance of positive knowledge in didactic poetry, are so far from belonging to infant societies, that they are characteristic of advanced—perhaps even of declining—civilization. Mythology and poetry, when genuine, are sisters, and the proper matter of both is the unknown, the mysterious, the half revealed hopes or remembrances, looming dim and gigantic through the mist, like the spectre of the Brocken, awakening astonishment, reverence, and terror. It is for later ages to say pretty things in verse, and make arid subjects, which are already well understood, a pretext for arabesques. It is true that most of the festivals of Paganism, and many of its myths, originated in astronomical or agricultural motives; but, as De Rougemont says, it was because the old world 'lived in nature, as the Christian Church lives in Jesus Christ.' Its ecclesiastical year was a physical year, because it was at sun-rise and sun-set, at new moon and full moon, at the solstices and the equinoxes, at sowing time, and vintage, and harvest, that it thought itself most in contact with the God it conceived. When stars and fountains were deified, that was no *prim poetical conceit*, but a corruption of the instinct that all things are full of God. It was not the intelligence or the will that predominated in the creation of the different forms of Paganism: they are not the product of reflection and voluntary systematizing, but of childish feeling and imagination, many of them such religions of terror or of ecstasy as manifestly confess their origin from excess of perverted religious emotions. Surely the prevalence of human sacrifices shows that those ages were in earnest, fearfully in earnest. The multitudes that could offer their own children to the red-hot brassen arms of Saturn, must have believed in the divinities whom they tried to propitiate by the horrible sacrifice. One would think there is at this moment in dark places of the earth—ay, and of Christendom itself—credulity enough, and fanaticism enough, to convince atheistical and deistical writers that men can embrace the gloomiest superstitions in downright earnest,—indeed, more easily and more earnestly than cheerful superstitions; but so fearful are those writers of allowing that man has a religious calling, that they will go all lengths to soften down and explain away the aberrations of the religious principle, lest perchance the thought should suggest itself, that an instinct so awfully energetic in its abuse was intended to be supreme in its legitimate exercise. Thus, M. Prosper Mérimée, who criticizes the work before us in the *Revue Contemporaine*,

with all the bitterness, and self-sufficiency, and levity of his class, actually says, that the priests of Cybele mutilated themselves to be like Atys, her beloved, '*through a spirit of imitation!*' We had thought until now that action for mere imitation sake, and without any other motive, was peculiar to *quadrumana*; we had thought man capable of religious fanaticism for its own motives.

M. Merimée finds it the most natural thing in the world, that the difficulty of expressing certain ideas in languages as yet little cultivated, should lead to the universal personification which constitutes mythology. He is quite right, more so than he himself conceives. The starting-point in the process is the supposing all nature animated with our life, just as poetry animates everything. Men clothed the universe with their own dress, attributed to everything the distinctions which were essential in their own case. They had the idea of paternity before they had that of cause; and therefore causes, and even attributes, came to be called 'fathers,' and associated phenomena were treated as brothers and sisters; the gods went by couples in Olympus, for the same reason that words had their two genders. The personification which is occasional with us was the rule with our ancestors, and the shape of narrative was the only way of expressing any theory whatever; the myth preceded the direct form of communicating thought on all but the most vulgar subjects, as poetry preceded prose. So much for the fact, but now for its signification. Can the irreligious school tell us why mankind was the dupe of its own personifications? How came it to pass, for instance, that the first astronomical observations were, in the eyes of those who made them, a record of the life of the gods? The religious sense is at bottom of the imagination, impelling us ever to look for something more beautiful than what we see; at bottom of reason, forcing us from cause to cause until we reach the Great First Cause; at bottom of the conscience; for we can only be under obligation to a person: and surely the religious sense, however misled, or however combined with immoral and self-deceiving tendencies, was at the root of every form of human worship. Ah! the fault of Paganism was not the looking for God too close at hand; but the true God can only be found in nature when He is already in the heart.

The late M. Lamennais, at the time when he was the champion of Romanism, maintained that idolatry was the corruption of a veneration of great and holy men, and of an invocation of angels presiding over the various departments of nature, both of which he supposed to have prevailed in extreme antiquity, and to have been legitimate when confined within certain limits. Even if this explanation were liable to no other objection, the simple study of facts would be fatal

to it; for it ignores the prodigious part which pantheism played in the most ancient period, and the excess of fancy, poetry, and speculation which man displayed in the creation of polytheism. 'Where his faith ran wild,' says M. de Rougemont, 'it did not adore invisible spirits distinct from, and presiding over, nature; he worshipped nature itself in its varied manifestations.'

'If we may conclude from the infancy of all nations to that of mankind itself, we will say that faith, in the first age of the world, must have acted upon the heart with wonderful power; but that the mind, unskilled in analysis, was as yet unable to distinguish spirit and matter, soul and body, God and the world. God was the great and habitual thought of the first men; they heard His voice everywhere; they felt His presence everywhere, in heaven, upon earth, in the very depths; His glory was resplendent from every object that met their view; torrents of life and fire gushed from His throne over all the regions of the universe. Hence the God of nature received a plural name, *Elohim*, to mark the multiplicity and superabundance of forces that issued from His plenitude. Primitive monotheism was thus tinged with pantheism; but it was the naïve and all unconscious pantheism of a soul full of faith and imagination, which gives itself up without distrust to all its impressions.'

The primitive people in their purest period would have said, *holy nature*, as we say, *Holy Bible*; it was their law and their Prophets. The creation of God, and still subsisting by His Spirit that penetrates it throughout, and circulates through all its parts, it was for them the body of God, as the Church is the body of Jesus Christ.

'By its magnificence it said to man, "Adore thy God;" by its benefits, "Love Him;" by its terrors, "Fear Him;" by the thousand objects that met his astonished gaze, "Remember Him." Colours, like numbers, had their symbolical sense; minerals, plants, animals, recalled at once the Divine perfections which man ought to contemplate, and the moral virtues which he ought to practise. The language of flowers was then really sacred, and not, as now, a mere puerile conceit. Finally, the triumph of day over night, and of spring over winter, was the consoling type and brilliant prophecy of the great victory which a Saviour God was one day to obtain over the darkness of sin and death.'

But the naturalism of primitive humanity ought to have been kept under control by their remembrances of the theophanies, or positive apparitions of God at the dawn of human existence; and even in the degree in which it was legitimate, it was destined to be superseded by revelation. Men were guilty at first of endeavouring to retain it beyond its time, and at last of giving the creature the worship that belongs to the Creator. From pantheism to polytheism the transition is easy: if everything is a portion of the Divinity, then everything is a Divine

Being, and may become an object of worship. The Spirit of God, sustaining and vivifying all creatures, is confounded with the finite proper energy of each of them; and a sort of religious intoxication varies and multiplies its idols, just as poetic enthusiasm, in its youthful days, invented every variety of strophe and measure. Before the world could be *divinized*, God must have been *divided*. His attributes were changed into so many separate deities; and then the visible things in which His power and presence displayed itself, became subordinate objects of adoration.

‘Those multiplied aberrations of the intelligence would not have been possible, if the heart had not been led astray first of all; for in all things it is the heart which carries away the reason. Now, there is the closest connexion between the moral state of the human mind, and the idea which it forms of God. God has created it in His own image. Being like God, it cannot know itself without, in some sort, knowing God. Doubtless, the soul is infinitely little, and God infinitely great; but the pure image of the immense heavens is reflected in the dew-drop. If the soul is a transparent mirror, she will see the image of God delineating itself within her; but if troubled or turbid, she will only see a few pale, vague, broken rays of the Divine glory; and as sin has, from the beginning, disordered and corrupted the heart of man, it is not surprising that the knowledge of the true God should have been adulterated and lost among the nations of antiquity.

‘The greatest harm that sin has done the soul has been the robbing it of its moral strength by breaking off its intercourse with God, and thereby snapping asunder the strong bond of faith which held all its faculties together. Fallen man goes morally to pieces: his reason lies prostrate on the right hand, feeling on the left, the imagination loses itself in mid-air, and the will crawls in the mire. But, when once the moral unity of the soul is destroyed, that thirst for unity which is the fundamental law of the mind is weakened; its voice, originally all-powerful, insists but feebly upon the unity of God, and man is brought to give himself many deities, as he has already, in some sort, given himself many souls. This happens all the more easily, since, mutilated as they are, the faculties of the soul still preserve traces of the Divine image, which is our very essence. To that poetical genius which feels itself suddenly seized by a superhuman power, there will correspond, in the invisible world, a god of inspiration; to the genius of useful discoveries, a god of wisdom and art; to sacred domestic affections, a god presiding over the family and marriage.

‘But sin deteriorates the moral sense, and the man who is under its power can no longer appreciate the real value of his actions. In theft, he will see nothing but the address of the robber; in physical love, a mere force of nature procuring intense enjoyment; and he will create a god of robbery and a goddess of voluptuousness. When fallen so low as this, when offering Divine homage to his very vices, none can tell where the error of his ways is to end, none can sound the depths of the abyss into which he has thrown himself headlong. He has opened his heart to the most criminal thoughts and the most awful influences.

He has given place unto Satan ; and St. Paul saw farther and better than we do, when he said that the pagans sacrificed to demons.'

It is said in Genesis iv. of the third generation from the Creation, *Then began men to call upon the name of Jehovah.* This short phrase is in M. de Rougemont's mind, and, we think, with reason, suggestive of the feelings that animated a large portion of mankind through a distinct period of their history. The poetic bursts of the religious enthusiasm of the Sethites still rings in our ears, he says, in the name of their patriarch Mahalaleel, 'the great Praise of God,' as do the jubilations of the profane Cainites in that of Jubal, who invented instruments of music. Later generations, who had forty centuries' less experience than we have of the ignorance and weakness of man, and who were so much nearer the times when his life lasted centuries, thought themselves endowed with Divine powers, like a King recently dethroned, who has not yet realized his position, and thinks the morrow will see him return to his palace. Hence the astonishing efficacy attributed to prayer in the *Rig Veda*: 'Every morning, at the moment that the separation of heaven and earth is being accomplished, it is prayer that consolidates the enlarging universe. Adoration is mighty, it sustains heaven and earth..... The sages with the help of prayer and libation made the worlds wider.....It is by virtue of the sacrifice that a way is opened (for the sun).' Even the prosaic Chinese used similar language twenty-five centuries ago. Thus Confucius says, more in deference to traditional wisdom perhaps, than from any vivid feeling of his own, 'The man who is sovereignly perfect, by his virtue contributes to the sustaining and perfecting of all being..... He does not show himself, and yet, like the earth, he reveals himself by the benefits he confers ; he does not leave his place, and yet, like the heavens, he effects unnumbered transformations ; he does not act, and nevertheless, like space and time, he attains the consummation of his works.*' Increasing experience of his wretchedness made man less pretending ; yet the want of adoring God and imploring His help survived in every religion, bearing witness to the reality and persistence of the religious instinct. How beautifully is this exhibited by that great and ancient master of human nature, who, describing the arrival of Telemachus at Pylus, makes the son of Nestor assume the stranger to be accustomed to prayer ! Pisistratus tells Mentor to

'Pass the goblet
To this thy fellow-voyager, that he
Pour forth libation also ; for I deem
Him wont to pray ; since all of every land
Need succour from the gods.'—*Odyssey*, iii., 61-64.

* *Chun Yung*, chap. xxvi.

It is evident upon reflection that the way in which any historian or thinker accounts for pagan idolatry must depend upon the way in which he has answered the prior question, What is man, and the end of man's existence? An atheist must look upon all religions as having no foundation in the deep ground of human nature,—unaccountable, capricious illusions. He may give it out as history that men worship their ancestors, or their benefactors, or that they were frightened to their knees by the first thunderstorm; but he cannot attempt to explain why this should be so. A pantheist will understand idolatry as nature-worship, and will look upon it as the necessary infancy of the religious principle, until men attain the consciousness of their own divinity, and get enlightened enough to worship themselves. One who believes that man was made to worship God, and to refer to Him the control of all events, as the Author of every blessing and every judgment, must believe idolatry to be the corruption of this relation, and will be prepared to find many forms of idolatry to be distorted remembrances of its earliest exercise. There is really no room for any theory, but such as may be reduced to one of those three, of which the ultimate principles respectively are, We were made to worship nothing, or, We were made to worship nature, or, We were made to worship God. The reader may ask, Does not deism present a fourth conceivable system? We answer without hesitation, It does not. Sincere, praying deism cannot stop short of Christianity; and the deism that does not pray is but incipient undeveloped atheism or pantheism. Deism cannot give currency to any ideas about man, or adopt any philosophy of history, the lines of which, if prolonged, will not lead either to the recognition of the true God and His purposes, or else to that silent and sullen rejection of God which gives up trying to explain anything, or else to that more audacious rejection of God which tries to explain away the universe and ourselves.

The history of systematic mythologies confirms our assertion, that there are but three types possible: for all that have appeared may be reduced to those three, though of course often wanting in rigour, or in particular instances running into each other. The irreligious writer is for the most part unconscious of the final issue of his opinions, and the religious writer is never perfectly consistent. Tertullian had a glimpse of the relation of pagan traditions to those of Scripture, when he wrote the passage which M. de Rougemont has chosen for his epigraph, *Etsi in mundo loquela dissimiles, virtus traditionis una*; but he does not carry out the idea, or vindicate it in detail. Those who, at the beginning of the great literary revival after the Middle Ages, occupied themselves with the subject,—of whom the celebrated Boccaccio was one,—did so in a dilettante spirit, and only collected materials for their successors. Natalis Comes (Venice, 1568)

adopted the theory of nature-worship. Bacon, in his *Sapientia Veterum*, allowed himself to be carried away by the pre-occupations of his own calling, and attributed too much importance to the moral and political purposes of early legislators. Selden recognised the condescension of the Mosaic law in the adoption of the common symbolic language of the period, and thereby anticipated some of the results of recent Egyptian discovery. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, (*Demonstratio Evangelica*, Paris, 1672,) showed that the great gods and goddesses of Heathenism could be reduced to one of each sex; but instead of seeing that the Creator and nature were the great originals, he strenuously contended that this distinction must be assigned to Moses and Zipporah! However the seventeenth century had the honour of laying the right foundation for this as well as for so many other sciences. J. G. Vossius led the way by his famous work 'On the Origin and Progress of Idolatry,' (Amsterdam, 1643,) in which he laid equal stress on nature, on history, and on the abuse of religious feeling. Our own countryman, Cudworth, ('Intellectual System,' 1678,) next systematically sought out the image of the true God under the mask of pagan divinities. Bochart and Bryant followed, men of vast erudition, but leaning too much to the purely historical system, and sometimes forcing etymologies. Jurieu summed up the acquisitions of his time in his elaborate *Histoire Critique des Dogmes et des Cultes*. (Amsterdam, 1704.) Gale's 'Court of the Gentiles' is taken up with what other nations have borrowed from the Jews, rather than with what they all had in common from an earlier source. G. S. Faber, though coming so much later in the order of time, may be reckoned with the preceding writers, because he belonged to the same school. His 'Origin of Pagan Idolatry' was published early in the present century: borrowing his materials from a wider field than any of his predecessors, and making use of Celtic and Scandinavian as well as classical traditions, he did much to illustrate diluvian myths, but is too exclusively given to this idea, and finds Noah and his sons wherever he turns.

We have already referred to those French writers who at the close of the last century made the physical theory a vantage ground from which to direct their assaults upon Christianity. With the exception of this school and its present representatives, the French mind tends rather to Evemerism. Larcher and Raoul Rochette are distinguished Evemerists. Benjamin Constant, by birth a Swiss, recognised one source at least of pagan systems in the religious affections. Le Blanc, the most recent French writer upon this order of subjects, (*Etude sur le Symbolisme Druidique*, and *Les Religions et leur Interprétation Chrétienne*, 1854,) recognises a primitive revelation of God in nature, but ignores the reminiscences of primitive history, of the *genesiac vision*, and of the early promise of a Redeemer. The strict

Roman Catholic school can boast of many eminent writers on mythology during the last thirty years : in France, Lamennais and De Bonald ; in Germany, Frederic de Schlegel, Lasaulx, son-in-law and disciple of the mystic philosopher, F. Baader, Lutterbeck, Rink, ('Religion of the Hellenes,') Professor Sepp of Munich. ('Paganism and its Signification for Christianity.'). They are naturally unanimous in maintaining the existence of a primitive revelation, but underrate the importance of the part played by individual or national enthusiasm, and the amount of spontaneous theological creations.

As might be expected, it is Protestant scientific Germany which has furnished the most diligent students in this sphere of research, men who have accumulated materials with herculean labour, and analysed them with astonishing sagacity, throwing great light upon matters of detail, though their more or less decided rationalism has hindered them from mastering the subject as a whole. Heyne's mythological writings extend from 1763 to 1807. He divided myths into philosophical and historical, and was the first to perceive their connexion with the very origin of languages ; indeed, in his contributions to the science, religious interests are made subordinate to philological. Zoega, a Dane living at Rome at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, made a monograph upon obelisks, and another upon the bas-reliefs of the Villa Albani, occasions for conveying a vast amount of information on kindred subjects. Welcker, Zoega's disciple, among many other services, minutely analysed the effects of local causes and of the conflicting traditions of the various tribes of Greeks upon the common stock of mythological conceptions. Buttmann (*Ueber Noah's Soehne*) recognised that myths were partly older than the separation of races. Voss, Hermann, and others attempted to revive the old idea, that religions were essentially invented by Priests, though it is now confessed by almost every thinking mind, that the Priest must rather have been the child of the religious idea, and that the age of priestcraft only arrives when criticism has put the religion in danger. Creuzer's *Symbolik und Mythologie* (1810-22) is the most ponderous monument erected to the religions of antiquity even in Germany. Unfortunately the volume upon Egypt was published before Champollion's discoveries ; and more unfortunately still, he sees in ancient religions nothing but a worship of material nature, without any intellectual, moral, or metaphysical element. His French translator, Guignaut, takes a truer and loftier view, and confesses that 'man finds in his own soul that idea of the Divinity which he transfers to the external world.' Ottfried Muller's 'Prolegomena to a Scientific Mythology' appeared in 1825. He followed Welcker in his attention to the too often overlooked distinct elements in Greek nationality ; he followed Buttmann in refuting the confusion of history and my-

thology; and he distinguished what he called 'humanitarian myths' from those which can be explained by the facts of natural history. This accomplished writer says, 'It is only from the heights of Christian intuition that antiquity reveals herself to the philologist in all her truth and beauty.' Yet, his partiality for Greece, and his exaggerated disposition to find a local origin for myths, led him to ignore the extent to which Asia had contributed to the religious ideas of classical antiquity. The Greeks themselves knew well that if the form of their mythology was of their own moulding, its substance came from elsewhere; and it is a strange anomaly that scholars of a distant country, after twenty centuries, should persist in asserting on their behalf an originality to which they never laid claim themselves. Goerres, Schelling, Ritter, and Moevers are exceptions, and recognise the Asiatic origin of all that was essential in the religious traditions of the west. Ottfried Muller has laid his bones in the land he loved so well; he sleeps under a green mound near the Parthenon, between the grove of the Furies and those of the Academy. The most recent German writer on this subject, Professor Gerhard of Berlin, (1854-55,) does not seem to have made any important innovation upon the method of his predecessors.

De Rougemont differs from consciously or unconsciously irreligious mythologists by the adoption of the early part of Genesis as a series of authentic fragments of primeval history; and by his use of the primitive destination and constitution of man to be God's holy and happy child, as the key to open the secret of religious degeneracy, and of the intensity of the religious principle even in its most perverted state. At the same time, he leaves abundant room for all the partial truth that is to be found in their several systems; granting to the Evemerist that there have been apotheoses of departed great men, and recognising with the allegorist that there has been a labour of religious production accomplished by the busy, restless mind of man. He differs from the religious mythologists of the Roman Catholic school, by not allowing primitive tradition to absorb every thing, and by looking at the earliest stage of hero-worship—which they consider legitimate—as an idolatrous apostasy. He differs from his properly biblical predecessors, in the first place, by the larger basis of facts on which he builds,—the materials from which the mythologist can draw his inductions having been of late so prodigiously increased; in the second place, by his severer criticism, modern Germany having perfected the instrument with which the thinker works in every department of science, however deplorably some of her children may have abused the gift; in the third place, by going higher up than the Jewish Scriptures for the source of the traditions common to the Hebrew and the Pagan, making them relics of primitive monotheism and remembrances of the primitive people; and,

lastly, by his large comprehensive plan,—the study of mythology not being for him the end, but a mean,—one of the elements concurring to the restoration of the lost world of our ancestors. It is hardly necessary to say, that such a work as this is not meant to supersede the classical dictionary properly so called: it is at once more ambitious and less complete: but henceforth De Rougemont and Dr. William Smith will be equally necessary to the student of antiquity. The results to which the former has attained cannot be better expressed, nor the spirit in which he laboured better exemplified, than by his own concluding words:—

‘Our task is ended. All the religions of antiquity issue from a common source,—the religion of a primitive people. Every nation, at the moment when they detached themselves from the great trunk of humanity, had the same faith, the same law, the same hope, the same worship, the same historical remembrances, the same symbols. All believed in God, felt themselves fallen, and looked for a Saviour. All were acquainted with the creating Spirit and chaos, Adam, Paradise, and the Fall, the plague of heat, and that of the Deluge. Hebrews and Gentiles, civilized people and savage tribes, Whites, Negroes, and Mongols, races of the Old World and the New, all men together come to lay, in their thousand tongues, the same testimony at the foot of the tribunal of history. They do not understand each other, they are even frequently ignorant of the true sense of their own words; but we who pursue the inquiry can divine what they would tell us: for every thing can be explained upon comparison. On hearing such numerous and concordant depositions, one would be a Pyrrhonist not to repeat with Tertullian, “Though there are many languages in the world, there is but one tradition.”

‘In the sphere of religion, this one tradition is summed up in three words,—God, sin, redemption. God, who made the world, revealed Himself to the first man created pure. If man suffers and dies now, it is because he fell away by his own fault from his primitive state of innocence and happiness. But he knows that if he repents and believes, God in His mercy will restore him through the Saviour all that he has lost. Humanity is of noble extraction, then; she was born in Paradise, and not in the wild forest; the singing of angels, not the howling of wolves and tigers, echoed round her cradle. Jehovah watched over her before she knew Him; and assuredly the idea of the Divinity was not of her creation, in inventing the adoration of some poor fetish. The starting-point was not unbelief, but faith; not error, but truth; not ignorance, but revelation. To pretend that her life from the first was that of savages or of our proletaries, is to calumniate her; it is to proclaim counterfeit all the remembrances of her infancy.

‘But the corruption of the heart filled the human mind with darkness, so as to stifle the light of truth. God was divided into several false deities; nature divinized in a multitude of Great Mothers and secondary divinities; the souls of the dead raised to the rank of protecting genii. Prophetic revelation gave place to hallucination; the vision of God to apparitions of the dead; prayer to magical formulas;

expiatory sacrifice to murder; and the mystic repast to cannibalism: instead of adoration, there came a hypocritical formalism; instead of the moral struggle against sin, voluntary tortures as vain as they were cruel; instead of the everywhere present God, the hideous idol in the recesses of the temple; instead of the translucid symbol, myths unintelligible, absurd, obscene. Yet a measure of truth survived beneath all the errors of Paganism, which, without such a foundation, could not have subsisted from age to age. It is thus that the truth lies hidden in the depths of every heart of man, even the most defiled; otherwise it would be the heart of a monster without a name.

'This truth which we have constantly found older than error, and which, between the Dispersion and the Christian era, disappeared from every land, except Judea, under myriads of superstitions and fables, is not different from that which Christ came to proclaim. Christ is the Word, only perfect Revelation of God, Light of the World, Truth made Flesh, Eternal Prophet; at His voice our darkness is dissipated, our doubts cleared up, our faith consummated; the enigmatical idiom of types and symbols disappears before the simple and profound language of Divine truth, and the brightness of heaven is shed abroad over the soul. Christ is the great expiatory Victim whose sacrifice appeases the insatiable hungerings after pardon which tormented mankind. Christ is the Life, and the soul which believes on Him, which contemplates Him, which feeds on Him, feels her moral strength reviving, powers from on high penetrating within and circulating through all her faculties, the Holy Spirit communicating virtues which no possible macerations could have drawn from her own store. The Christ who quickens because He pardons and enlightens, responds to the secret wishes of the human heart, and accomplishes the early promises of God. Thus, when He is preached to pagan nations in His true character, full of grace and truth, they cannot but recognise in Him the Seed of the woman, the Conqueror of the serpent, the Man God; and humanity, after having miserably wandered during the greater part of her existence in all the deserts of her vast dwelling-place, is constrained to take once more the road to that Paradise, where, in infancy, she had heard God Himself tell her of a Saviour.'

It is impossible, within our limits, to convey an adequate idea of the immense mass of probant facts which the author has condensed, as if with a powerful lever, into the eleven hundred pages before us. The lofty simplicity of the first book makes it especially attractive. We should have also wished to transcribe some of the invaluable evidence he has collected of the vividness of the hope of immortality in the popular mind of ancient races, and his observations on the significant reserve of the Jewish Scriptures with respect to the future life, because the elect people awaited the coming of a Prophet who should have the right and the power to lift up the veil. But we must confine ourselves to meeting some of those doubts and objections to the whole theory which may present themselves most readily to the reader's mind.

And, first of all, is the unity pervading the different mytho-

logies an ascertained, undoubted fact? It is, at least, so far evident as to be recognised by men of the most opposite schools. Boulanger, an enemy of revelation, says, in his 'Antiquity Unveiled,' 'In this chaos of traditions one does not the less recognise that there is through all the world but one mythology.' Of course, the common theological and intellectual capital, which the several races of the Dispersion carried away with them into the regions towards which they directed their steps, has been more or less broken into fragments, has been subjected to all sorts of local transformations, modified by climate, by the physical features of the soil, by the vicissitudes of history, by the genius of different races, the degree of their civilization, and their mutual intercourse. But, amid all its changes, it has generally retained enough of primitive matter to vindicate its identity, and sometimes even enables one to trace the successive steps in the process of alteration. As to the lawfulness of a Christian's looking for points of contact between the fables of false religions and the records of the true, it need only be said, that when Moses speaks of the antediluvian giants, 'mighty men which were of old, men of renown,' he expressly refers to the giants and Titans of pagan mythology.

But cannot this unity be accounted for by other causes? Let us try some of the most important and plausible. Shall it be, for instance, the sameness of astronomical phenomena? Doubtless that has fixed the dates of festivals; and either originated or perpetuated sundry conceptions found to be very widely spread. But whence the identity of the *arbitrary* images connected with the movements of the heavenly bodies, and with their appearances? The signs of the zodiac would not assuredly suggest themselves to different nations from the simple contemplation of the skies; nor are the spots on the face of the moon so like a hare in a bush, as to be so represented both in China and in Laconia, without any communication between the two peoples. Moreover, in reality, the points of resemblance in mythologies are by no means found to be limited to this order of subjects.

Shall it be, then, the actual contact, in time previous to history, of races that are now far apart? Certainly there may have existed international relations where we should least suspect it; but what if the resemblances are such that their explanation on this principle would require imaginary journeyings in all directions, partial migrations longer and more complicated than they would be on the hypothesis of universal migration from a common centre? Ethnologists have thought themselves obliged, and for good reasons, to make the Greeks come from Cashmere, the Chinese from the Nile, the Egyptians from India, or the Hindoos from Egypt. Surely it would be shorter, both for those early wanderers and for us, to let them all set out from the plain

of Shinar. In other words, the results of mythological science are exactly parallel to those of ethnological, and to those of the comparison of languages: religions, like the branches of the great Indo-Celtic family, are found crossing and rubbing against each other in all directions, but essentially related through the trunk.

Shall it be suggested that the same analogies between the sensible and spiritual worlds presented themselves to the mind in different countries without transmission from one race to another? This is possible; in a great many cases, certain. But one can never thus account for the *arbitrary* elements which are reproduced in different mythologies, where the fundamental idea is found clothed with the very same picturesque details, or with such as form their equivalent in the most striking way, and, in after-dinner phrase, 'cap the story.' Universal grammar, also, is founded on the very nature of the human mind; but that does not account for the recurrence of the same vocal sounds to represent given ideas. Men could not but have nouns and verbs; but that is no reason why the word 'sack' should have the same meaning in almost all the languages of Europe, with half those of Asia,—the dead as well as the living; or if it be objected that this particular word may have been diffused by commercial intercourse, it can be replaced by 'light,' 'fire,' 'earth,' 'mind,' and a number of other terms which recur with unimportant variations in a great many tongues. Men in various countries would naturally invent a god of practical talents; but why should the great artist be called Seth, Thoth, Taaut, and Teutathes, by Hebrew Rabbis, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Gauls? Why should the crane, one of the attendants of this same god in Greece, be the badge of the learned in China and Japan? Why do certain animal figures remain sacred in countries of which the living animal is not a native,—as the crocodile is a diluvian symbol in Mexico? We can understand the *Rig Veda* comparing clouds to cows, and to mountains, and to the walls of a city; and that a long time of drought should be symbolized by the stealing of the cows that were feeding in the pastures of heaven: but that the same story of the cow-stealer should be a favourite in Greece and Italy, repeated over and over again of different personages; that Titans and Asouras, the antediluvian giants of India and Greece, should in both countries try to scale heaven by heaping up cloud-mountains; or, again, that the Asouras should build cloud-cities, against which Indra wields his thunder; while in Scandinavia a giant surrounds Asgard with impregnable walls during the winter, and defies the thunders of Thor;—these are stories that seem to issue not merely from kindred imaginations, but from the same hearth. Let it be attributed to a possible coincidence of natural poetry, that in both Europe and America the 'milky way' should be the path

of spirits in their ascent to the regions of the blessed; or that it should be the miraculous jewelled necklace of Astarte, and Venus, and Freya,—goddesses of nature; but when the old Persians believed the world to have been created in six thousand years, and the Etrurians repeated it, attributing to each millenary almost exactly the work accomplished on each day of the Genesiatic vision, and in the same order, it is impossible not to believe them versions of the same tradition. That gods of creation should be represented with musical instruments, to show that they preside over the harmonies of the world, might suggest itself independently to different peoples. But this idea is found worked up with another too arbitrary to occur thus repeatedly without previous concert:—it is the tortoise which has got the honour of representing the principles of order and of restoration over a very wide extent of the earth's surface, whether suggesting law by the symmetry of the pattern of its shell, or more probably because the first lyres were made of the shell. It was an attribute of Hermes when considered as a creator, and of his son Pan as reigning over the organized world. In Hindoo cosmography it sustains the elephants who bear up the universe; and Vishnu, after the Deluge, assumed the shape of a tortoise to re-establish the laws of nature. According to the Iroquois of Canada, the world was at first a little island on the back of a tortoise; and the flying dragon of China issued from the same animal.

The universal use of the bow and arrows is appealed to by M. Merimée as a remarkable and decisive instance of independent invention. We have seen it somewhere cited, with more reason, as the only instrument of primitive invention that no savages have lost, and its universality as a proof that all tribes of men had once been at least within reach of each other; for the principle of the bow is less self-evident, would be less easily suggested, than that of any instrument of agriculture, or chase, or war, used previously to the invention of powder.

But there existed in antiquity one mythological emblem almost as widely spread as even the use of the bow. We allude to the sacred ring, and, connected with it, the looped cross. The ring signified eternity with the Egyptians, Persians, and Hindoos. Kings and priests wore crowns as images of the Deity. Victorious warriors, poets, orators, all those who by their brilliant actions or extraordinary talents attested the presence of a Divine and eternal power with them, were crowned. In enchanted rings the power of the Divinity was supposed to be communicated to the symbol. The cross, with its four arms, indicating the cardinal points, was the emblem of creation as a whole; it ranked among the Chinese hieroglyphics for the figure 10, expressed perfection, and was associated with adoration; it was also the final letter of the Shemitic alphabets, with a

mystic sense, as we see from the Septuagint version of Ezek. ix. 4; the pious Jews were supposed by the authors of that version to have been marked with a *Thau*. The Arabs marked their horses with a cross to preserve them from accidents; the Hindoo worshippers of Seeva wore the same mystic sign upon their breasts; in the mysteries of Mithras the priest made the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the initiated. It was worn upon the garments of the Etrurians, upon the breasts of the Vestals, the cymbals of the Corybantes, the thyrsus of Bacchus, the hands of Astarte. The term *lama*, used in Thibet for the priests of Buddhism, means a cross; the sacred cakes, in the mysteries of Ceres, bore this among other emblems, as could be verified until lately upon many of the ancient vases so shamefully destroyed in the museum of Kertch. According to Tertullian, a cross represented Minerva at Athens, and Ceres at Paros. Beyond the Atlantic the first European visitors were astonished to find the savages of the Pampas put a staff in the left hand of the dying, and a cross—symbol of immortality—in the right. Crosses are found in old Peruvian tombs; their use was more ancient than the religion of the Incas; they were sculptured on the vast monuments of Central America and Yucatan; they were even worshipped in several of the West India Islands. Returning to the Old World, we know that when the Christians of Alexandria tore down the temple of Serapis, they were startled at finding the walls of the inner sanctuary covered with crosses. It is possible that the dreadful punishment of crucifixion was not only suggested at first by the form of the human body, but also by the desire to make the very attitude of the criminal express the perfection he had violated; and we may be certain that the superstitious respect for the sign of the cross that prevailed too early among Christians was fostered by the idea of sanctity already attached to the emblem. Now, the ring and cross—God and the world—associated, become a looped cross. This emblem occurs in Egypt in the hand of all the gods; on the cylinders of Babylon and Persia, sometimes on the hand of a divinity, sometimes alone; on Cyprian and Cilician medals; on those of the Phœnician isle Cossura, and the town of Marathus; on funeral columns, both Carthaginian and Numidian, of North Africa; and on some Etrurian monuments. The Egyptian god is seen putting the looped cross near the face of kings to impart a divine life. On a Babylonish cylinder a king is seen receiving a blessing from a priest, and life from a god; the latter has the looped cross in his hand, and the priest stands between two similar emblems. Certain medals of Asia Minor present the looped cross on one side, the lion or the dove upon the other.

We may quote, as a strange instance of the mysterious relationship between mythologies, a legend of the Yuracares, in Upper Peru. Ulé, who seems to represent the human race, was

killed, while ape-hunting, by a jaguar; his young wife found his bleeding limbs all scattered, and piously put them together. Ulé came to life again, and was accompanying his wife home to their dwelling, when he was horror-struck upon seeing his face reflected in a clear stream by the way,—one of his cheeks was wanting! The points of contact between this fable and that of Osiris and Isis, even to a missing limb, can hardly be fortuitous; and the most satisfactory explanation of them is, perhaps, that they are both versions of one of the many forms into which the postdiluvians were wont to throw the remembrance of the great catastrophe. Yet how completely local and national would one, at first sight, be disposed to judge the myth of Osiris! The missing limb, in the Egyptian version, of course, denotes the impaired vital energy of mankind after the Deluge; the less immodest version of the Yuracares only suggests the idea of impaired beauty.

Who will not recognise Proserpine, Pluto, Ceres, and the renewal of agriculture after the Deluge, in the following Lithuanian myth? Nijola, a beautiful young girl, the daughter of Kruminé, was gathering flowers in the meadow. Tempted by the beauty of a plant that floated on the river, she stepped into the water to pluck it; but the bed of the river opened under her feet, she sank down into the infernal regions, and became the bride of king Pokolé. Kruminé wandered inconsolable over all the world, looking for her daughter. She stopped for awhile in Lithuania, teaching its inhabitants the art of cultivating the ground: at last she discovered Nijola's fate, descended to look for her, persuaded her to return upon the earth for a time, and their re-appearance put an end to a famine which had reigned during the absence of the faithful mother.

If the story of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were repeated by all nations as a fact of their own history, we should be irresistibly disposed to doubt it, says De Rougemont; and the very same school that would have us believe in the independent origin of the most closely related myths will not admit the reality of the Swiss William Tell, because a similar story was told in Scandinavia. How natural, it may be said, to symbolize evil by the serpent! But why is the serpent so repeatedly associated with the woman? The fragility of human life might have been spontaneously figured by young gods or heroes dying in the flower of their age, bewailed by everybody; but why are those youthful victims so constantly first-born sons, husbandmen, slain by a brother, and that brother a shepherd? We might conceive societies simultaneously forming the ideal of a good and holy man, devoting himself to the happiness of his brethren, hated by the wicked, persecuted, and put to death; but how come all the saviours of the Gentiles to be born miraculously, to slay a formidable serpent after a dreadful combat, and

to die by a wound in the heel? 'The protevangelical myths are the most brilliant flowers and the least corrupted fruits of Paganism: in them antiquity has laid up its deepest views upon the union of the human and Divine nature, upon the mercy of God coming to suffer and to die for man, upon the mortal but impotent hatred felt by the wicked towards virtue and truth.'

The universality of a more or less dim surmise of coming redemption is, indeed, the capital subject of comparative mythology. The remembrance of the first promise of the victorious but suffering Seed of the woman assumed all possible shapes. Sometimes the human nature of the Redeemer is lost sight of, and the serpent-slayer becomes a saviour-god,—as Apollo, Horus, Mithras, Thor, &c. Sometimes the story of the Redeemer is anticipated, as if it had already occurred; of which conceptions Hercules is one of the most illustrious, conqueror of the serpent from his cradle, destroyer of all the monsters and all the ills that had afflicted humanity, ravishing its prey from death itself, dying with the world for a funeral pile, and so ascending to his father. His fearful struggle with the hydra of Lerna is the finest type of myths representing the conflict with evil:—the heads of the monster springing up as fast as they were cut off; the strife prolonged through all ages to the final conflagration; the last head still alive under the rock that crushes it, expressing undying hate and agony! Hercules left his foot-prints in Italy and Scythia; and wherever, throughout the world, says M. de Rougemont, the foot-prints of a Divine personage are shown,—and they are many,—that personage will be found to be a Saviour. In one instance, at Prom, in the Birman Empire, the sculptured print of Buddha's foot exhibits two serpents under his heel. A serpent cut in pieces is at the feet of the Mexican deity Mexitli in an hieroglyphical picture. As the Bechuanas in South Africa tell the story, a monster swallowed up the whole human race, except one woman, who gave birth to a child miraculously. The child, with a knife in his hand, attacked the destroyer; he was swallowed up, but cut his way out of the bowels of the monster, and all the nations escaped with him out of the opening he had made. The Hindoo Krishna crushes the thousand-headed serpent Caliya, descends to deliver the dead from the infernal regions, makes justice reign upon earth, and dies pierced with an arrow in the heel.

Then there are the protevangelical heroes; characters whose adventures repeat the actions attributed to the gods, romantic echoes of the more formal mythology, because humanity ever recurs to the same theme, and loves to dwell on her sorrows and her hopes. The Scandinavian Sigurd conquers the dragon, wins the treasure guarded by the demon, falls wounded in the only part of his body which was vulnerable, being the victim of a curse that had been pronounced of old, and is one day to issue

as a victor from the tomb. The combat of the serpent reappears in the stories of Cadmus and Bellerophon; and many features of Sigurd's fortunes are identical with those of Jason and Perseus, and recall the Persian fable of Djemshid, slain by a demon armed with serpents, and reviving as the young Feridoon, conqueror of the monster, and deliverer of mankind. In some of those cases a real event seems to have afforded a starting-point, a suggestive nucleus for the mythological development. Nations readily identified the deliverers existing in their thoughts with illustrious warriors and patriots: thus, in the heroic poems of the Germans, Dietrich of Berne (Verona) is made up of the Messiah killing the dragon that has seduced mankind, and of Theodoric, the great Monarch of the Ostrogoths. Achilles, whose mother was a goddess, who himself dies of a wound in the heel, and was invulnerable everywhere else, received divine honours in Elis and Laconia, and was probably a pre-existing divinity, identified in the memory of the Greeks with a young King of the Myrmidons said to have fallen before Troy. In every country the heroic ideal is the same, in everything at least upon which the dramatic interest in the action depends. It may be observed, too, that pagan tradition almost invariably limits both its faint remembrances of primitive history and its obscure dreams of restoration to the narrow horizon of each people separately. The Hebrews alone related the history of the entire human race, placed its first scenes at a distance from their own country, and looked for a Redeemer in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed.

There are, also, though much less numerous, examples of pagan expectation of a coming future deliverer. The Orphic poets thought that Dionysus would one day dethrone Jupiter. Virgil's fourth Eclogue has made the tenor of the Sibylline prophecies familiar to everybody; but they were doubtless composed under the influence of the Hebrew Scriptures. The Mexicans expected the return of one of their ancient Kings from the east, as soon as he should have travelled round the world. The fire-worshippers still await the coming of Sosiosh upon a white horse, to crush Ahriman and judge the world. The Arabs before Mahomet expected a Saviour; and at Achin, in Sumatra, a white elephant, richly caparisoned, is annually led to the mosque to be ready for a sort of Messias. The Hindoos hold a future final incarnation of Vishnu, who will come upon a white horse to destroy the world: and their *Calpa*, or great period of 432,000 years for this world's duration, coincides with the prophecy of the Scandinavian calendar, that 800 mystic personages were to issue from each of the 540 gates of the Walhalla before the final destruction.

Nowhere did the intensity of human aspiration after a Redeemer appear more remarkably than among the people who

are now the driest and most prosaic in the world,—the Chinese. The ideal being, of whom so much is said in the sacred literature of this people, and that centuries before the Christian era, is, in conformity with the Chinese genius, a model King, a great establisher of order in the first place; but he is also to be the restorer of mankind and of nature, the mediator between Heaven and earth. He is to be born of a virgin miraculously; is to be a teacher of mankind; to predict the future; to erect an unlimited empire over nature: he is to offer himself as a sacrifice for the overcoming of evil, and the taking away of sin from the midst of the world. How wonderful it is that without a revelation, or rather with mere disfigured remembrances of the revelation of Eden, the heart of man should yet be such an interpreter of the groans of creation, and so anticipate by its desires those truths and life-giving facts which rationalism to this day refuses to read in the revelations of Sinai and Golgotha!

We are tempted to rank the Scandinavian myth of Balder on a par with that of the Chinese saint in evangelical presentiment; for it makes the destinies of the world depend upon the immolation of a victim-god, who suffers death in order to triumph over it. M. de Rougemont, indeed, looks upon Balder as an Abel idealized, because he falls by his brother's hand; and he is doubtless right: the remembrance of the first fratricide is apparently one element of the myth, but only one; past, present, and future are really wrought together in this wonderful conception into one sublime drama. The happiness and power of the Ases (Scandinavians) depended upon the life of Balder, the pure, the beautiful, the good, who suffered no evil in his presence. The mother of the young god had bound all creatures by an oath never to do him harm; but she had forgotten the misletoe, and the son of Odin fell by a stroke of this humble weapon. He descended into hell, bewailed by the universe; men and animals, trees and rocks wept for him, and the iron age began. Hence, all sorts of calamities await our race; the principle of evil shall be more and more let loose; at last the dry land shall be swallowed up in the deep; the stars extinguished; the children of men and the gods themselves devoured by the serpent and the wolf. This fatal moment is the night of the gods. But that night shall have its morrow; Balder shall arise from the dead with the sons of Odin and Thor; he shall rebuild the city of the Ases, and renew the face of the earth.

The representation of the Spirit of God in the *genesiac vision*, as brooding over the face of the deep, gave rise to the use of a bird as the symbol of creative agency. Some countries chose the swan for its beauty; others, the majestic eagle, or the swift hawk, or the pure and tender dove. Here is the origin of the fable of Leda; and in the *Rig Veda* the "Swan" is one of the

names of Indra. Odin is sometimes an eagle, and Vishnu rides upon one. The cosmogonic bird seems to have communicated something of the divine nature to all the feathered tribe; hence the whole system of auguries. Sometimes the bird itself disappears, and nothing remains of it but wings on the shoulders of the Creator; as Saturn in Phœnicia; Nereus in Greece; Teutathes among the Celts of Gaul; Hu in the British Isles; and that primitive Love which has been transformed into the Cupid of artists and later poets. The gigantic roc of Arabian fable, which has dwindled to a mere fairy tale in the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor, was borrowed, both name and substance, from the Assyrian Nisroc, and was a remembrance of the cosmogonic bird. Thus the polytheism which once immolated our children upon its altars now survives among the injudicious sources of amusement in the nursery! Strange are the mutations and transformations of human ideas: the bees on the mantle of Napoleon are an ancient Druidic symbol of the resurrection; the heraldic animals on the royal escutcheon of England were the old Persian emblems of the conflict between the powers of good and those of evil; the caldron of Shakspeare's "weird sisters," and of all the sorcerers of the Middle Ages, is the diminutive copy of the diluvian brassen vessel, in which the Greeks seethed the torn limbs of a Zagreus, a Melicertes, an Æson, Ithys, and Pelias,—the cup of Djemshid, the great vessel of the Scandinavian giant Ymer, and of the Welsh Ceridwen.

An objection that naturally presents itself to the whole method of De Rougemont is, that he is obliged to take his materials at distances amounting, in extreme cases, to three thousand years. "What credible conclusions can be drawn," it may be asked, "as to the religious ideas of the world four or five thousand years ago, when your most ancient sources are but secondary, and some of them altogether modern? The traditions and imaginations of societies in the most different stages of development or decay are mixed up in your laboriously constructed edifice, as if they had the same value, and were found at the same distance from the centre." This objection is not as strong as it is specious. We may plead in reply to it the analogy of linguistical research. Languages which have only been committed to writing within the last few centuries, have not the less been of real value in elucidating questions concerning the great families to which they belong at a period far anterior, and even previous to all positive history. In some cases they can be proved to retain older forms than cognate tongues, whose literary period occurred many ages earlier. In short, it is not true, as a rule, that either the languages or the traditions of a people vary directly as the lapse of time from the beginning of that people's distinct nationality. In some cases, conflict and intermixture with other races, or great internal mobility and activity, have

modified everything in the course of a few generations : in other cases nations have remained isolated and unchanged in their language and remembrances, as in their physical features; the tales repeated at their hearths the same that fathers had told their children two thousand years before, and in nearly the same idiom. How comparatively recent, for instance, is our knowledge of Scandinavian mythology ! how recent even its compilation ! and yet, it is to be presumed, no man of science will deny that its myths are as faithful exponents of a very ancient belief as those of the heroic ages of Greece ; or that the Edda is, for practical purposes, as old as Homer. The Scandinavian, like the granite of his own Alps, remained the same, while all sorts of transformations took place elsewhere ; and the examination of the structure of the mountain would have offered the same results at all those periods which have witnessed the succession of widely different *strata* at its feet.

The objection overlooks the fact, that the sort of fervour of imagination which creates mythologies does not act with the same intensity throughout the whole career of a people, but belongs essentially to a period which has long since passed away for all races of men. There was a time in the physical history of mankind when the human form must have been more plastic than it is now ; and the ancestors of the Negro, the Mongol, the Malay, the Caucasian, must have been susceptible of change from moral and climatic influences to a far greater extent than their descendants : the several types of the race have become permanent, and their physical peculiarities, if susceptible of modification at all, undergo it now but slowly and imperfectly. Just in the same way, mythological development exhibits its ages which were *productive*, now past and gone, and its ages which are merely *conservative*. The traditions of a great many pagan nations, if now collected for the first time, will be poorer and more incomplete than if they had undergone the process a thousand years ago ; but as far as they subsist, they can still be put to the same purpose. Indeed, for a people in a state of complete barbarism there is no such thing as history ; they ever turn in the same monotonous circle of ephemeral wants and petty conflicts ; and the mighty events which took place at the beginning of time are in their remembrances things of yesterday, because there are no landmarks in the intervening ages ; just as the eye unaccustomed to measure distances upon water takes mountains on the opposite side of a broad ocean gulf to be close at hand. There are tribes in South America whose remembrances of the Deluge are undeniable ; but they suppose it to have taken place five or six generations ago !

With reference to the purposes of comparative mythology nations can be divided into four classes. There are those which

are eminently conservative of ancient tradition, of which the Scandinavians have been already mentioned as an illustrious example. There are those which combine and vary traditions without end, crushing them under a load of adventitious ornament, until their primitive version can hardly, or not at all, be recognised. Such were the Greeks; and in this case the changes and additions are made from a mere literary impulse; in a religious point of view the mythological spirit ceases to be productive. In the third place, there are nations whose early remembrances and religious conceptions are nearly effaced, because of the predominance of a dry, secular, materializing spirit. This is the present state of the Chinese: but it is evident from the remarkable symbolism of their ancient hieroglyphs, and the wonderful ideal of the Saint to come, that their ancestors were otherwise disposed. Lastly, there are the savages, whom our author calls the rationalists of the human race, because they have generally forgotten its traditions, and especially its hopes of redemption. They degenerate from age to age, until they are at last altogether absorbed by physical suffering, and by the necessity of providing for their subsistence, and their religion dies off into a mere fear of ghosts and demons. M. de Rougemont shows, by comparing observations made at different times upon the same tribes, that the downward progress of moral and physical degradation in the savage state can sometimes be verified even in cases which are independent of the fatal influence of European colonization.

There is a wonderful parallelism between the history of mythologies and that of languages. We know from Scripture that mankind would have retained 'one lip and one speech,' had it faithfully retained the knowledge and worship of the one true God: now, philology reveals the existence of a recondite, but very real, connexion between the rise of idolatry and the formation of language. All those tongues, the origin of which is lost in the night of time, were completed by a continual instinctive process of abstraction, analogy, personification, and metaphor. Objects at first sight very dissimilar borrow their names from the same root because of some common quality, moral facts are identified with material, and the immense mass of sensual images and impressions is the great store from which, by a system of picturesque adaptation, men have taken all their terms for intellectual acts and states. Exactly similar is the process by which many of the gods that fill the different pantheons of antiquity came into being; nay, in many instances, the self-same suggestions about the same objects determined the application of a word, and the shape of a god. Thus, the common idea of rapid motion associating water and the horse, the Latins used a common root to designate both, just as in their mythology the horse was peculiarly sacred to Neptune. The author of 'The Course of Time' has repeated the metaphor, saying of Byron,—

'He laid his hand upon old Ocean's mane.'

A horse is one of the Chinese hieroglyphs for water; and in Sanscrit, Persian, Greek, German, and Slavonian, we either find that the terms for *horse*, *flow*, *water*, are taken from the same root, or else that the word which designates one of those objects in a given language, stands for the other object in other languages; as *Ross* means 'steed' in German, and 'river' in Slavonian. The horse was frequently the symbol of the impetuous torrents of the Deluge: instance the myths of Hippolytus, Laomedon, Glaucus, &c., killed or devoured by their own horses. A similar connexion between terms for *mother*, *sea*, &c., is exhibited by languages in all parts of the world, so many that the bare enumeration would occupy a paragraph, and that even when the radical sounds which have this double use vary from one group to another. We are not surprised then to find that all nations have remembered that the world issued from the ocean, and worshipped it accordingly as the parent of all things. The Hebrew word for the moon implies that she is the *traveller* among the heavenly bodies,—a natural designation when one compares the motion of the moon with that of the stars; but it helps us to conceive why the Greek Diana is a huntress wild, roaming the forests, as her material emblem does the celestial plains. Examples of the relation between languages and mythology might be multiplied without measure, but we shall only add one more. It was not forgotten that the rude labours of agriculture involved a penal sentence, nor that woman had been the indirect cause of bringing man under it: hence the Hebrew word for *accursed* has become in Greek *arable land*; the same verb has in Hebrew the sense of *cursing*, in Latin that of *ploughing*, and in Greek the two combined; the German terms for 'plough' and 'curse' are closely related; Chinese hieroglyphics associate the idea of mother, poison, and the ploughshare. The Egyptians offered Isis the first-fruits of the harvest with tears, and sowing time was for the Phrygians and Paphlagonians a season of mourning and lamentations,—strange custom, probably alluded to in the beautiful passage of the Psalmist: *They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.* (Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.) The old Prussians celebrated a festival of expiation and extreme contrition after the harvest, at the baking of the first loaf. The Bechuanas tell us that the use of corn was discovered by a woman, who would have killed her family with it, had it been a poison, as she thought. In all mythologies it is a goddess who teaches man agriculture. The virgin represented in the zodiac with an ear of corn in her hand, is Isis; and the Shemitic name of the ear of corn שֶׁבֶלֶת is the etymology of that of the Sibyl. The many Sibyls of antiquity are but copies

of that one who was said to have been the daughter of the Supreme God, and to have lived a thousand years. Eve, who brought mankind under the curse, and who received the first promise,—Eve is the true Sibyl, aged and mysterious prophetess.

We have all seen children of peculiarly ready intelligence and genial nature, with a vivid sense of analogy, who were ardent to know and to name every thing, finding pleasure in exercising themselves upon the words they learned or invented, their play all seriousness and their seriousness all play,—a state which now certainly lasts a much shorter time for such children than it would, were there not the positive spirit of their elders to draw them out of it. Such must have been those ages of the world in which men gave a soul to every thing they saw, and a body to every thing they thought, and caught at every the most delicate connexion between words and things, so that a word could be almost understood at its first utterance, or at least its appropriation speedily recognised. When we venture to speak of a connexion not altogether artificial between some words and things, we mean that elementary ideas can be translated into physical action, and that the limited number of movements of the mouth and throat which express sundry fundamental ideas are suited to them as much as any other gesture can be, and are related to the general sympathies of the nervous system. Language was young at the time we are attempting to describe, not hard and ossified as it is now; and the men of those ages, with more leisure, more material abundance, and longer lives than now, took pleasure in multiplying the moulds into which their ideas could cast themselves, and created those rich grammatical forms which astonish us by their power of lending themselves to every movement of the idea, following it in its sinuous course, flexible, prompt, unwearied as itself. The regular verb in Sanscrit had about three hundred flexions, in Greek nearly as many, in Latin one hundred and fifty, in Gothic forty, in Anglo-Saxon twelve. Language has become for us moderns an instrument, and not an end; we do not cultivate it for its own sake, and we retain the necessities, but not the luxuries, of speech. Hence it is that the abundance of vowels, the sonorous diphthongs, the redundant syllables, have disappeared or are sadly diminished. 'Languages,' says J. J. Ampère, 'begin by being music, and end in being algebra.' Our poorer grammatical forms, and the present limited traces of the power of language-making, are like the limited means of renewal which our bodies possess when they have ceased to grow, and we can no more renew the productive period than we can recover the way in which childhood thinks. The Middle Ages exhibit the last phase in the history of civilized man, in which the mythological spirit and the faculty of creating language were both at work, but it was with diminished intensity. Romish legends had neither the boldness nor the originality of pagan myths,

and our modern languages have only recast the materials borrowed from more ancient. English is the most recent of them all, and for that reason the farthest removed from the spirit of antiquity, the first that has completely broken with mythological elements. The oldest tongues attributed to inanimate objects the opposition of energy and gentleness, strength and weakness, activity and receptivity, which characterizes man and woman; and so the distinction of gender was universal among words, as that of sex among the gods. The other modern European languages, whether derived from Latin, or altered from Teutonic and Slavonic, have retained the distinction, as a mere traditional form indeed, speaking but little to the imagination. English has dispensed with even the form, and its grammar has attained the utmost limit of simplicity; so that its own internal structure announces it as the language intended to prevail most widely in ages to come, as certainly as our colonization of future continents can do.

M. de Rougemont's work has been ill received by French *savants* in general. It has aroused their antipathy to Christianity; and it is a vigorous refutation of the conceptions of the origin of Paganism current among them. We have already alluded to M. Mérimée's criticisms in the *Revue Contemporaine*: the review in the French 'Athenæum,' from the pen of M. Maury, a fellow-labourer of Guignaut in his translation and re-modelling of Creuzer's great work, is quite as hostile, though characterized by less levity of manner. He accuses our author of taking his materials from witnesses who are not trustworthy,—Missionaries in savage countries having always been so full of the idea of discovering biblical traditions every where, that they have, more or less unintentionally, falsified the myths they repeat, and taken for original stories which were but the echo of their own instructions. Such an objection might be urged against many Roman Catholic apologists. The sermons of a Lacordaire or a Ventura, the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne* of the Chevalier Bonetty, the newspaper *L'Univers*, have accustomed the literary world of Paris to a tone of declamation and a habit of special pleading enough to take away all confidence. Even a De Bonald and a Nicolas sometimes seem more solicitous about the quantity than the quality of their arguments; but it is false and unfair to confound De Rougemont with writers of so different a school. He has controlled the professed traditions of savage races in a spirit of conscientious criticism, rejecting or leaving in abeyance such as exhibited a suspicious agreement with the details of the corresponding biblical narrative; as, for instance, the Cuban history of the Deluge, and of Noah's prophetic malediction. Were the whole mass of traditions of the category alluded to by Maury taken away from De Rougemont's book, it would make no material

change in his system, or in the results to which he has attained, except a slight weakening of the testimony to the Deluge. Great part of those traditions is not taken from Missionaries at all, but from travellers and discoverers,—Cook, Franklin, Mackenzie, &c. Moreover, it is generally indirectly, and through comparison with classical mythology, that the fragmentary remembrances of savage tribes are found to bear any relation to the religion of the primitive people; or when they do directly illustrate Scripture history, the local colour is so strong that prejudice and hypercriticism alone can overlook it. Thus there are Brazilian tribes who tell the story of Cain's murder of Abel; but then the quarrel had its origin in the dispute of their wives about a parrot. A great many tribes of both North and South America have retained the tradition of Noah's sending animals from the ark to see if land was near; but instead of the raven and the dove, the messengers chosen were the beaver and the musk-rat, who dived to see if the bottom was far down; and it was the latter who brought—not an olive-leaf, but—a little mud on his paws to encourage the Indian Noah, whose name varies from one tribe to another. The fall of man is remembered in some shape all over the world. But among the Kalmucks the forbidden fruit was a kind of butter; among the Chippeways the fatal act was the stealing of an arrow; and the Iroquois tell us that a wolf, lying in wait at the foot of a tree, seduced the woman with a precious morsel of bear's fat. That the dry land emerged from the waters, is as well remembered in Polynesia as it was in India, but in a form that would do too much honour to the imagination of Christian Missionaries. Throughout all the islands peopled by the Malay race, the world is believed to have been fished up one day when their god was angling, and his hook stuck by accident in the bottom of the ocean. The reader remembers that after the Deluge Deucalion and Pyrrha were said by the Thessalonians to have thrown stones over their heads, which became human beings; in Guiana, the diluvian couple perform the feat by throwing over their heads the fruit of the palm Mauritia; in Lithuania, by leaping upon bones; in the Aleutian Isles, too, the old man had the secret of turning stones into men. The Negroes of part of the Gold Coast worship a great black spider, as the representative of the Creator: the learning and sagacity of our author enable him to establish a connexion between this hideous divinity and the cosmogonic goddesses of antiquity, who are all *spinners*; but we may dare M. Maury to deny the genuine native African origin of such a conception.

Those gentlemen are very angry with De Rougemont for unwarrantably mixing together two incompatible methods,—deference to authoritative tradition, and scientific inquiry. Since he sets out with the assumption of the historical verity of the

early chapters of Genesis, his researches cannot, say they, be impartially conducted; there are certain results which he is bound by his convictions to attain. But we will not allow religious conviction to be thus contemptuously bowed out of the halls of science, even on the ground taken up by the objectors. The truth of Hebrew tradition is *our hypothesis*, which we have as much right to confront with facts, and see if they will verify it, as the irreligious mythologist has to try *his hypothesis* of the gradual elevation of man from the savage state. The only difference between the two theories in a scientific point of view is, that the one is sustained by facts, and the other contradicted. Nothing short of theophanies, such as those of the Book of Genesis, can reconcile the reality of human progress on the one hand, and the grandeur, the overflowing fulness of primitive feeling on the other,—verified as it is by the remains of the oldest languages. Moreover, the believer in revelation is under no necessary *à priori* obligation to find the contents of Genesis illustrated by the cosmogonies and the theologies of antiquity. The genesiac vision, the vicissitudes of the antediluvians, and the Flood, might have been forgotten by all the world, without being the less true.

We cannot leave this subject without directing attention to the painful resemblance between the first origin of polytheism, and the recurrence to idolatry in degenerate Christian systems. In principle it has been exactly the same process over again, and under similar influences. The direct affiliation with Paganism of many elements in Christian festivals, and of a vast number of ceremonies and local usages, has been repeatedly proved with reference to the city of Rome itself, and to various particular countries. It is known that the Litany of the Virgin is a translation, with interpolations, of an old hymn to Isis; and that the Madonna with the infant in her arms is just the old picture of Isis and Horus slightly altered. Mary became the Queen of Heaven like Baaltis, the Star of the Sea like Venus; that is to say, her worship developed itself under the influence of the remembrances of the great cosmogonic goddesses. The *black Madonna*, of whom there were statues and pictures from Ethiopia to Russia and France, is notoriously the amiable successor of Hathor, the dark Venus. But no qualified student has as yet undertaken a comprehensive treatment of the subject in all its bearings; or anatomized, with such a scalpel as De Rougemont's, the nature and workings of the perverted religious fervour which created new objects of superstitious adoration, as well as revived or appropriated ancient. The more the veil is lifted up from the mysterious beginnings of false religion, the more evident it becomes to us, that the whole system of ritualism, or sacramental religion, is based on tendencies that, in their full development, become undisguised nature-worship. In an early stage of the

process, the symbol is substituted for the thing signified; in a subsequent stage, it is worshipped. There may be much that is noble and attractive in some of the minds that are peculiarly liable to this temptation; they may be endowed with a rich imagination and natural religious sensibility: but the fathers of pagan idolatry were just such minds as these. They, too, gloried in voluntary humility and impassioned devotion; they, too, must have looked with pity and scorn upon the coldness of heart and poverty of spirit that could not sympathize with their fervour. As our author says, error at its birth seems so trifling, that we cannot bring ourselves to be severe upon it; but let it produce its fruits, and we start back with horror at the sight.

It is with deep regret that we find ourselves at issue with M. de Rougemont himself upon this all-important question. That he has been carried away by the Lutheran doctrines which are insinuating themselves rapidly among the Reformed Churches of the Continent, is apparent from the few pages in which he treats of the tree of life, and the primitive communion. It seems, the initiated into the mysteries of Mithras celebrated a mystic repast of bread and wine. The mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus had also similar sacred elements. The Druids, at the festival of the new year, consecrated bread and water, which they distributed to the people. In Peru, the virgins of the sun prepared with maize a kind of wine, and a round cake kneaded with the blood of infants, for which that of the lama was sometimes substituted; the priests presented those offerings in the temple, and then partook of them in honour of the sun. The Mexicans celebrated every year the festival of *the god that is eaten up*. It was a statue made of the flour of all the kinds of grain in use, kneaded with the blood of a sacrificed virgin. The people who partook of this horrible bread thought themselves sanctified by it. The Aryans made no mystic use of bread and wine, but they tried to perpetuate the paradisiacal tree of life. The reader is doubtless already acquainted with the mystic tree which is sculptured on the cylinders of Babylon and Persia, and on the monuments of Nineveh,—that Assyrian *amomus* which Virgil promised should abound in the golden age to come. It is the *hom* of the *Zend Avesta*, the *soma* of the *Rig Veda*, represented at present in India by a species of *asclepias*, the juice of which is intoxicating. One can trace in the *Rig Veda* a gradually increasing faith in the virtues of this mystic beverage, until it becomes 'the god who sees and sustains every thing,' 'the life of the world,' 'the King of the universe,' 'the father of heaven and earth,' &c. Instead of gathering from all this that one tendency of idolatrous materialism and sensualism is to substitute a morsel of bread for the real presence of the living God, and the action of the stomach

for the holy exercise of the affections and conscience, M. de Rougemont, like Father Ventura in the third volume of his *Conferences*, treats those rites as a remembrance of some sacramental ceremony of the primitive people, an anticipation of the appropriation of the living bread that has come down from heaven, and the spiritual beverage of the soul, in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, that 'supper of expiation and vivification.' M. De Rougemont admits that no sacrament, in his sense of the word, existed in Levitical worship; and, when arguing elsewhere against the Romish worship of saints and angels, he protests against the making human religious instincts, however wide-spread, an authority for us, when not sanctioned by that law which preserved and registered all the legitimate usages and sound aspirations of mankind. Why not apply the same canon here? For our own part, we are persuaded that the bread and wine with which Melchizedec came forth to meet Abraham, the shew-bread of the sanctuary, the paschal feast, the eating of the peace-offerings, are in real connexion with the Supper of the Lord; but it is the relation of *resemblance* and parallelism, not that of *type* and antitype. The ceremonies of the Old Testament are not symbols of another ceremony under the New, but of the person and work of the Redeemer Himself, and of that real communication of Himself to the soul, which is limited to no supreme moment of communion, but makes, or ought to make, the whole life of the Christian a sacramental life.

ART. IV.—*The Tongue of Fire: or, The True Power of Christianity.* By WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1856.

It is not often that we are called upon to do more than set forth general views, whether of natural or religious truth. There is a measured, impersonal tone which undoubtedly becomes a journal like the present, especially in the treatment of subjects which fall under the latter head. But we conceive that there are exceptions to this as well as every other rule; and that the loss of spirit and power which a servile adherence to such a canon entails, is sometimes very poorly compensated by any apparent gain of dignity and moderation. We believe that the occasional expression of strong personal convictions is alike due to the claims of truth, and useful for the maintenance of slighted principles. It gives us opportunities of appealing to our readers on behalf of verities dear both to them and to us; of asserting our claim to be set, in our own sphere, for the defence of the truth; and of enlisting in our undertaking the sympathies of

those whose sympathies we most value. Such an occasion is furnished by the remarkable book which now lies before us.

It has been for some time our deep conviction that the Holy Ghost is moving the minds of men in this generation to inquire concerning HIMSELF. *Whom say men that I am?* is a question which He is loudly uttering into the bewildered strife and uncertainty of modern religious opinions; and when that question has secured a calmer hearing and more reverent attention, another will be heard rising out of it: *But whom say ye that I am?* It is now a millennium since the universal Church of Christ heard that question and strove to answer it: its discussion was then conducted in bitterness, convulsed Christendom from east to west, and issued in the most irremediable divisions which the Church has ever mourned. We believe that this generation will not pass away before the great Revealer has drawn all minds once more to Himself, and concentrated the thoughts and inquiries of all who are of the truth upon His own essential, and universal, and all-pervading relations to Christianity, as the finished revelation of God's will. It is our hope that this age will hear such an answer to this great question as has never been heard before; such an answer as will go far to expound the true character of Christ's holy Gospel, to disclose and set free its heavenly inherent might, to rebuke the errors of infidelity in all their chaotic forms, to still the controversies of believers, and lighten the present dimness of our vexation.

For the doctrine of the Holy Ghost is the key to every other doctrine delivered to the faith of man, and the test of everything which man calls 'religion.' If that article of the Creed be held falteringly or pronounced with doubt, the whole system of Christian truth is obscured, and becomes a great unreality. If it be denied, the foundations are destroyed. Error upon this point is absolute and final. The mind has lost its guide, for the Scripture has lost its credentials; the heart is without the satisfaction of its cravings, for the one only medium of communion with the Father of spirits is closed; man's energies are perverted and wasted in their operation, for the sole source of quickening, renovation, and direction for his powers is renounced. The last characteristic and condemnation of apostate Christians in apostolical times was—*having not the Spirit*. And this is the vanishing point of all the errors which have obscured the glory of Christianity, and marred its power, from the earliest days till now. All the controversies of the Church have revolved around the name of Jesus, that name which the incarnation made central in the Christian Trinity, central in the Christian Church, central in the heart of man, central to the hopes of the world: but whence has arisen the possibility of such controversies, save from this,—that the great Person to whom Jesus left the glorification of His name, and the unfolding of all the doctrines of which it is the

foundation, to whom is committed all revelation to the mind of man, and to the minds of men, has been dishonoured in His supreme function in the economy of grace? When the Lord Himself was as yet the sole revealer of God in the world, He said, *No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal Him*; and all the knowledge, speculations, and opinions of the children of the Jewish fathers, and disciples of the Jewish prophets, were reduced to wilful error by their rejection of Him who came from the bosom of the Father. And when the third dread Personality of the Godhead had come to glorify Himself in the unity of the Father and the Son, He cries, in the hearing of all generations, *No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost*,—words which are the echo of that final promise which our Lord gave to His Church, in full view of all the errors which should spring up within and around it, for its eternal refuge and stay: *He shall take of Mine and show it unto you; He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, and show you things to come*. And this, as it is a promise to His Church, is also a warning to the pride of man: ‘He, and He only, shall have for ever the key of all My treasures of wisdom and knowledge; to all who submit not to the Holy Ghost, I will remain for ever shrouded in darkness, a baffling mystery, a stone of stumbling, a rock of offence, a Saviour without salvation.’ And those most unfathomable of all His words, which again and again denounce the *sin against the Holy Ghost*, seem to us to reserve their fullness of warning for after-times. Their most awful meaning was prospective, like that of many other of His severe sayings; and they have an application in our own time more piercing than that which was pointed at the earliest defamers of the Spirit’s partially revealed power.

But we are writing on the eve of the Christian Pentecost, with Mr. Arthur’s final sentences still lingering in our ears, and would surrender our fears to our hopes. With all our hearts we unite with him in his prayer, ‘that the Spirit would renew the Pentecost in this our age, and crown this nineteenth century with a greater demonstration than has ever yet been vouchsafed to man!’ We trust to see, as the precursor of this great demonstration, and one of the means of securing it, a more general turning of the minds of Christian men to the great question, Who is the Holy Spirit, and what is He to the Church and to the world? The return of the Churches to unanimity on this question would set numberless souls free to join in this supplication, and give an intelligent fervour and meaning to their prayers. And, meanwhile, what a transformation in the Christian world would the gradual process of this return to unanimity exhibit! What a revolution would be effected by the cordial and practical acceptance of some two or three fundamental principles which regulate the relations of the Holy Spirit

to the spirit of man, to the Saviour, and to the kingdom of God ! What mists would float away, what prejudices be dispelled, what fallacies exploded, and what carnal and mystical superstitions uprooted ! A multitude of subordinate questions which agitate the minds of men must continue unresolved until that higher question is settled. Inspiration and the Holy Scriptures ; the sacramental theories, and the presence of Christ in the Church ; the Church, its unity, its rites, its design ; the mysterious relations between the sovereign grace of God and its appeals to the freedom of the spirit in man ; the privileges of personal religion, its heights, its depths, its lengths, its breadths ; the destinies of this present dispensation, as awaiting its glorious end in the personal return of Christ ; and, indeed, all the deepest questions which divide the minds of earnest men in the present age, converge into that one master-question, and find in it their higher synthesis. His name, through faith in His name, will alone give soundness to divinity.

That the Eternal Spirit is preparing to vindicate Himself, and turning the minds of Christians to these elementary principles of His government, we have no doubt. But by what direct agency of His own, or by what intermediate agency of His servants, He will do this, it is not for us to speculate. Suffice it, that analogies furnished by the history of the Church lead to the expectation that He will use, as *one* of the methods, the pens of His servants. The earnest writings of defenders of the truth paved the way for the decrees of councils, and have preceded, accompanied, and directed every great revival of the vital principles of religion. And we are justified in expecting that the pens of Christian men, moved by the Holy Ghost, will be used in bringing about a harmonious faith in the Spirit of the Christian dispensation, taking up and carrying forward the work which the *Filioque* of the fifth century left unfinished.

Having such views, we hail with great satisfaction every new indication that the current of Christian inquiry is taking this direction. No advertisement is more refreshing than that which announces a new work upon the Holy Spirit and His office. For a long time there have been none of special note. The learned investigations of our continental neighbours have left this subject almost untouched. It is true that the person of Jesus Christ, and every aspect of His all-holy name and work, short of His glorification by the Holy Ghost, have been the subject of exhaustive disquisition. But the great Revealer of the eternal Word, who demands to be honoured even as the Father and the Son are honoured, has but slightly received the independent homage of holy learning. Several treatises have of late years appeared among the Churches of England, and some have very lately been issued. We have been waiting to collect them together, and express our humble

thoughts upon this great subject; but the work which occasions our present remarks enforces our special attention, partly by its own absorbing interest, and partly as it is a product of Methodist literature.

The body of men who rejoice to number Mr. Arthur among them, have done much during the last century to vindicate the living energy of the Holy Spirit in the Church, in the preached Gospel, and in the hearts of Christian men. They have never arrogated to themselves the honour of being in any special sense an order of the Holy Ghost; but the Holy Ghost has been pre-eminently magnified by them, and in their work. They arose in connexion with such a demonstration of the Spirit as had been unknown in the Church for many generations. Their ministry has shed a flood of light upon sayings concerning the office of the Comforter, which cold criticism, and colder piety, had long shrouded in darkness. And their ministry has been made instrumental in producing in the hearts of myriads of men and women a living illustration of those sayings. No men have done more since the day of Pentecost to bring before the world the great fact of the presence of the Holy Ghost in the preaching of the word; and no men since the day of Pentecost have done more to exhibit and maintain the true character of the Spirit's influence in the hearts and lives of Christian believers. They have not brought new truths out of the Bible,—they profess not to have commenced a new development of old truth; but they have counted it their vocation—and this has always been their most specific characteristic—to impress upon the Church the conviction, that the mighty works which began on the day of Pentecost were never intended to cease or suspend their operation till the end of the last days.

This work of Mr. Arthur, himself a genuine representative of these men, is an earnest, eloquent, and, as we think, complete and triumphant vindication of their principles. It is a full exposition of *their* answer to the Spirit's question to the Churches. It is one of the best accounts which they have ever yet given to the world of that faith in the Holy Ghost which has been the foundation of all their success in the past, which is the strong arm of their confidence now, and which is their sole hope for the solemn future of Christ's Gospel. Its interpretation of the Scriptures, to which they make their appeal, is sound and penetrating; on some passages, striking and beautiful. Its reasoning is good, and it is full of masculine reasoning. Its illustration is rich even to prodigality; but its highest charm is its intense, unworldly, and spirit-stirring earnestness. It is not the work of a devout speculatist, musing in his study over the discouragements and destinies of truth; nor is it the result simply of keen observation of what is passing among the Churches of the land. Every principle enforced in these pages

has, we are sure, been preached and proved before it was written down; has been tested where alone such principles can be tested, and not found wanting. The volume has not been written without the suggestion and sanction of Him to whom it is consecrated. It has the mystical impress of all His literature. He has given it a commission to all those believers in Christianity whose hearts, under their several external guises, are set upon making Christ known among men. But to the rising Ministry of this age, both within and without the author's community, it seems to us to have a special commission. May the hand of God open its way and prosper it!

The title of the volume carries us back to the first day of Christianity. On that day the power of God among men, which had waxed mightier and mightier through ages and generations, began its mightiest demonstration in the Holy Ghost. The argument and appeal of the whole book rest upon the assumption that on the day of Pentecost we are to seek the first typical and full exhibition of the true power of the Gospel,—in its source, its agents, its instruments, its application, and its effects. There are systems bearing the Christian name, and speculations not ripened into systems, and habits of thought scarcely defined into speculation, which essentially, if not avowedly, deny this; but with these neither our author nor ourselves have any thing now to do. We are content to believe that that day dawned upon the world as the first of the last days; that its morning was the beginning of the great fulness of time, from which the entire remainder of this age should take its character. The Holy Ghost brought with Him from heaven the final secret of the Divine power, to go on working till the return of Jesus shall bring the end. Before that great day closed, the Gospel of the kingdom had put forth all its strength, and given to the Church a type, specimen, and prophecy of its whole after career. We expect no new disclosure of the Divine resources; but we will not believe that they ever have been, or ever will be, diminished. The day of Pentecost, with its glorious symbols, was itself a Symbol. Its transitory morning symbols were interpreted by its permanent evening triumphs: those disappeared with the morning of Christianity, but their interpretation will go on to the evening of time. Most of the errors which have obstructed the true power of the Gospel may be reduced to these two,—the blasphemous endeavours to supplement the original instrumentality of the Holy Ghost by developments, or new inventions, on the one hand, and the treacherous disavowal, or distrust, of His continual agency, on the other. The former, with its gigantic consequences upon Christendom and the world, is only hinted at in this work, as not lying within its province. But the latter is exhibited and protested against throughout; and not, as is too often the case, by empty declamation, but

by the most convincing argument, deriving its strength from Scripture, and its passion from the purest zeal.

This protest is the soul of the work. The Holy Ghost came to the waiting, praying Church, to the body prepared for Him, to His new temple, to go no more out for ever.

‘We contend that every thing substantial implied in the gift of the Holy Ghost remains unimpaired. Whatever is necessary to the holiness of the individual, to the spiritual life and ministering gifts of the Church, or to the conversion of the world, is as much the heritage of the people of God in the latest days as in the first. We do not see that the miraculous effects which followed the Pentecost are promised to all ages and all people, and therefore we do not look for them to reappear; but we feel satisfied that he who does expect the gift of healing and the gift of tongues, or any other miraculous manifestation of the Holy Spirit, in addition to those substantial blessings of which these were, as we have said, the ushers and the heralds, has ten times more scriptural ground on which to base his expectation than have they for their unbelief who do not expect supernatural sanctifying strength for the believer, supernatural aid in preaching, exhortation, and prayer for Pastors and gifted members, and supernatural converting power upon the minds of those who are yet of the world.’—Page 303.

This is simple truth. The Redeemer, before He departed from His disciples, promised them the Holy Ghost, with all His attributes, offices, and consolations, to abide with them for ever. And this promise was given to solace their grief at His departure: it told them of a blessing which should be a measure of their loss, and much more than that. He had been *with* them; His Spirit should be *within* them: He had been often out of their sight; His Spirit should abide with them always: His teaching had been elementary, and checked by a constant restraint,—*Ye cannot bear them now*; His Spirit would guide them into all truth, fill them with all power. In short,—for such was the meaning to which every word pointed,—the glorified Jesus would by His Spirit be as certainly present in the community and in the hearts of His people, as He was present in their midst when He spoke; and His presence should be unrestricted and uninterrupted to the end of the world. Did the day of Pentecost redeem that pledge for them, and not for us? Was the former part of the promise kept, and not the latter?—However abundant the first-fruits of fulfilment were, the analogy of all God’s dealings with His Church forbids us to suppose it possible that the gift could be afterwards in any essential degree stinted. Not from more to less, but from less to more, is the order of His manifestation in all ages. Remove the mere symbols and accessories of the day, and all the glorious remainder is the heritage of the Church for ever. Stripped of them, there is, somewhere or other, in some hearts, in some communities, a daily Pentecost. The Holy Ghost is now as certainly dwelling in the Church, inspiring His Ministers with power, filling believers with His

purifying energy, convincing the world of sin, and glorifying every office of the Redeemer, as on the day of His first manifestation to Israel.

Faith in this great truth is as much the duty of Christians as faith in the redemption of the world. It pervades and interprets the whole of the remainder of God's revelation to man. The Holy Ghost is the key to the New Testament, as the Messiah was the key to the Old.—The Acts and the Epistles are the record of the continuation of the day of Pentecost during one full generation; taking that one generation and giving its history as a pattern for all that should follow. The power of the Holy Ghost is the ruling subject; and it is shown, though not systematically, first, in its fulness of operation upon the individual spirit; secondly, in its moulding, controlling, and directing energy within the Church,—the body of Christ; and, thirdly, in its action upon the world without. If we look back over the eighteen hundred years which divide that first typical generation from our own, a multitude of sad and anxious questions arise to distract our minds. Mr. Arthur's book is written in the spirit of one whose faith can remove the mountains which rise between the past age and our own; for all practical purposes making the nineteenth century the second. Such a faith looks for living examples of the power of the Holy Ghost in 'healing man's heart,' in rectifying the 'unnaturalness of his nature,' and finds them, sign for sign corresponding with the first types of Christianity. Such a faith looks for the tokens of the Spirit's working in the Church, and finds them, sign for sign, as in the first age, though on a far grander scale; with the good of that age gloriously expanded, and its evil fearfully exaggerated. Communities are walking in the fear of the Holy Ghost and being multiplied still; the worship of the triune God, in the name of Jesus, is offered and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, notwithstanding all its manifold infirmities, just as it was in the Church of Corinth; the Spirit still carries on His everlasting contest with strifes, divisions, heresies, schisms, lukewarmness, and abominations within His temple, just as we find him waging it in the appeals of Rev. iii., which close the apostolical age. He is still raising up elect instrumentalities, while blessing the ancient ministry; inspiring into His servants' souls the impulses which form organizations of all-embracing charity; putting a difference now as of old between Churches more or less corrupt,—between His modern Philippians, Corinthians, and Galatians; and, where His people thwart Him not, *showing the power of His works* in such profusion of blessing as might make even our apostolical fathers say, if they came among us,—*What hath God wrought!* Such a faith looks for the tokens that the Spirit is subduing the world to the obedience of Jesus, and finds them, sign for sign, as in the first generation. Every evangelical Church of our day feels the pressure of its obligation to the world. The parting injunction of their common Head drowns the din of their petty

dissensions. Our modern Jerusalems, abounding with home converts, are becoming Antiochs, centres of missionary effort. Representatives of Paul and Barnabas go forth through all the world, set apart by the Church; and, if not furnished with the original miraculous credentials, carry the original message, and create everywhere their own attestations. The power of the Holy Ghost seems to us to be effecting the same triumphs, contending with the same obstacles, here repulsed and there victorious, just as we see it from the sixteenth chapter of the Acts to the end. Unto many towns were the Apostles sent, but not all received them. And their reasonings, efforts, and prayers, continued for weeks and months, left in many places but slender effects. The first age of the true power of the Gospel was far from witnessing a continual reproduction of the day of Pentecost in its overwhelming results. The Holy Spirit has been quite as much glorified in His office during the last two generations, as in that wherein He used Apostles clothed with miracles as His instruments. We do well to pray for local Pentecosts in our several communions and in our individual hearts; but let us not, in our unbelief, sin against our generation. There is a Pentecost already more than dawning on the world.

There are, indeed, manifold elements of sorrow and of fear, which arise to abate this confidence. The power of Christianity in the world has almost reached the term of its second thousand years,—and what is the present state of the earth? The Churches are miserably divided, and are even now bewailing their impotent efforts at union. Multitudes of Christian men, whose interpretation of Scripture is begot by their fears, are taking refuge in those gloomy prophecies which have for their key-note that mysterious saying of the Lord: *When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?* The first and last of these notes of fear are exhibited and dilated upon in Mr. Arthur's pages with all but too much vigour, and we leave them to produce their effect; the second, in common with many others, he reserves for the sad communion of his own heart.

But the general impression which the entire work leaves upon our mind is, that of the instant necessity for every man in every society, in every communion, to purge himself of every impediment to the full outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon himself. Its greatest power is felt in its bringing each of its readers into direct contact with the day of Pentecost. The destinies of Christ's Gospel in the world are encumbered with awful difficulties: but there is no difficulty surrounding the question, 'What hinders me, a Christian man, a Christian Minister, from entering the sacred room, and receiving in my heart the baptism of power? What, in my spirit, my habits, my purpose of life, my prayers?' We abstain from commenting upon the keen, though not dictatorial, application of this question to the Ministry of the day, which fills

so many of these pages with words of fire. This would scarcely befit our function; but we are sure that many will rise from them, as we have risen, with the profound conviction that the most solemn thing in life is, *a man's own personal responsibility for the world's Pentecost.*

Mr. Arthur sends us to the upper room in Jerusalem, to learn in what spirit to pray for and expect the coming of the Holy Ghost. One whole chapter, with some of his most striking sentences throughout the work, sets this little company before us as our pattern in humble, prayerful waiting for His influences. But we should be disposed to make some distinction here, to which the author has not given sufficient prominence; moved chiefly by our jealousy over the special prerogatives of the great first day. Those bereaved relicts of our Lord's ministry had not the Holy Ghost, and had but a faint conception of the object of their prayer, while they waited for the fulfilment of the promise. To a certain point we go with the somewhat too definite and familiar exhibition of the thoughts with which they followed their ascended Lord:—

'Now that they had seen Him pass within the veil; seen the ushering angels attend His entrance, and heard the music of their voices; they would not feel as if He had forsaken them, but as they had often felt when the High Priest passed from their view into the holiest, bearing the blood of atonement, to stand before the PRESENCE. Mingling with this first joy for the Master's exaltation, and presently rising to the surface and overspreading all their emotions, would be the feeling, "He has entered *for us* within the veil! He bears our names upon His heart for a memorial before the Lord! He maketh intercession for us!"'—Page 16.

But from what follows we shrink,—not so much from the highly-wrought dramatic presentation of the scene, as from the premature opening of the further mystery of the great propitiatory to their view. They had left the earthly temple and its altar, and had heard the lower sanctuary pronounced desolate; but they had not yet entered the true holiest, nor had they yet made 'the great transition from these symbols of the atonement to the full view of its reality.' The Holy Ghost had not yet led them through the veil, and explained to them before the mercy-seat the only secret which they now waited to hear. Not yet was the prospective assurance of the power of HIS NAME laid hold of by these Christians of a transition hour. The Spirit of adoption within them could alone apprehend and plead that name in all the fulness of its power with God. The darkness is not yet finally gone from the remembered passion; the clouds still enshroud Jesus above. Mightier intercession than theirs obtains the Holy Ghost,—*I will pray the Father.* It is for them *to wait* in Jerusalem till they receive that *power* for which their prayer and supplication did little more than prepare their own

hearts. But we occupy far higher ground. We pray—according to the last apostolical definition of Christian prayer—in *the Holy Ghost*, by the Spirit of adoption; or, converting the words to find their true meaning, the Holy Ghost prayeth in us. Thus, the very prayer which asks the more plentiful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, is an earnest and pledge of its own fulfilment. The supplications of the days preceding the Pentecost, as they were offered by men and women who waited for unknown power to do an unknown work, are but an insufficient pattern of the supplications of those who know by experience the meaning of their prayers, and are rejoicing and labouring in the Holy Ghost, even while they pray for His descent. But when a few days were come, they felt that sudden brightening of the universe, the effects of which are so beautifully told in these pages.

‘A new era opened in the intercourse of man with heaven. As they began to pray, how would they find all their conceptions of the Majesty on high changed! It no longer spread before and beyond the soul’s eyesight, as an unvaried infinity of glory incomprehensible. The glory was brighter, the incomprehensibility remained; but the infinity had now received a centre. Every beam of the glory converged towards the person of *God manifest in the flesh*, now *received up into heaven*; the glory not dissolving the person in its own tide, the person not dimming the glory by any shade, though appearing through it as the sun’s body through the light. Perhaps, indeed, the change was such to their view, as would have struck the eye of an observer of nature, had one lived on our planet at the time when the sun was first set in the firmament. The light, which before had been a wide and level mystery, now had to his eye a law, a centre, and a spring. The indistinct view of a material form, amid the seemingly spiritual glory, gave the feeling that some body alien to our own globe lay at the centre of illumination. This body was not the cause of light, not even of the same nature, but around the body the *exceeding weight of glory* seemed to hang.’—Page 14.

This is bold, and as good as it is bold: it will endure the test of thrice reading, and will repay it. What follows we quote for its own force, and because we are glad to appropriate such sentences as our own protest against the special evil of these days.

‘From the hour that sin entered into the world, the Just One had never given man audience on terms fit only for the innocent. An upright inferior may approach Majesty, not without reverence, but without shame or atonement. The admission of a criminal on the same footing would be wrong. Right in our governments is the imperfect reflection of a perfect right. Sinful man had not been hopelessly banished from the presence of God; but he had ever been taught to come displaying a sign of wrath, of death, which is the wages of sin; thus declaring to the universe that he appealed not to a justice which had never been offended, but to a justice which had been satisfied. The Eternal Father, in holding communion with

beings who had done wrong, exposed no sinless being to doubts as to whether right and wrong were equal. He had *made peace through Christ's blood*, had thus *reconciled all things to Himself*;—to Himself in the new and mysterious proceeding of government, whereby the doers of wrong were spared the effects of wrong-doing. *For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell, and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things on earth, or things in heaven.* So that creatures in heaven, all whose joy depended on their never doing wrong, had no murmur to raise, and no temptations to undergo, when they saw creatures on earth, who had followed ways which would make any world sorrowful, received into the arms of Eternal Mercy. The guilty He reconciled by forgiving their sin, and recovering their hearts; and the innocent He reconciled to see offenders exalted, by *setting forth* so conspicuously that all angels desired to look into it, *a propitiation* which fully *declared his righteousness*, His strict care of right; which magnified law, magnified holiness, magnified obedience, and, in the act of saving the guilty, magnified beyond all previous conception the heinousness of guilt. What sense of the distinction between right and wrong could have been maintained among innocent creatures, had they seen transgressors raised to favour and honour without atonement?—Page 19.

All who read our remarks will, we are sure, be Mr. Arthur's readers; and his pages render any further expansion of his great theme both needless and hopeless on our part. But he has opened up a vein of surpassing interest by his symbolical title, upon which we must offer a few closing remarks. The great truths which it is the design of this work to vindicate and enforce, were demonstrated on the first day of Christianity. They were set forth in the triumphs of that day, for a pattern to the Church and for a sign to the world. And as the day itself—with its morning of preparation, its noon of mighty preaching, and its evening of multitudinous results—was a symbolical day, compressing into a few hours the whole future history of the Gospel of Christ; so we find it glorified by its own symbols, which explain to the intelligent mind the meaning of its acts. The lesser Pentecostal symbols interpret the Pentecostal day, and are in turn interpreted by it. The title of the work is chosen with a full conviction of this. The *tongue of fire*, 'that fire-symbol, shining on the brow of the primitive Church,' is seized by the author, not merely as a striking and suggestive motto for his book, but as having been chosen and filled with meaning by the Holy Ghost. Reverent and earnest interpretation of it gives life and vigour to the whole of his pages. A comprehensive view of the symbol of fire, as it pervades the entire Scriptures, might, indeed, object to a certain undue limitation in his exposition of it; the particular may seem to exclude the general, the subordinate to be made supreme; but the error, if any, is only

negative, and might be corrected, as we shall presently show, by a few qualifying sentences. If the *tongue of fire* signified much more than the meaning here given, it certainly signified no less; and this particular meaning was never more eloquently and forcibly exhibited than in these pages.

The two sudden and transitory symbols of that morning glorified for a moment, and ended, the Old Testament signs which had been addressed to the hearing and the sight of those with whom God held communion. A sound like that which came from heaven upon the praying company, and went forth from the temple throughout Jerusalem, had never been heard in the world before; nor will be till the next advent shakes the nations. It was a voiceless sound, a sign for the entire Christian dispensation that the Triune God had come down among men; having accomplished this purpose, it was heard no more. But it was more than this. It gathered up into one great and awful symbol all those allusions of Scripture which, from the first mention of the breath of God down to our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, had likened the Spirit's influence upon man's secret being to the mystery of the wind in nature. It was both the prelude and the accompaniment of the symbolical tongues of fire. To some of those who felt its indefinable influence it recalled the Lord's own gentler prophetic breathing; while it teaches the whole Church, as the great introductory symbol of the new dispensation, that all the effects of the tongue of fire among men are to be wrought by a supernatural influence which baffles man's comprehension, and the secret contact of which with the hidden springs of human feeling and action is beyond the region of human understanding. This first symbol might have been introduced with great effect in many passages of this work, for the illustration of the mysteries of the second.

In interpreting and applying to his purpose the fire-symbol, which shed its glory upon the first morning of Christianity, Mr. Arthur shows consummate power. He is filled and carried away by the great idea which gave birth to his book. His tenacious fidelity to his own grand conception sometimes makes him appear to fix a too concentrated regard upon one meaning of his great symbol. Not that he has lost sight of its more comprehensive import; truth could not escape so acute and so spiritual a mind as his, fixed with such intensity upon one of its most glorious symbols. Indeed, all that we would supplement is to be found hurriedly touched upon in his pages; but we think that a more comprehensive view of the Pentecostal fire at the outset would have given a greater completeness to the entire work, and perhaps slightly modified some of its statements.

Before that fire assumed the shape of tongues, it was, though but for a moment, an uncondensed and undistributed

glory resting upon the company of waiting disciples. The Shekinah, the symbol of God's presence with His earlier Church, was now transferred to the Christian Church, the new and spiritual temple not made with hands. The ancient Holiest had for ages enshrined that glory which was hidden from the rest of the sanctuary; but the veil had been rent, and Jesus glorified now began to manifest the Godhead by His Spirit in the midst of the Christian congregation, whether militant upon earth, or perfected in heaven. But the same symbol which denoted the presence of the incarnate God in the midst of His Church, denoted also the baptism of regeneration which every individual Christian received, the indwelling of Him who is the life of the soul. The external and visible fire was the sign of a mysterious purifying energy which penetrated the inmost being of every believer, at once attesting his full forgiveness, and renewing his soul in righteousness. At that moment the true power of Christianity was first felt in the world. This was the baptism which the Lord's forerunner had taught his disciples to expect from the Christ. This was the baptism to which the Lord Himself referred in that most impressive passage wherein He longs for His own fiery baptism, in order that He may send fire upon earth to baptize His followers. All who belong to the company upon whom the Shekinah rests undergo this fiery baptism, purifying the soul, invigorating it for God's new service, and redeeming man's nature from its unnatural alienation from God. This, after all, is the true power of Christianity. It is exhibited as such in the opening chapter of this work, (which, however, quotes a verse too little in the second page,) and expatiated on throughout with great fulness and vigour. It is our profound sense of the supreme importance of this meaning of the symbol, as it gathers up into itself a long series of scriptural allusions to refining fire in the Old Testament, ending with Malachi, and resumed by the introductory prophecy of the Baptist, that makes us somewhat jealous of the pre-eminence given throughout to the third meaning of the great sign; as, for instance, in the following eloquent passage:—

'In strict keeping with this spiritual stamp of Christianity was the symbol which, once for all, announced to the Church the advent of her conquering power,—the power by which she was to stand before Kings, to confound synagogues, to silence councils, to still mobs, to confront the learned, to illuminate the senseless, and to inflame the cold; the power by which, beginning at Jerusalem, where the name of Jesus was a bye-word, she was to proclaim His glory through all Judea, throughout Samaria, and throughout the uttermost parts of the earth. The symbol is a TONGUE, the only instrument of the grandest war ever waged: a *tongue*,—man's speech to his fellow man; a message in human words to human faculties, from the understanding to the understanding, from the heart to the heart.

A tongue of *fire*,—man's voice, God's truth; man's speech, the Spirit's inspiration; a human organ, a superhuman power!—Page 40.

All this is as true as it is vigorous; but it is, as Mr. Arthur intimates in passing, only part of a wider truth. The tongue of fire rested upon every member of the Church then present without exception; and this symbol received its first explanation in the gift of tongues and the gift of prophecy imparted at once to the whole community. The wonderful works of God were shown to them by the Holy Ghost, as they had never seen them before; the passion and ascension of the Son of man were glorified in their own thoughts and experience: redemption, God's greatest work, was now first a great reality, and explained all His other wonderful works. The world without was forgotten; the praises of God absorbed all their thoughts; and the many tongues in which man's glory now first waked up, were a symbol and a prophecy, not of the preaching of the Gospel in every language under heaven, but of that ulterior consummate concert of universal praise which would redound unto God when preaching should be over for ever. The tongues of fire were a symbol within the Church, and for the Church, before they were a symbol for the world. Hence we find the gifts of prophecy and new utterance kept always within the Christian community. They exert their influence upon strangers from without who come in and witness them; but as long as they last, they are pre-eminently mysteries between God and His people. At the second Pentecost, the Pentecost of the Gentiles, they are bestowed upon Cornelius and his elect company with no reference to the external world. So also when the Ephesian twelve, lagging behind the Christian privilege, are introduced into the true Church of the Holy Ghost, they receive the same gifts, and render them back to God, and not to man. In short, the tongues of fire were the symbol of God's *worship*, and man's purified fellowship in truth and experience, before they were the symbol of the Gospel's *witness* for God to man. We should like to enlarge upon this, but the reader will see, in the section on miraculous effects, that we are only seeking to elevate to a higher importance what Mr. Arthur has very strikingly, though very subordinately, deduced from his symbol.

Simon Peter stands forth from the rest of the Church on the day of Pentecost as the representative of the tongue of fire which is to preach glad tidings to every creature. When the miracles had secured attention, awakened expectation, and prepared the first congregation which ever listened to the Gospel, he arose and delivered his testimony, not in prophetic rapture, not in another tongue, but as a witness, whose plain but fervent words received their power from the higher witness of the Holy Ghost. He, with his testimony, his appeal, and his 'many other words,' is the type of the Christian preacher to the end of time. In his

case, as in the case of that greater one whose tongue was kindled in Damascus, we invariably find preaching, as such, governed by the same conditions as govern it now. It was the delivery of a message, felt to be transcendently true; enforced, however, by no greater power in the deliverer himself than that of absorbing zeal for Christ and love for souls. The miracles and the prophetic gift retire in the presence of the PREACHER,—and where are they now? The preaching of the Acts, as we track it everywhere, was resisted by far greater multitudes, certainly of Jews, and apparently of Gentiles, than received it unto life. But the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost was never wanting in any one sermon of those first preachers. We are without the attestations of the *physical* and the *mental* miracles which Mr. Arthur so happily brings into relation with the ulterior *moral* miracle of God's power; but our preaching is by no means shorn of its strength by their absence; for they have no control over that secret unnatural NATURE over which the moral miracle triumphs. Then all the true power of New-Testament preaching remains; the power of the Holy Ghost using man's sanctified agency in convincing all, and converting many. Well may Mr. Arthur say, that while 'a Minister can never be responsible for success, he is responsible for power.' There is awful warning in these words for those whose hearts lack that purity, devotion, and zeal which the Divine Spirit makes the basis of His power in the preacher: hopeless is their case if the words of this book do not rouse them to feel what a frightful mischief is their very existence.

But this memorable sentence is as full of consolation as it is of warning, though the author may be thought by some to be less enthusiastic in dilating upon the former. A Minister is *not* responsible for success, at least for that kind of success which Mr. Arthur's glowing spirit looks to the day of Pentecost and sighs for. The most devoted servant of Christ's Gospel, with a consecration to his work verging on the prophetic ecstasy of devotion, may be placed amid circumstances of ministerial labour which contain elements of secret resistance against which no sublimity of passionate zeal could avail. Simon Peter saw but one Jewish day of Pentecost. Thousands of Jews were then converted; but who can follow Paul, and hear his indefatigable cry to his blinded people through all the synagogues, and read his final words of anguish in the Romans, without feeling that they have never yet had another? And the Gentile Pentecost at Cæsarea, with the Gentile conversions which followed through the Acts, and through the ages after them, teaches no lesson which forbids the sincere, though comparatively empty-handed, reaper from rejoicing in the sad consolation that men sin not against him, but against the Holy Ghost. St. Paul had not the Corinthian vision in every city whither he went. But we need not

dwell upon this theme as if our author had forgotten it. Passages abound of the most genial sympathy with discouraged labourers, which space alone prevents our quoting; and if any should be tempted to think that in any one remark, direct or inferential, in all its pages, the hand of a brother has wounded them, they should turn to the preface, then turn to its conclusion, and *read the book again.*

There are many subordinate topics connected with the practical performance of the preacher's great duty, on which Mr. Arthur speaks as the representative of his own opinion. The points which we refer to, are such as it would not become our lay pages to intermeddle with. They will be found out in due time by all concerned; and we must leave the troubler of our *memoriter* and manuscript preachers to fight his own battles with them. Mr. Arthur's sincerity is as transparent as his power is great; and his candour comes behind neither. We have heard him exemplifying in the pulpit many of the great principles of his book, in a manner for which we bless God on behalf of all our Churches; but our impressions of his use of God's great gift bestowed upon himself, had not prepared us for some of those practical lessons which we find about page 322 of his work. We are not to be supposed capable of pronouncing a verdict upon the question of what properly constitutes being 'thoroughly furnished' for the Christian pulpit; but we foresee that many who may reasonably think themselves to be capable, will rise in rebellion against some of these positions. They may be disposed to say, that '*trusting* for utterance to help from above' ought not to be opposed to '*insuring* it by natural means,—either a manuscript, or memory;' that they themselves would throw the Divine influence a step further back, and seek it in the closet where the preacher rehearses, before the congregation present to his spirit, the utterances of his full heart; that they never feel themselves so entirely fitted to be the organs of the Holy Ghost, as when they have taken all pains to release themselves from all such 'fear and trembling' as human preparation may avert; that some of the most mighty preaching of Christendom has directly contravened his principles; nay, that memory was by no means dispensed with, even in the preaching of the Apostles, some of whose discourses might have been almost read from the rolls of the Prophets and the Psalms; and, lastly, that they—Mr. Arthur's opponents, to wit—should, at least, not be so rigorously excluded from the category of scriptural preachers.

While the preachers are discussing this question on other grounds peculiarly their own, we would ask both parties, whether a fallacy does not lie in assuming the continuance of the prophetic office and gift in the Christian Church? 'The gift of prophesying, in its very ideal, excludes relying for utterance upon a manuscript or memory. It is the delivery of truth by

the help of God.' It *was* so, doubtless; and in many instances has been so since the general cessation of miracles; and will be so to the end of time. But is the *prophesying* of the New Testament the type of *all the preaching and teaching* of the Christian Church in this and in all ages? The Lord gave to the Church, and the Lord hath taken away, many of the original administrations and *charismata*; but we would put in a word, if we had space,—and Mr. Arthur would be most ready to hear it,—for the poor *Pastors and teachers*.

We earnestly hope, that none of these controverted points will be suffered to divert the arrows, out of God's own quiver, which the writer is commissioned to aim at many of our hearts. His bow is not drawn at a venture. His book is the ripe expansion of much thought, experience, and prayer. If we had deferred our notice of it, we should have had time to exhibit and illustrate, by quotations, its masterly treatment of many questions which arise out of the relations between the preaching of the Gospel and the regeneration of man and the world. We should have been able to point to many most felicitous and profound expositions of separate passages of Scripture; and to do justice to those sentences of condensed and pointed beauty which are, to our minds, the charm of good writing, and which frequently occur in this book. But we have dealt with it in haste, though not carelessly; and are happy in the assurance, that its author's name and Christian reputation will insure it a wide circle of readers.

ART. V.—1. *L'Abbé Le Dieu : Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet, publiés pour la première Fois d'après les Manuscrits autographes, et accompagnés d'une Introduction et de Notes.* Par M. L'ABBE GUETTEE, Auteur de l'Histoire de l'Eglise de France. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Didot. 1856.

2. *Etudes sur la Vie de Bossuet jusqu'à son Entrée en Fonctions en Qualité de Précepteur du Dauphin.* (1627–1670.) Par A. FLOQUET, Correspondant de l'Institut. Three Vols. 8vo. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1855.

3. *Lettres sur Bossuet à un Homme d'Etat.* Par M. POUJOULAT. Seconde Edition, revue et augmentée. 18mo. Paris: Auguste Vaton. 1855.

4. *Etudes sur les Sermons de Bossuet, d'après les Manuscrits, etc.* Par L'ABBE VICTOR VAILLANT. 8vo. Paris: Glose. 1851.

5. *Le Civilisateur.* Par M. DE LAMARTINE. (Art. Bossuet.) 1854.

6. *Histoire de Bossuet, Evêque de Meaux, composée sur les*

Manuscripts originaux. Par M. LE CARDINAL DE BAUSSET. Cinquième Edition, revue et corrigée, avec une Table générale des Matières. Four Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

WHEN La Bruyère, in his *Discours de Réception* before the French Academy, called Bossuet, 'the last of the Fathers of the Church,' he expressed an opinion which, as Protestants, we are by no means prepared to endorse. It is quite certain, at the same time, that never was a man so completely identified with a system as the Bishop of Meaux still is with Gallicanism. Let some ecclesiastical squabble, breaking out on the other side of the Channel, set at loggerheads Dean against Chapter, and Bishop against both; let the *vexata questio* of Jesuitism supply once more M. Louis Veuillot with invectives, and the *Journal des Débats* with well-timed satire; the name of Bossuet is quickly brought forward by the champions of both parties, so sure do they feel that in the opinion of Frenchmen Bossuet is the sole authority whose weight is worth taking into consideration. Gallicanism never had a greater champion, more thoroughly equipped for the fight, more competent to stand up in support of a cause which, if left to its own merits, would not have lived a day. Therefore it is that the 'eagle of Meaux' has become a household word with all his countrymen; therefore it is that the Gallicanism of the nineteenth century, not having succeeded in exciting the zeal or kindling the genius of another Bossuet, is crumbling to pieces, and sharing the fate of all human systems founded on a rotten substratum. In the meanwhile, contemporary literature is busier than ever with the Prelate. M. A. Floquet devotes to the elucidation of the most trifling incidents in his early days all the zeal of enthusiastic antiquarianism; whilst M. Poujoulat, in a series of letters addressed to an Austrian statesman, draws an eloquent, though not sufficiently impartial, portrait of a man who, by the versatility of his talents, his ecclesiastical and political character, as well as by the unsullied dignity of his moral life, must ever be deemed one of the greatest men that France has produced.

Until very lately the sources of our information respecting Bossuet were of the scantiest description. M. de Bausset's history is a work written in the most interesting manner, and well worth an attentive perusal; but, in the preliminary chapters especially, the information it supplies is not always to be trusted,* and the learned Cardinal has confined himself to generalities and common-place appreciations, where the diligent study of original MSS. would have enabled him to illustrate,

* M. de Bausset n'a pas bien connu ces premiers commencements de Bossuet, ni bien déterminé les dates de ses premières compositions.—Walckenaër, *Mémoires touchant la Vie de Madame de Sévigné*, vol. ii., p. 95.

whilst sketching Bossuet's biography, the whole history of the seventeenth century. Now, fortunately, documents of every description are accumulating around us; for if M. de Lamartine's brilliant pen too often gives us instead of sober truths the shadowy forms created by the poet's fancy,* the other authorities quoted at the beginning of this article will amply enable us to bring together the main features in the portrait of Bossuet as a divine, an author, and a man.

M. Poujoulat, in the Preface to his *Lettres*, says, *Bossuet est surtout l'homme de l'âge où nous vivons*. France has forgotten the principle of authority, it has lost its taste for things sublime; tossed hither and thither by the storm of political revolutions, it has substituted for the idea of an overruling Providence, that of a blind fatality urging on nations to their final doom through every successive stage of their physical and intellectual development: France has forgotten all this; therefore, concludes M. Poujoulat, 'let us study Bossuet.' An ultramontanist, stepping in, would exclaim that what we want is a course of M. Joseph de Maistre; a freethinker, in his turn, would propose Voltaire or M. Auguste Comte; we are of opinion, that the best study is that of the Bible. At the same time we acknowledge that a review of Bossuet's character might help to throw some light on many questions which are still *sub judice*, and we shall therefore endeavour to examine it a little in detail.

Born at Dijon, September 27th, 1627, Jacques Bénigne Bossuet gave at an early age evidences of the talents and unwearied diligence which he was to display in after-life. His family belonged to the magistracy, which has produced some of the brightest ornaments of a country rich in real worthies, and the affluent circumstances amidst which he was brought up enabled him to avail himself of the best means of instruction then extant. Bénigne's father died in 1634; the young man went to reside with an uncle, who was Councillor at the Parliament of Dijon, and who ever took the liveliest interest in his welfare. The College of the Jesuits was at that time the favourite place of resort for students anxious to obtain a first-rate classical education; thither Bénigne repaired, and under the guidance of the reverend fathers he made the greatest progress in every branch of learning. His memory and his reasoning powers more especially appear to have been surprising, whilst the plodding earnestness with which he pored over his books procured for him a nickname which, descriptive as it was of his steadiness, would not perhaps have been received by all aspirants to literary honours as precisely complimentary. In the language of scholastic life, Bossuet easily became Bos-

* The blunders of M. de Lamartine as to facts are sometimes really quite amazing. In his sketch of Bossuet, for instance, he describes Pellisson as the *précurseur de Boileau*, and La Bruyère as the *précurseur de Molière*.

suetus; and what more appropriate image of diligence can there be than *Bos suetus aratro*? We have no means of ascertaining whether this Latin quibble was courteously received by the young student; but let us hope that he acknowledged the polite intention of the person upon whom his ardour for work had produced so vivid an impression. Destined by his friends to the ecclesiastical career, Bénigne had no difficulty in starting on the road to Church preferment; most of his patrons were persons of high rank and important political standing; they procured for their young *protégé* a stall as Canon in the cathedral of Metz when he was hardly thirteen years old. He had never yet read the Bible; and as, about that time, he first perused it in the quiet of his uncle's study at Dijon, the effect the word of God wrought in him seems to have been both strong and lasting. Let not our readers start with astonishment as they hear of a Canon still in his teens. The rules of ecclesiastical discipline during the first half of the seventeenth century were of the most easy description; and it required all the determination of Christian heroes, such as the celebrated Angélique Arnauld, and the no less illustrious Abbé de Rancé, to reduce, we will not say to the laws of clerical precision, but even to the observances of the commonest moral decorum, the Societies of Port Royal and of La Trappe.* Without any qualms of conscience, therefore, as to the legitimacy of his canonship, behold young Bossuet repairing to Paris for the purpose of completing his theological education, and of taking the degrees which are the necessary consequence thereof. His matriculation at the College of Navarre, then so illustrious under the head-mastership of Nicolas Cornet, the discussion which he had with the Doctors of Sorbonne in consequence of his examination, and the trial which the case gave rise to, are well known matters of history. The fond antiquarian, M. Floquet, unfolds the narrative of the whole affair in its minutest particulars; and to his copious narrative we must refer those of our readers who are anxious to know how difficult it was in the year 1650 or thereabouts to pass the 'little-go,' or the 'great-go,' before the University of Paris. Two years after (1652) Bossuet was admitted both to Priest's orders and to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. There is one incident connected with the young man's first stay in Paris on which we would dwell for a while, because it illustrates, as we think, in a striking manner, the habits and

* M. Floquet has given us (vol. ii., p. 320, *et seq.*) a description of the monastery of Sainte-Glossinde at Metz, which proves that nuns (in the days of Bossuet, at least) did not always feel bound by the vows either of poverty or of chastity. *Abbesse*, says he, *religieuses, vivant, s'il se peut, avec moins de réserve encore, chaque nuit, presque, de l'hiver se donnèrent longtemps des soupers avec musique, danse et jeux de toutes sortes, auxquels étaient conviés des hommes de toutes conditions, dont plusieurs, parfois, y demeurèrent durant des semaines, non sans grand scandale pour toute la ville, où coururent de fâcheux bruits, trop fondés, comme il semble.*

the tone of fashionable society during the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. : we allude to the celebrated sermon extemporized by Bossuet at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and which M. Bunge-ner* has made the subject of one of his most interesting tales. All our readers are aware that the *salon* of Madame de Rambouillet was then considered not only as the resort of fashion, but also as one of the great rendezvous for artists, scientific men, and *littérateurs*. We need scarcely attempt to sketch here the history of the *Précieuses*, nor to trace their gradual degeneracy into the *Précieuses Ridicules* so justly lampooned by Molière and Boileau ; but, to confine ourselves to the immediate circle which crowded at stated intervals the drawing-room of the *incomparable Arténice*,† we must say, that a Society boasting amongst its members men such as Godeau, Ménage, Conrart, Balzac, Benserade, Chapelain, Perrault, Corneille, was one before which any candidate for literary honours might well be afraid of appearing. Introduced, if we may believe Tallemant des Réaux, by his uncle Arnauld de Corbeville,‡ who had spoken in the highest terms of the juvenile Canon's talent for preaching, Bossuet justified all the expectations his reputation had raised, and the sermon he delivered at ten minutes' notice was soon talked of throughout all Paris. It was midnight when the student of the College de Navarre came down from the first pulpit he ascended, and Voiture, who could not let so good an occasion pass of making a pun, said to him, 'Sir, I never heard any one preach either so early or so late !'

We will not stop to inquire whether it was quite consistent with the laws of propriety to assimilate a religious exercise to the ordinary intellectual pastime, however refined this may be, which engages the leisure of a society of *beaux esprits* ; but anticipating a little the order of events, we shall take the episode of Bossuet's first presentation to the Hôtel de Rambouillet as a fit opportunity for introducing the remarks we purpose making on this great man as a sermon-writer. We may just say, in the first place, that until very lately his brilliant funeral orations were the only specimens of his pulpit eloquence which were generally read and admired. La Harpe, whose opinion as a critic ranks still rather high, said that Bossuet is just middling in his sermons. We will venture to affirm that La Harpe never took the trouble to study them. M. Poujoulat gives a very ingenious

* Cf. *Deux Soirées à l'Hôtel de Rambouillet*, printed as a sequel to *Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.*

† Every person belonging to the *Précieuse* society had an allegorical name, generally coined by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the head *blue-stocking* of the day. Thus *Le Grand Cyrus* was the Prince de Condé ; *Herminius*, Pellisson ; *Cleodamas*, Conrart ; and *Sapho*, Mademoiselle de Scudéry herself. The name of *Arténice* had been bestowed upon Madame de Rambouillet. Cf. Somaize, *Le Grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, 1661.

‡ Le Dieu, in his *Mémoires*, says that Bossuet's introducer was the Marquis de Feuquières.

reason for the superiority which many persons still claim in behalf of Bourdaloue and Massillon in that branch of literature. By the delightful harmony of his style, by his tenderness and his knowledge of the human heart, the author of the *Petit Carême* must always be peculiarly attractive; on the other hand, Bourdaloue's sermons are exceedingly striking as perfect specimens of close reasoning and of method or symmetry; but when we turn to Bossuet's homilies, we find productions of a totally different stamp. There we see the mark of genius, and those outbursts of impassioned eloquence which set all rules at defiance, and are far above the level of ordinary minds.

The chief reason why Bossuet's sermons are so little known is, we believe, the imperfect state in which they have come down to us. Some of our readers may perhaps remember M. Cousin's celebrated book, published ten years ago, on the necessity of a new edition of 'Pascal's Thoughts.' Well, it would seem that the Bishop of Meaux has been quite as badly used by Dom Deforis* as Louis de Montalte was by his first editors. So, at least, we are led to conclude, after having perused M. Victor Vaillant's excellent *Etudes sur les Sermons de Bossuet*. How provoking! There we see on the shelves of our library our favourite Corneille, our Racine, our Molière, nay, our Bourdaloue himself; we see them, and yet, until some industrious annotator takes them up, compares them with the original MSS., in a word, does for them what M. Cousin has done for Pascal, and M. Vaillant for Bossuet's sermons, it will be impossible for us to swear to the authenticity of the choicest passages we admire so much. Dom Deforis, too, had very correct ideas of an editor's duties: he states them at full length in his Preface, with the most praiseworthy strictness. The advertisement prefixed to the Versailles reprint of 1806, is, if possible, still more explicit. 'Our edition,' says the publisher, 'contains Bossuet, all Bossuet, nothing but Bossuet.' This is a very bold (we were going to write, a very barefaced) asseveration on the part of men who print one of Fénelon's sermons as proceeding from the pen of the Bishop of Meaux!

It is no use our filling page after page with an account of blunders which an attentive collation of the original MSS. would have enabled Deforis and his followers to avoid: it is of no use relating here, in all its sad complications, the melancholy tale of paragraphs omitted; sentences altered, abridged, or corrected; quotations misplaced; an exordium transferred from one sermon to another; three sermons condensed into one, or one split into half-a-dozen. We are quite of opinion that the works of any author would often be very materially improved by considerable modifications; at the same time we maintain with equal

* The *editio princeps* of the sermons was published in 1772, by the Benedictine monk Dom Deforis; subsequent editors have given mere reprints of that very corrupt text.

earnestness, that no one has any right to introduce these modifications except the author himself; and in the case before us we wanted to see Bossuet, not Deforis. It is certainly a matter of regret that Pascal was not spared long enough in this world to finish his projected work on apologetics; but as the affliction by which it pleased God to visit him, only allowed of his committing to paper a few detached thoughts, we prefer seeing these *dissecta membra*, imperfect as they are, in M. Faugère's edition, than polished and softened down by the Duke de Roannez.

We have said sufficient, we trust, to prove that Bossuet's sermons require a thorough revisal; and that when a really correct edition of them issues from the press, we shall find that Dom Deforis and Co. were totally unfit for the task which they had so gratuitously undertaken. One of the most interesting parts in M. Vaillant's pamphlet is his attempt to give the list of Bossuet's sermons in chronological order: this is one undertaking which we would venture to recommend to the future editor. There is a twofold advantage evidently resulting from the chronological classification of such works; for the reader is enabled first to trace almost from sermon to sermon the alterations which taste, intellectual culture, and the habit of literary composition have introduced in an author's style; and, in the next place, he may often see the influence of political events and of contemporary history in the preacher's pulpit ministrations. In fact, we find frequently that from *one* single passage in a sermon we are enabled to fix the day on which it must have been delivered.

The gradual development of Bossuet's literary acumen can be more easily followed throughout his sermons, because some of his most favourite pieces were often repeated by him on two, three, or sometimes four different occasions, and uniformly with alterations, which, whilst they improved the purity and elegance of the language, too often, in our opinion, deprived it of its original energy. M. Vaillant has illustrated this remarkable fact, by printing in parallel columns two passages, the one of which was altered three times, and the other five, by the great orator; so careful was he of securing for his preaching all the effect which labour could bestow.

With respect to the historical allusions we find scattered throughout Bossuet's sermons, a few instances will serve to explain what we mean.

In the second sermon for the First Sunday in Lent, the following peroration occurs:—

'We have had balls enough, dances enough, festivities enough, follies enough. Let us make room for pleasures more chaste and more serious. My brethren, God has reserved a great joy for us this season of Lent. It was not with the revels of dissolute pleasure that we were to receive the heaven-born virgin; we must have a joy worthy of the peace, a joy spread in our hearts by the Spirit of peace.

'Who does not see the hand of God in this work? Although the work is altogether Divine, I confess that I am not astonished at seeing that our illustrious Queen (the Queen-mother) has done her utmost to bring about this peace; for what else could we expect from the deep piety which animates her, and from the spirit of peace with which she is possessed? We know, we have known long since, that she has always imitated God, whose seal she bears upon her brow; her thoughts have always been thoughts of peace.....Who will not bless so wise and so able a hand (allusion to Mazarin)? Let us speak, speak out fearlessly. I know what should be on the subject of praise the reserve of a preacher. If I were, however, silent on such an occasion, it would be giving proof, not of reserve, but of feeling jealous of the public felicity.....She will come, she will come followed by all the blessed consequences she brings in her train.

'Now, people, let us rejoice; and if there be still amongst you some lamentable remains of former ill-will, let it be cast away before this altar on the present occasion: we will celebrate loudly the wise Minister, who plainly shows by giving us peace, that he makes the welfare of the State his own happiness, and the repose of the people his glory.'

A note of Dom Deforis thereupon informs us, that the above peroration was pronounced by the orator on the occasion of the promulgation of the peace concluded, November 7th, 1659, between France and Spain. This is obvious; but the passage beginning, 'She will come, she will come followed,' &c., enables us to assign, as the *exact* date of the sermon, the second Sunday in Lent, 1660; for it is an evident allusion to the expected arrival of the Infanta Maria Theresa, who entered Paris on August 26th, 1660, and who had evidently not yet touched the French soil when the sermon was preached. The reader will likewise readily notice Bossuet's hint about the 'remains of former ill-will' entertained against Cardinal Mazarin. The Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz sufficiently show to what extent that ill-will was carried.

The fourth sermon for Palm Sunday, preached before the King, must be referred to the year 1666, from the striking paragraph which it contains on the subject of duelling; for we know that in that very year Louis XIV. banished from Court the Count de Soissons, who had sent a challenge to the Duke de Noailles, notwithstanding the severe decrees issued against the barbarous but fashionable practice of single combat. Other instances occur to us; but these will sufficiently show the advantages arising from a collation of the works of our author with the history of his times.

We have already alluded to La Harpe's absurd critique on Bossuet's sermons. The Abbé Maury, who was Cardinal during the empire of Napoleon I., and who cannot be proposed as the model of what an ecclesiastic ought to be, has, at any rate, given clear evidence that he could appreciate what is really beautiful in

literature. Some third-rate scribbler reproached the Bishop of Meaux for being unequal; Maury very properly answers, that it is one of the marks of genius to be unequal, and that he who wishes to be always sublime is often uniformly flat. It is worthy of remark, that Maury's *Reflexions sur les Sermons de M. Bossuet*, published in 1772, had been originally introduced as a preface to Dom Deforis's edition; but the worthy Benedictine refused to publish them.

We left Bossuet at Paris, deep in the study of the fathers, and preluding to the reputation which was to render his name immortal by scholastic triumphs, and also by his success in the fashionable world. He managed to secure in the highest quarters friends who never forsook him afterwards, and the young Abbé's influence must have been increased ten-fold when people knew that he could reckon amongst his supporters persons such as the Duke d'Enghien, Marshal Schomberg, and Colbert himself. The first part of Bossuet's life may be said to terminate with the year 1657. During all that time he divided his attention between Dijon, the home of his childhood, Metz, to which he was bound by his ecclesiastical position, and Paris, where he was still to some extent *in statu pupillari*. The principal fact connected with his residence at Metz is his attempt to bring over the Protestants to the Romish faith, and his controversy with the Calvinist Pastor, Paul Ferry, on the often-talked-of plan for accomplishing by means of mutual concessions the union between the Catholic and the Reformed communities. Bossuet's conduct towards the Protestants has frequently been characterized by unjustifiable acrimony; and when, at a subsequent period of his life, he identified himself more completely with the iron despotism of Louis XIV., he was too ready to sanction with the authority of his name the bloody persecutions for which the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the signal: but whilst he was as yet only Canon at Metz, and Archdeacon at Sarrebourg, his proselytism had a milder character, and we must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he always, at that period, recommended gentleness and charity to the missionaries whom the French Clergy sent to labour amongst the Protestants of Lorraine.

The great proportion of Huguenots residing at Metz and throughout the whole of the province, can be accounted for, in a certain measure, by the geographical position of that district, situated near Germany, and almost on the confines of the land of Luther. We must remember, at the same time, that, although Cardinal Richelieu had taken away from French Calvinism its political character, yet he had not infringed upon the rights of conscience; and, towards the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., the Protestant Churches subject to his rule were in the most flourishing condition. The disturbances which marked the regency of Ann of Austria, the wars of La Fronde,

had brought about, as a necessary reaction, a form of absolute government, such as never has been equalled since. When the King saw all obstacles apparently disappearing before his will; when he saw that no one dared protest against his celebrated maxim, *L'état, c'est moi*; led astray by vanity, and also deceived by the Jesuit clique which surrounded him, he was unhappily induced to try whether he could not likewise make consciences bend to his inflexible determination. At the time we have now reached in Bossuet's history, matters had not yet come to that pitch; but Bossuet's proselytism was singularly favoured by the state of mind in which he found his chief antagonist at Metz, the Minister Paul Ferry. This celebrated divine is one of the men whose reputation during the seventeenth century was the most widely spread. Not that he had rendered to the Church of which he was the Pastor any very distinguished service, nor yet that his works even equalled those of Chamier, Blondel, Daillé, or Amyraut. Perhaps it will be said that he defended the evangelical doctrine with power and success; but facts prove that such was not the case. We will not go so far as Guy Patin, who affirms in a letter, dated March 14th, 1670, that Ferry had sold himself to Cardinal Richelieu for a yearly pension; but we are quite warranted in affirming, that the Pastor of Metz was as good a politician as a divine, to say the least. Whenever the Court started some new plan for restoring the Protestants to the communion of the Romish Church, Paul Ferry was always loud in his desire of unity, and he too often expressed himself on that subject as a man who could easily be led to make any concessions that might be required of him. Paul Ferry, in short, was essentially a courtier; and it was evidently the interest of the Catholics to make the most of a man whom they hoped, sooner or later, to bring over to their opinion. Such, we believe, is the great secret of the stress which M. Floquet and other historians lay on the intercourse which took place at Metz between the Pastor and the Arch-deacon, an intercourse which after all produced no result whatever. Paul Ferry had preached, on the 17th of May, 1654, a sermon, in which he proved the four following positions:—

1. There is no salvation to be expected out of the Christian Church.
2. The Protestant Church is the true Church, such as it was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by His Apostles.
3. The Reformation was necessary, and those who acknowledged it to be such could be saved only by leaving the Church of Rome.
4. Those amongst our ancestors who belonged to the elect of God have been saved, although they followed the Church of Rome; but if we Protestants were now to join that Church with the idea that we could find our salvation in its communion, we should be deceived, because, in that case, we must renounce all exclusive dependence on the merits of our

Saviour.' These four propositions, first developed in an eloquent discourse, and then farther expanded and illustrated under the form of a catechism,* called Bossuet into the field. The reader cannot fail to remark that the last point is extremely weak, and that it rests on a false view of the Church. Paul Ferry ought to have proved, and he might have done so with the greatest facility, that those amongst the Romanists who belonged to the true Church, although nominally enrolled under the banner of Popery, had rejected all the worst features of that system, and were, *ipso facto*, reckoned as heretics quite as much as the Protestants themselves; he might have pointed out the Jansenists, he might have directed his opponent's attention to Port-Royal, and asked him what the Court of Rome thought of them. The great fault of the Protestant Minister in that part of the debate was, that he unconsciously used false colours to represent the Church of Rome. Like Minerva starting ready equipped and armed *cap-a-pie* from the brow of Jupiter, he described Popedom as a system of doctrines appearing from the very first in the complete form which she had assumed at the time of the Council of Trent, and furnished at once with all the questionable arms which the course of ages had rendered useful or expedient. Bossuet, of course, immediately took advantage of that admission, and replied,—'As the doctrinal teaching of the Romish Church has always been the same, as its ritual and its discipline have never changed, it follows that if, prior to the schism which took place in the sixteenth century, men could be saved in her community, they can still be saved now.' In the meanwhile the Archdeacon left quite untouched the first two points stated by his adversary; and respecting the third he satisfied himself with asserting that the Reformation was pernicious,—an assertion which it is easier to make than to prove; for if any attempt to alter the system of the Church of Rome ought to be denounced, what must we think of those Romanists who, like St. Bernard, Nicolas de Clemangis, and Charlier de Gerson, spoke so feelingly, long before the sixteenth century, of the corrupt state of the Church, and earnestly longed for its purification? What shall we say of the Council of Pisa, which, in order to stay the progress of schism in the bosom of the Church, laid down what certainly was an outline of the forthcoming Reformation?

The friends of Bossuet at Metz must have had very singular ideas of what a controversy really ought to be, if they sincerely believed the Archdeacon's answer a triumphant one: it is decidedly the lamest piece of argument we have ever met with, and Ferry found no difficulty in demolishing it by a counter reply, which, unfortunately, is still unpublished.

* *Catéchisme Général de la Réformation de la Religion*, 8vo., First Edition, 1654; Second Edition, 1656.

Then there is the *projet de réunion*, or attempt to bring about an agreement, a fusion, between the Protestant and the Romish Churches. Ferry, as we have already stated, was led into devising plans and forming articles of agreement. All the correspondence on the subject is still extant, and amply proves that, in order to bring about their Utopian scheme of outward unity, the Roman Catholics did not exclusively trust to the intrinsic merits of the cause they advocated. M. Floquet, whose hero-worship, as applied to Bossuet, is perfectly amusing, makes a great deal of the generosity which the Archdeacon evinced in venturing—although he was only twenty-nine years old, unaccustomed to theological contests, and still lacking experience—to attack a veteran Pastor of seventy-five, completely *au fait* at controversy, and possessing all the advantages of learning, practice, and wisdom. The fact is, that Ferry's energies were fast declining, and that when a man is standing, as he was at the time, on the verge of the grave, it is not astonishing that all his wishes should be for peace and harmony. The Jesuits of Metz, and Bossuet himself, took good care not to propose their scheme to Ferry's younger colleagues, who would have unhesitatingly declared that there can be no compromise between truth and error; they wasted, in their attempt to *convert* an old man, an amount of complimentary nonsense and downright *blarney* which would not be credited by those who have not perused the original documents. Their discomfiture was only thus rendered the more complete: for, despite all his desire for unity, the Protestant Minister made no important concessions to the Jesuits, whilst his adversaries, carried along, as they often have been, by their eagerness, were led to admit the most startling facts.

Anxious as we are to render every possible homage to Bossuet's splendid talents, we cannot but acknowledge that the share he took in the measures adopted by the Government of Louis XIV. against the Protestants, adds nothing to his glory. We have just seen what all impartial minds must think of the controversy he had with Paul Ferry; let us now briefly advert to the three other *conversions* which are so constantly adduced by Roman Catholic writers as irrefutable proofs of Bossuet's talents in polemical theology. Amongst the Protestant families of distinction who still clung to the faith of the Gospel, and who maintained their religion at a time when it was already beginning to be unpopular at Versailles, was the house of Courcillon, some of whose members had shed their blood, during the wars of the sixteenth century, for the triumph of evangelical principles. Unfortunately, when *le Grand Monarque* announced his determination to suppress gradually every trace of Protestantism within his dominions, this family was represented by two of the most contemptible time-servers whose names have ever disgraced the pages of history. Philippe de Courcillon, Marquis de Dangeau,

had adopted, as the rule of his life, absolute submission to a Monarch who often required from those around him deeds inconsistent with the plainest notions of honour. Will it be believed, that during the adulterous intercourse of Louis XIV. with Mademoiselle de La Vallière, Dangeau, not satisfied with acting as confidant both of the Monarch and of his mistress, performed the duties of secretary to both, alternately writing the King's messages and the lady's answers, without either of the interested parties knowing the share that he, Dangeau, had in the matter? The clever but unprincipled courtier had another great merit in the estimation of Louis XIV.,—he was a first-rate card-player. Such transcendent qualities would have insured him the highest dignities the King had to bestow, if his religion had not been an obstacle; but a man such as Dangeau was not to be stopped by trifles; for appearance' sake he proposed to Bossuet his doubts on the subject of religion, found them easily solved, and lost no time in making an open profession of Roman Catholicism. The reward soon followed; Monsieur le Marquis was nominated Councillor of War, a Knight of the Royal Orders, Grand Master of the Military Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel and Saint Lazarus of Jerusalem, Governor of Touraine, and by alliance he became a morganatic cousin to the Elector of Bavaria.

The brother, M. Louis de Dangeau, appears to have been less easily convinced of the necessity of conforming to the Romish Church; he did so, however, at last, and even went so far as to take orders. What rewards could be adequate for such excess of zeal? Monsieur l'Abbé held *four* benefices; he was made Reader to the King, and Chamberlain to the Pope.....And such are the converts whom the genius of Bossuet is said to have brought over to the true faith.

The conversion of Turenne is a fact on which all Bossuet's biographers have insisted with an eagerness which is quite amusing. M. Floquet, who very prudently dispatches the Dangeau business with a mere notice, cannot find words strong enough to celebrate what he evidently thinks was *the* great event in the life both of the Roman Catholic Priest and of the illustrious Marshal. But, in the first place, whatever M. Floquet may choose to assert, it was by reading Arnauld's writings that Turenne felt his convictions shaken, so that, as a historian has truly remarked, 'he returned to the Church of Rome by Port Royal.*' Then we have just now alluded to Turenne's convictions; the expression was a wrong one. His feelings on the subject of religion bordered on indifference; and all that we can say of him is, that he lived in his new religion with the same lukewarmness that he did in his old one; at all events he amply

* Nap. Peyrat, *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*.

proved that he had preserved that sense of self-respect which Dangeau never knew, and he could not be induced to accept any of the temporary bribes by which Louis XIV. wanted to restore his complaisance.

The last work of proselytism which we shall mention in connexion with Bossuet's life, is the conversion of Mademoiselle de Duras, who, already self-induced to abandon the Protestant faith before she had seen the Prelate, from a motive of mere womanly vanity, wished to give *éclat* to her conversion, by causing it to depend on the issue of a theological discourse between the well-known Pastor, Jean Claude, and Bossuet himself. The contest took place on the 1st of March, 1678, and lasted five consecutive hours; two separate accounts of it were published at the time, and, as it is usual in such cases, both parties claimed the victory. The subject for discussion was the authority of the Church, and Bossuet found it much more difficult to contend with Claude than with his old adversary, Paul Ferry. The Minister wished the Prelate to prove the infallibility of the Church; Bossuet, on the contrary, persisted in arguing from this as from an incontestable fact.

'Both of us,' he said, 'agree in the belief that there is a true Church; that the Holy Ghost dwells in it; and that for the manifestation of truth He makes use of two outward means, the Church and the Scriptures. But the question is, With which of the two does He begin? You pretend that He makes known to you the Church by means of the Scriptures; I, on the contrary, maintain that first of all, by baptism and a profession of faith, we show our belief in the authority of the Church, which afterwards becomes to us the interpreter of the Scriptures.' 'By taking this line of argument,' Claude replied, 'you will make every one decide in favour of his own Church. The Greeks, the Armenians, the Ethiopians, we ourselves, whom you believe to be in the wrong, all of us have received the Scriptures from the Church where we have been baptized, and which all believe to be the true one mentioned in the Creed. In the beginning we do not even know any other to exist. If, after having received without examination the Scriptures from that Church in which we have been baptized, we are also blindly to adopt all its interpretations of them, this is an argument in favour of every one's abiding by his own religion.' Bossuet was startled by this simple but unexpected objection. Claude perceived it, and he said afterwards, 'M. de Condom was not in his ordinary frame of mind, and that ease which is so natural to him was evidently forsaking him.' Bossuet himself states in his account of the discussion, 'I spoke only with trembling, considering that the salvation of a soul was at stake; and I prayed to God, who allowed me so clearly to see the truth, that He would give me words, to make it shine forth in all its brightness. I shall be glad to have trembled before M. Claude, if, in trembling, I have set forth the truth.' *

Recovering his self-possession, Bossuet presently replied, 'There is a

* Bossuet, *Conférence avec M. Claude, Ministre de Charenton*. 12mo. Paris, 1682.

difference between the case of the Greeks and that of the Protestants. The Greeks are in the wrong, mistaking the false Church for the true one; yet they maintain, at least, that they ought to believe in the true Church; whereas the Protestants assert that no one is obliged to bow to its authority. It follows from your principle that the faithful cannot even believe on the authority of the Church, that the Scriptures are the word of God.' 'He can do so with human faith,' Claude answered, 'but not with faith Divine.' 'Whoever says *human faith*,' replied Bossuet, 'means the faith of doubt.' 'He does not doubt,' said Claude, 'he merely is not cognizant.' 'Well, then, Sir, it is enough,' Bossuet exclaimed; 'there exists then in your Church a point at which a Christian does not know whether the Gospel is a fable or a truth.'

This remark of Bossuet abruptly brought the conference to a close; and, strange to say, Claude, with all his skill as a controversialist, does not appear to have discovered that M. de Condom's assumption was nothing else than an imposing fallacy. In a Church which, as the Protestant professes to do, rests the whole of its authority on Scripture, and on Scripture alone, there cannot be a point at which a Christian does not know whether the Gospel is a fable or a truth. The great difference is, that whilst Protestantism leads to Christ through the Scriptures, and through Christ to the Church, Rome takes upon herself to lead through the Church to Christ and the Scriptures; the authority of the Protestant doctrine being its conformity with *revealed* truth; that of the Roman Catholic system, the *assumed* infallibility of the Church.

In our account of the conference we have designedly followed Bossuet's narrative; the one published by Claude states some of the facts in a totally different manner. However, the chief thing to be noticed in connexion with this event, is the false position which Claude took. It was not from the idea of a Church that he should have conducted the discussion; an appeal to the Bible alone, to the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures, would have insured him the triumph, and silenced Bossuet. It is only fair to add, that Bossuet had, if not chosen, at least fixed upon and prepared beforehand, the ground to which he challenged his adversary without any previous notice.

It would seem that if the French King was perfectly satisfied with the weight of Bossuet's arguments, and convinced that the conversion of Mademoiselle de Duras was the legitimate result of the debate, the publication of Claude's account of the conference could have only added to the Prelate's triumph; yet Louis XIV. absolutely prohibited its being printed, and it was only on Bossuet's recommendation that the prohibition was at last removed.

Of the many controversial works written by our author, two more especially became very popular when they first appeared, and have ever since remained great favourites with our Roman Catholic brethren. We allude to the *Exposition de la Foi*

Catholique, and to the *Histoire des Variations*. The first of these works, composed in 1688, for the use of the Dangeaus, seems also to have had much influence in determining Turenne to forsake the Protestant faith. 'It was published in 1671, and, though enlarged from the first sketch, does not exceed eighty pages in octavo.*'

M. Poujoulat has given an analysis of that treatise, and, as usual, would make us believe that it has never been refuted. *L'Exposition*, says he, *déconcerta Messieurs de la religion prétendue réformée*: he speaks of *admirables pages de théologie auxquelles il est impossible que le Protestantisme réponde*; and of *ces cinq fragments qui ne laissent sans réponse aucune des objections des Réformés*. All this is very well; and certainly, if arguments stated with precision, clearness, and eloquence, sufficed in works of that description, Bossuet would have produced something first-rate; but the attentive reader will soon perceive that there is a great want of fairness in the Prelate's arguing, and that he has left out of the discourse some of the points which he could not well refute. He makes himself merry with some inconsistencies of Protestant divines, and he lays great stress on a few weak concessions or imprudent admissions on the subject of the real presence, and on that of Church authority; but we would ask, in return, why he dismisses so very summarily the invocation of the saints, the worship of images, and the various points of ecclesiastical discipline not directly approved by the Council of Trent? In the *Exposition* as well as in the *Histoire des Variations*, in fact, throughout the whole works of Bossuet on the Protestant controversy, the great objection always prominently brought forward against the Reformed Churches is their want of unity. Outward unity,—such was the great dream of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet; such was the object for the realization of which torrents of blood were shed, and the seeds of political revolution sown. And what a satire on that boasted unity was to be found in the state of the Popish Church during Bossuet's own time, when Jansenism, Gallicanism, Ultramontaniam, and Quietism formed as many different sects, separated from one another by differences far greater than any of those which existed between Luther and Calvin! By way of summing up our opinions on Bossuet as a controversial writer, we may say, that his great talent consisted in exhibiting the weak points of his antagonists and in concealing his own. This is unquestionably a proof of cleverness, but it is not always an evidence of honesty. The *Exposition*, admirable as M. Poujoulat finds it, was far from answering the expectations of the Papal See. Composed in 1671, it appeared only in 1678, and another year elapsed before the Pope honoured it with his approbation.

* Hallam's 'Literature of Europe.'

The *Histoire des Variations** now claims our notice; but it is hardly necessary that we should do more than echo and adopt the judgment pronounced by Archdeacon Hare,—a judgment marked equally by its severity and truth:—

'Able as the *Histoire des Variations* doubtless is, if regarded as the statement and pleading of an unprincipled and unscrupulous advocate, it is any thing but a great work. For no work can be great unless it be written with a paramount love of truth. This is the moral element of all genius; and without it the finest talents are worth little more than a conjuror's sleight of hand. Bossuet in this book never seems even to have set himself the problem of speaking the truth as a thing to be desired and aimed at. He pretends to seat himself in the chair of judgment, but without a thought of doing justice to the persons he summons before him. He does not examine to ascertain whether they are guilty or not. His mind is made up beforehand that they are guilty; and his only care is to scrape together whatever may seem to prove this, that he may have a specious plea for condemning them. Never once, I believe, from the first page to the last, did he try heartily to make out what the real fact was.'—*Vindication of Luther*, p. 273.

Yes, we are sorry to have to confirm this statement; but Bossuet, in his controversial writings, is conspicuous by his want of truthfulness. As La Bastide and Noguier amply proved at the time, the Catholicism which he describes is an ideal Church, which never had any existence except in the Prelate's imagination. 'This man,' exclaimed Jurieu, 'leads us into a country with which we were not acquainted. In this new religion there is no worshipping of images, no invocation of saints; we only request them to pray God for us, as we would request a friend on earth. Up to the present time I had believed that prayers to the Virgin Mary, and to the other saints, were an important matter; I see the great majority of religious persons making much of such practices: these writers, nevertheless, tell us that they are nothing, that they can be omitted, and that it is enough if we worship God and our Lord Jesus Christ.'† Such was Bossuet's view of Catholicism; such, at least, was the form under which he exhibited it to those whom he found already wavering in their religious convictions, and more than half inclined to abjure. No wonder that the Pope did not at once recognise in the softened down picture the system which rules at the Vatican. Bossuet's admirers pretend that the *Histoire des Variations* has never been refuted. Basnage, Bayle, and many other Protestants, driven from France by the despotism of an iniquitous Government, exhibited most com-

* *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*. 2 vols., 4to. 1688.

† *Politique du Clergé de France*.

pletely at the time the sophistries of the Prelate;* but it was easy for Bossuet to enjoy his triumph when those interested in the discussion were not allowed to examine both sides of the question. Circumstances are now very much altered; and we doubt whether the Roman Catholics of the nineteenth century, with the exception of a few desperate Gallicans of M. Guettée's stamp, would be inclined to consider Bossuet as one of the pillars of their faith.

The discussion with Paul Ferry, and the refutation of that Pastor's Catechism, belong to the period when Bossuet had not yet reached the higher dignities of the Church. He was Bishop of Condom at the time of the controversy which ended in the conversion of Mademoiselle de Duras. His promotion to an episcopal See was the deserved reward of many years' assiduous labour as a preacher and a Priest; and the news that the Archdeacon of Metz, whose sermons had so often riveted the attention of large congregations in that city, and likewise both at Versailles and Paris,—the news that the bishopric of Condom had been bestowed upon him created universal satisfaction. The King, in signing at Saint-Germain en Laye, September 13th, 1669, the deed which appointed the new Prelate, departed for once from the official language used in such cases, and, after having noticed 'the zeal which the Abbé Bossuet had displayed in all circumstances for the good of the Church,' after having alluded to 'the remarkable talent which God had given him for preaching,' His Majesty added, that he anticipated the happiest results from the administration of such a Prelate in so important a bishopric as was that of Condom. Long before Bossuet's promotion, the public voice had designed him for the high station he now occupied; and it is curious to hear Loret exclaiming, in the *Muze Historique*, as early as 1662,—

*Et le destin qui dans ses mains
Tient la Fortune des humains
Serait envers lui trop féroce,
S'il n'avait un jour mitre et crosse.
On voit peu de gens aujourd'hui
Le mériter si bien que lui.*

Guy Patin, who is not generally fond of paying compliments, says, in a letter to Falconet, 'M. l'Abbé Bossuet is appointed Bishop of Condom,—a worthy person, and most learned.' Called to new duties, which required the greater part of his time, Bossuet appeared less frequently in the pulpit. Bourdaloue had already excited attention by a style of preaching in which brilliancy of language and strokes of genius are less conspicuous than the extreme richness of the orator's ideas, and the close-

* Cf. Basnage, *Histoire de la Religion des Eglises Réformées depuis Jesus Christ jusqu'à présent.* 2 vols., 4to. Bayle, *Nouvelles de la Républ. des Lettres*, vol. i.

ness of his argumentation. However, we still find the Prelate occasionally called to preach before the Court ; and we must not forget that two of his happiest efforts as a pulpit orator,—two of his funeral orations,—belong to this period of his life.

The Queen Dowager of England, Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I., had long been suffering from the weakness of a constitution rendered weaker still by the anxieties and the troubles to which she was subjected during her stay in France. A dose of opium, which her physicians administered to her against her will, hastened her death. She expired at her residence at Colombe, near Paris, September 10th, 1669 ; and exactly two months after, on the 16th of November, Bossuet pronounced her funeral oration in the church of the nuns of Ste. Marie at Chaillot, where the heart of the Queen lay deposited. At the request of the Duchess of Orleans, her daughter, this magnificent composition was immediately printed.

Among Bossuet's works the funeral orations are the best known, and the most universally read as mere works of art, and independently of all theological questions. It would, therefore, be almost useless for us to offer any remark upon them, especially after the excellent critiques of men such as Saint-Marc Girardin, Sainte-Beuve, and Villemain ; but still, as we refer once more to those wonderful compositions, how fresh, how new, how striking do the beauties they contain appear to us, familiar though we have been with them from childhood ! After having perused Bossuet's *chef d'œuvre*, let the reader turn to the discourses written on the same subject by the Oratorian Senault, and by the Bishop of Amiens, Faure, in order to appreciate fully the difference between a work of genius and a mere specimen of *bon goût*. The exordium of this discourse has often been admired ; there is, too, the portrait of Cromwell, which, even if we allow it to be inaccurate and distorted, is, nevertheless, a striking piece of composition. The facetious and hyper-loyal South describes the great Protector as a ' bankrupt, beggarly fellow, with a threadbare, torn cloak, and a greasy hat ; and perhaps neither of these paid for.'* Bossuet, although quite as unfavourably disposed towards him, never indulges in any grotesque invective or coarse satire ; but in describing the men whom he considers as the instruments of God's wrath against England, we find that he has very closely availed himself of his classical reminiscences, and applied to Cromwell some of the elements of Sallust's portrait of Catiline : *Hypocrite raffiné autant qu' habile politique, capable de tout entreprendre et de tout cacher, également actif et infatigable et dans la paix et dans la guerre, qui ne laissait rien à la fortune de ce qu'il pouvait lui ôter par conseil et par prévoyance*. Thus says Bossuet. In very nearly the

* ' Sermons pronounced at Westminster Abbey,' vol. i., p. 135. Edit. 1704.

same terms, the Roman historian had described the great conspirator, as *animus audax, subdolus, varius; cujus rei libet simulator ac dissimulator*; adding, moreover, that *nunquam super industriam ejus fortuna fuit*.

The death of the Duchess of Orleans, which took place less than a year afterwards, afforded another fit theme for the eloquence of Bossuet. This Princess, daughter of the late Queen of England, and married to a man who treated her with the utmost neglect, to say the least, died during the night of the 29th of June, 1670, amidst circumstances of so strange a character that they have often been ascribed to poison. 'This death-bed,' said Mademoiselle de Scudéry, in a letter to Bussy Rabutin, 'this death-bed preaches to us a terrible sermon;' and certainly the Bishop of Condom had no difficulty in deducing, for the benefit of the survivors, lessons of watchfulness, of sobriety, and of prayer, suggested by a most unexpected catastrophe. Seldom was the vanity of human greatness so powerfully described.

The funeral oration on the Princess Ann of Gonzague has never been so popular as the others; and this may be chiefly ascribed to the fact, that it is less an historical panegyric than a sermon describing the power of the grace of God in the conversion of a soul. Such being the case, we might expect to find the critics of the last century endeavouring to depreciate a work which is full of deep thoughts on repentance and on the world to come. 'O Demosthenes and Sophocles!' exclaims Voltaire, with his contemptuous sneer, 'O Cicero and Virgil! what would you have said if, in your days, men, otherwise eloquent, had seriously uttered such nonsense?' This expression of disdain was, of course, repeated, *con amore*, by all the writers of the infidel school; but, fortunately, at the present day very little value is set on such rabid criticism.

We shall just mention Bossuet's panegyric on the Prince de Condé, the last he ever pronounced, and the peroration of which is justly considered as a master-piece. The celebrated warrior who gained the battles of Rocroy, Sens, and Nordlingen, and whose sword propped up the throne of Louis XIV., had always been the staunch friend of Bossuet; and the Prelate, in bidding him a last and impressive farewell from the pulpit of Notre Dame, was discharging a debt of affection, quite as much as doing homage to one of the glories of his own country.

M. de Barante, in an admirable sketch of Bossuet, has very properly remarked that the merit of the Prelate's funeral orations is of a literary character; the 'skill of a panegyrist,' he says, 'is not in complete harmony with the Christian pulpit.' This observation will strike by its correctness those persons especially who peruse Bossuet's panegyric on the notorious Le Tellier. Who would think, whilst reading so magnificent a composition, that the subject of the discourse was one of the men whose

cruelties and whose ambition are inseparably connected with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; a man whom the Count de Grammont describes as a 'polecat, which, after having just killed some fowl, goes on licking its bloody snout?'

The sermon which Bossuet pronounced when the unfortunate Duchess de la Vallière took the veil, may be classed amongst the funeral orations. It was delivered to inaugurate the conversion of a lady who, after having too long lived for the world, was about to bid it an eternal adieu, and to weep in solitude over the sins she had committed. However constant in his admiration of Louis XIV., however devoted to that Monarch, the Prelate had never hesitated to blame him openly for the flagrant immorality of his conduct; but, on the contrary, had denounced it on more than one occasion from the pulpit in the most uncompromising manner. The discourse we are now alluding to is a fine instance of Bossuet's faithfulness in that respect: together with Bourdaloue, the Abbé de Rancé, and another ecclesiastic, he endeavoured to confirm the Duchess de la Vallière in the good resolutions she had formed, and completely succeeded. Under the name of Sœur Louise de La Miséricorde, the fair penitent pronounced her vows at the monastery of the Carmelite Nuns, saying to the Lady Superior, 'My mother, I have, during my whole life, made so bad a use of my own will, that I come to give it up to you, with the firm intention of never taking it back again.'

It is rather curious that the celebrated devotional work written by the Duchess de la Vallière under the title, *Réflexions sur la Miséricorde de Dieu*, was corrected and annotated by Bossuet. A copy of the edition of 1688, recently discovered in the Library of the Louvre, is full of the marginal emendations of the Prelate; and as it has been published by the care of a young *littérateur*, M. Romain-Cornut, we can fully estimate all the liberties which the director of the lady's conscience has taken with the original text. They are extremely important, proving, on the one hand, how genuine, how scriptural, was the faith of Madame de la Vallière; and on the other, how anxious Bossuet was to tame down every expression to the insipid and false tone of Roman Catholicism. Madame de la Vallière's language is that of a penitent who has derived her consolation and her hope from the study of the Scriptures; Bossuet's corrections are those of a Priest.

The Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., was growing out of childhood, and it was time to provide for his education. Already, in 1688, the well known poet Chapelain, still considered as the great literary character of the age, had been thought of as a governor for the young man, and the situation, it seems, was actually offered to him. Bossuet, however, was ultimately appointed in 1670, and he accepted the difficult task of bringing up the Prince whose

destiny it was, according to all human probability, to rule one day over a great and powerful nation. We know how all these hopes were dashed to the ground by the hand of God. In the meanwhile, Bossuet entered upon his new and arduous duties with the full consciousness of the responsibility they entailed; and in order to devote himself to them the more exclusively, he resigned the bishopric of Condom, receiving only by way of indemnification the value of a small benefice.

With this part of Bossuet's life several works are connected, which were written especially for the young Dauphin's use, and which claim a short notice. The first we would mention is an elementary treatise on natural theology,* and a compendium of logic.† Here we see Bossuet in a new light, as a disciple of Descartes, and an intelligent admirer of a system of philosophy which had completely, at that time, supplanted scholasticism. With the exception of the Jesuits, the whole of French society during the seventeenth century was Cartesian. Madame de Sévigné studied the *Discours de la Méthode*; La Fontaine discussed the 'vortices' in his fables; and it is reported that the ladies of the Court subjected cats and dogs to very hard usage, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were mere automata or not. Cautious as he always was, Bossuet never openly professed, except before intimate friends, his sympathy with Cartesianism; but all his writings exhibit traces of that doctrine, and they are particularly stamped on every page of the *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu*.

The *Politique tirée des propres Paroles de l'Ecriture Sainte*, is the panegyric of absolutism. Strongly imbued with the principle of authority, the favourite adviser of a Monarch whose power was without control, Bossuet could not conceive that any thing should limit the ruler's authority, except what he styles 'the fundamental laws of the State.' But even if such a supposition were admitted, we must first settle whence these fundamental laws are to proceed. The *Politique* was left incomplete by the author. M. Poujoulat says,‡ that 'absolutism was not disagreeable to Bossuet:' the mildness of this expression is really quite amusing. Absolutism, we would say, was the very life and soul of France during the seventeenth century: a handful of despots, both great and small, on the one side; and a nation of submissive slaves on the other—such was France. When the King said to his courtiers, *Messieurs, j'ai failli attendre*, he not only expressed his impatience of every restraint, but taught the same courtiers how to be impatient and overbearing to those below them. The worship of tyranny keeps always, in Bossuet's writings, within the bounds of dignity and good grace; in the productions of inferior men it becomes grotesque and disgusting. M. Poujoulat tells

* *Introduction à la Philosophie*. 8vo. 1722.

† *Traité de Logique*, first published in 1827.

‡ *Lettre III.*, p. 109.

us* that 'Bossuet's idea of royalty is always inseparable from law and justice.' This is very true; and if mankind, instead of being in a state of probation here, were in that perfect condition which is the expectation of Christ's militant Church, the Prelate's scheme of government would be the most desirable: but things are not so, and as long as the present dispensation lasts, absolute rulers, whether they be Kings, Proconsuls, or Dictators, will always be more generally after the pattern of Robespierre or of Commodus, than after that of Trajan.

We turn from the *Politique* with unfeigned satisfaction to the Discourse on Universal History,† which, unfinished as it is, is one of the most admirable *résumés* we have read on the period of time which it embraces. Never was the idea of God in history so beautifully, so forcibly set forth, as in that masterly production. In order to appreciate it rightly, and to estimate its real value, the reader must compare it with other works on the same subject which appeared during the eighteenth century. Bossuet sees everywhere the hand of the Almighty; Voltaire, in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, explains, or attempts to explain, the succession of events by the intervention of a blind chance. Montesquieu's work on the greatness and decay of the Roman Empire deserves more to be placed on a parallel with the eloquent abstract of the Bishop of Condom; and the following excellent critique of a great contemporary writer ‡ will show how far the Prelate and the philosopher agreed in their interpretation of the great laws of history:—

'Montesquieu had especially for his rival and predecessor the great Bossuet, who, in his "Universal History," treated this subject in a few pages. Bossuet examines with rare sagacity the influence of institutions on events; he puts, so to speak, Providence at the head of history. He is the first philosophic historian; and although, in several respects, Montesquieu was his superior, we must not forget that Bossuet preceded him. On some points, Montesquieu repeats what he says, but as a Montesquieu alone could repeat; he reproduces, as a renovator does, by combining his own ideas with those of Bossuet; in his turn, he has the same thoughts, but conceives them in a manner peculiar to himself. Montesquieu is more particular, more complete, and more learned; while Bossuet guides us perhaps less surely, but takes a more vigorous hold of the imagination. Besides, Bossuet presents, in the first place, general reflections, and then gives us the narrative; Montesquieu makes both go side by side, and distributes his reflections as the events suggest them,—a method decidedly preferable. In point of style, both are models for study, both are the greatest in French literature.'

The portion of Bossuet's work which has given rise to the

* *Lettre III.*, p. 113.

† The first edition is in quarto, Paris, 1681.

‡ Vinet, *Histoire de la Littérature Française au XVIIIe. Siècle.*

above parallel, is the third part, the most generally admired of all. The Bishop of Meaux, by the greatness of his genius and the variety of his talents,* is equally astonishing: he was a divine, a preacher, a controversialist, a historian, a politician; all these merits combined are to be found in the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*. After the infidel reaction which took place during the last century, it was quite natural that the views of Bossuet on the philosophy of history should once more be revived; the mere consideration of the wonderful events which marked the progress of the French Revolution, would, as a matter of course, almost force upon every mind the idea of an overruling Providence, directing mankind throughout the successive unfoldings of history. Thus it is that two great publicists, Count Joseph de Maistre and M. de Saint-Martin, have added new developments to the considerations brought forward by Bossuet, and even exaggerated his theory by reducing it into the shape of a Utopian theocracy.

Le Dieu, in his Memoirs, now first published, has described very minutely the whole scheme prepared by Bossuet for the Dauphin's education. Never, we must say, was any young man brought up under more favourable circumstances; never were the duties of an educator better understood, or more thoroughly reduced to practice; and yet, when we compare the results obtained by Bossuet as tutor to the Dauphin, with those which Fénelon was favoured to see in the education of the Duke of Burgundy, we find that the difference is altogether to the advantage of the latter. This must solely be ascribed to peculiarities of temper. Bossuet, although animated by the best intentions, did not sufficiently win the confidence and the heart of his young charge: he could not unbend. It was just the reverse with Fénelon. As M. de Lamartine remarks, 'Fénelon succeeded in persuading, because he gained the affections of his pupil; he was loved, because he himself loved.' † The unruly character, the wild disposition of the Duke of Burgundy, rendered Fénelon's task unusually trying, and yet the success he obtained was complete; ‡ such is the power of firmness, when it is softened with love springing from religion.

Far be it from us, however, to disparage in the slightest degree Bossuet's merits even as pedagogue: we admire his zeal and his earnestness; we love to see him, as Le Dieu's narrative describes him to us, imparting a healthy tone to the atmosphere of Versailles; we fancy we discover him, by way of recreation, walking up and down that avenue still called *l'Allée des Philosophes*, surrounded by his friends, and commenting with them on some chapter in

* Massillon calls him 'the man of all sciences and of all talents.'—*Funeral Oration on Louis XIV.*

† *Le Civilisateur*, art. *Fénelon*.

‡ Cf. Saint-Simon's Memoirs.

the Bible, or some passage in his favourite poet, Virgil. Bossuet's talents as a writer had already for a long time marked him as one of the ornaments of French literature in an age which could boast of a Racine, a Corneille, a La Bruyère. On the 8th of June, 1671, he was received member of the *Académie Française*,—he became *un des quarante*, as the phrase is generally worded.

The period in the Prelate's life which is, perhaps, the most interesting for us, is the one which begins with his appointment to the bishopric of Meaux,—an important post to which he was promoted in 1681, after his duties had ceased as tutor to the Dauphin. This period includes the famous dispute on the subject of the *régale*, the affairs connected with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the measures taken for the suppression of Quietism. On all these points we have, most fortunately, the amplest details in the journal of the Abbé Le Dieu, just now alluded to, and in the very remarkable introduction prefixed by the learned editor, the Abbé Guettée, who has taken the opportunity of letting fly at Ultramontanism—under cover, so to say, of Bossuet's authority—a volley of well directed shafts. We shall briefly notice in succession these several points.

The right of *régale* is the one which the Kings of France had of enjoying the incomes derived from vacant benefices till the appointment of the new beneficiary, and the right also of nominating, during such vacancies, to benefices not including the cure of souls. It will be seen at once, that the great question of the distinction between the temporal power and the spiritual in ecclesiastical matters was at the very foundation of this *régale* business. At various times, consequently, violent disputes had arisen on the subject; Popes had fulminated bulls, Kings had issued decrees, and the great number of contradictory decisions given with respect to that knotty point had rendered it, as a matter of course, still more difficult of solution. Matters, however, were gradually settled. In order to avoid endless controversies, it was decided that the King should have the right of *régale* in all the benefices *ruled by the common law*, but that, at the same time, the churches, abbeys, and other ecclesiastical foundations in possession of certain privileges, should not be subjected to the obnoxious custom. These mutual concessions had been for some time acted upon by both parties, when Louis XIV., at the height of his power, resolved, in 1673, upon extending the right of *régale* to all benefices indiscriminately, and an edict was issued in consequence. Most of the Bishops submitted, and sacrificed to the King the rights of their churches; Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth, and Caulet, Bishop of Pamiers, were the only dignitaries who resisted. Being men of the most unblemished character, and of the greatest piety, their Clergy resolved to stand by them, whatever the cost might be; and they declared that no consideration would

induce them to give way. The most extraordinary circumstance, perhaps, in all this affair, is the position which the Jesuits assumed. When we want to mention men blindly determined to support the pretensions of the Papal See, the rights of the Church, and its power even in things temporal, do we not immediately think of the Jesuits? Who said that the Pope may depose Sovereigns, transfer kingdoms, and absolve subjects from their oath of fealty? Who asserted that *Papa est dominus temporalis totius orbis*? And yet, on the present occasion, because Pope Innocent XI. was favourably inclined towards the Jansenists, and because Pavillon and Caulet were both Jansenists, the Jesuits, rather than lose an opportunity of venting their savage hatred against men of piety and godliness, became Gallicans in spite of themselves, thus acting up to the maxim of Tartuffe:—

Il est avec le ciel des accommodements.

Father La Chaise, who was then, as Confessor to Louis XIV., the real Pope in France, pursued by all the means in his power the war of extermination which he had begun against the Jansenists. In order to destroy them, he would not have scrupled to do the vilest actions. This he amply proved when, the better to secure the King's long coveted *régale*, he united himself with Le Tellier, and with the Archbishop of Paris, Harlay de Champvallon, whose licentious conduct would have been a disgrace to a man in any rank of society,* much more to a Priest bound by the oath of chastity. The sight of the Jesuits joining with the law courts in maintaining the King's independence as a temporal Prince was rather a novel one; but it did not bring about that submission on which Louis XIV. had fondly reckoned. On the contrary, the spirit of opposition was fairly roused, and the affair had nearly assumed all the proportions of a regular schism, when the Assembly of the Clergy, or the Convocation, as we should call it, met in 1682, and Bossuet interfered between the conflicting parties, to accomplish a reconciliation, if possible. In point of doctrine, the Bishop of Meaux was inclined towards the anti-regalists; and he had no doubt that Pavillon and Caulet were actuated by a sincere desire for the good of the Church. For the same reason he could hardly conceal his dislike both of Father La Chaise, and of the infamous Harlay. On the other hand, he was no less strongly decided on maintaining the independence of the French Church from the temporal rule of the Pope. He therefore endeavoured to persuade the Clergy to adopt a middle course; and by making some concessions to the Court of Rome, he succeeded in carrying the adoption of four propositions, which have ever since been deemed the Magna Charta of Gallicanism. These four propo-

* La Bruyère has given an amusing description of him in his *Caractères*.

sitions, decisive against the infallibility of the Pope, and against his pretensions over the temporalities of foreign Churches, constitute what is called in France, *la Déclaration de 1682*. Bossuet's celebrated sermon on the unity of the Church was pronounced at the opening of this Assembly. It had, no doubt, a great part, on account of the author's character, in allaying the irritation which existed especially in the dioceses of Aleth and of Pamiers; but the Pope was as unyielding as ever, and it was only during the government of Innocent XII. that a conciliation took place.

Whilst matters were thus, within the very pale of the Romish Church, testifying loudly against that boasted unity which it claims exclusively to possess, the Protestants had gradually lost not only all their privileges as a religious community, but even their civic rights; and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the mere declaration of an act of despotism, which had long before received its full accomplishment. M. l'Abbé Guettée, who very freely denounces it as a deed which deserves to be held in reprobation, and who acknowledges that most of the converts to Catholicism had changed their religion 'perhaps as much to please the King as from conviction,'*—M. l'Abbé Guettée is frank enough to confess that Bossuet approved of the Revocation, and had a share in drawing up the fatal deed. Writing to one of the refugees, the Prelate expressed himself thus:—

'In your letter to Mademoiselle V. you say, that the true Church does not persecute. Now, Sir, what is your meaning? Do you wish to state that the Church, *per se*, never employs compulsion? This is quite true; for the weapons of the Church are only spiritual. Do you, on the other hand, venture to affirm, that the Princes, who are the sons of the Church, should never make use of the sword which God has placed in their hand to destroy His enemies? But this would be a bold assertion, considering that your own Doctors have maintained in a number of writings that the Republic of Geneva was not only right, but bound in duty to condemn Servetus to the stake for having denied the Divinity of the Son of God. Now, without using the example and the authority of your Doctors, tell me in what part of Scripture heretics and schismatics are excepted from the number of those evil-doers, against whom Saint Paul has said that Princes have been armed by God? and supposing even you did not allow Christian Princes the right of avenging such great crimes as being offensive to God, must they not punish them as sowing strifes and seditions in their States?'

M. l'Abbé Guettée very truly says, that the maxims of persecution were advocated, during the seventeenth century, quite as much by Protestants as by Catholics; and that Bossuet, in supporting them also, was only adhering to the opinion of the majority. This we are quite willing to admit; but we regret, with

* Introduction, p. cxii.

M. Guettée, that the Bishop of Meaux did not see the danger of such an opinion, which raises the temporal power to the false position of a judge in things spiritual. We gladly add, at the same time, that Bossuet, in his intercourse with the Protestants of his diocese, acted against the spirit of the edict, and declined to disgrace himself by those deeds of cruelty which have marked for ever with the stigma of infamy the names of Montrevel and Lamoignon de Basville.

But, if the worthy editor of *Le Dieu's* journal so nobly disclaims the principles of persecution,—which have never advanced the cause of religion, though often employed to further it,—it is curious to see M. Poujoulat furbishing up again the stale, worn-out arguments retailed against Protestantism, and justifying, although in an indirect manner, the *dragonnades*, by describing the persecuted Huguenots as political revolutionists, and tracing back *sans-culottism* to Calvin. We thought that the day had passed, when people could bring forth so silly a piece of sophistry; but, on turning to the author of the *Lettres sur Bossuet*, we find a paragraph headed, 'Immense damage done to European civilization by Protestantism; proofs and development of this proposition.' These proofs, to be sure, are gratuitous assumptions; the development consists of assertions which M. Poujoulat never stops to demonstrate. Discovering, as well he may, that France and all Catholic countries are in a state of decay, instead of concluding that political and moral degradation follows close on the footsteps of Popery, he exclaims, 'Give us more Catholicism, and you will renovate us entirely.' This is precisely M. de Montalembert's opinion; only his experience of English life has prevented the noble Count from giving way to Ultramontane prejudice quite so much as M. Poujoulat. The author of the pamphlet on 'The Political Destiny of England,' has the good grace to acknowledge that Protestantism does not lead to *sans-culottism*; but he wants to apply to a flourishing and prosperous country Catholicism as an additional element of happiness; he cannot 'leave well alone.' Suppose a person in perfect health allowing himself to be dosed with 'Old Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla,'—suppose Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* bent upon running up long bills with M. Purgon or M. Diafoirus,—and you have the perfect representation of what England would be, if it would *only* take Count Montalembert's advice; Cardinal Wiseman being M. Diafoirus, and the Immaculate Conception performing the duties of the universal restorative. Count Montalembert is more illogical than prejudiced; M. Poujoulat is both inveterately prejudiced, and, we are afraid, even wilfully unfair; for M. l'Abbé Guettée has convicted him of some strange inaccuracies; and although professing to give us a full-length of Bossuet from *every* point of view, he has carefully avoided describing the part the Prelate took in the affair of the Four

Propositions, lest, we suppose, he should give offence to M. Louis Veuillot, and to the *Univers Religieux*. M. Poujoulat is rather unfortunate in his apologies for Romanism. 'You complain,' says he, 'that amongst us there are no men who think for themselves. Why, what do you think of Descartes, Pascal, and Bossuet?' We have only one answer to make to this bravado. Descartes was deemed by the Jesuits little better than a heretic; Pascal's works are on the *Index Expurgatorius*; and, as for Bossuet, ask our modern Ultramontanists what their opinion of him is.

When despotism is carried to a pitch such as the one it reached under Louis XIV., a reaction is sure to take place; and the supporters of arbitrary power pave the way for the introduction of those very principles of rebellion and of licentiousness, which it was their aim to put down. Thus we account for the dispute which took place between Bossuet and Jurieu, and which suggested to the Prelate the *Avertissements aux Protestants*, six in number, generally printed as a sequel to the *Histoire des Variations*. The origin of this discussion was Bayle's *Commentaire Philosophique*, a work in which, under pretence of commenting on the words of the parable of the marriage-feast, *Constrain them to come in*, the philosopher enforced in the most eloquent manner the great principles of religious liberty; extending them to all forms of creed, and to every shade of religious opinions, Pagans included. On reading this extraordinary book, Bossuet exclaimed, 'The glory of Protestantism is given up to Socinians.' Thereupon Jurieu, who had always been jealous of Bayle's influence, and whose irritability of temper carried him generally beyond all the boundaries of prudence, launched forth a severe pamphlet, in which he endeavoured to prove that the temporal power has the right of control in religious questions, and that absolute freedom of conscience is incompatible with the safety of the body politic. This was sanctioning all the measures taken by the Government of Louis XIV. against the Protestants of France, and legalizing, so to say, the *Dragonnades*. There never was a man so hesitating, so irresolute as Jurieu; a man so thoroughly led about by his impulses, and enslaved by prejudice. We have seen him advocating tyranny almost as zealously as Father La Chaise, merely out of spite against Bayle; for the same reason, when the *Avis aux Réfugiés*, written probably by the same author, exposed the inconsiderate behaviour of some of the persecuted Huguenots, and denounced their schemes for the ruin of their native country, Jurieu took up a diametrically opposite position to the one he had assumed before, and showed himself nearly as much a supporter of the sovereignty of the people as Milton. What a handle for Bossuet, and how the Prelate evidently exults in exhibiting Jurieu's inconsistencies in the broad daylight! His triumph, however, was easy; for, as M. de

Barante remarks, Jurieu must by no means be considered as the organ of the Protestant refugees, and very few amongst them, if any, were prepared to endorse his ravings.

The constant labours of Bossuet in the field of controversy had identified him, so to say, with Catholicism. He was considered by all as the ablest representative of the old religion; and when, about 1690, a plan was set on foot to reconcile the Lutherans with the Romish Church, the Bishop of Meaux was applied to as negotiator. The preliminary correspondence on the subject had been carried on by the Bishop of Neustadt, the learned divine, Molanus; the Court of Brunswick, apparently interested in the proposed scheme, prevailed upon Leibnitz also to communicate with Bossuet. The Lutheran Prelate had already proposed, as a basis for the discussion, Bossuet's *Exposition de la Foi Catholique*; and he had conceded a certain number of points, considered, however, as insufficient by the Catholic Doctors, when Leibnitz stepped forward as one of the disputants. He expressed most decidedly his wish that the projected reunion might be accomplished through the means of France. A Lutheran by birth and profession, he declared that he deemed himself as a Catholic, and based this profession on principles which guided him throughout the whole of this controversy.

'You are right, Madam,' says Leibnitz, in a letter, 'in thinking me a Catholic in heart; I am even one openly: for obstinacy alone makes the heretic; and, thanks to God, this is a fault of which my conscience does not accuse me. The external communion with the Church of Rome is not the essence of Catholicism; otherwise those who are unjustly excommunicated would cease from being Catholics in spite of themselves, and independently of any fault of theirs. Charity is the true and essential communion which makes us belong to the body of Jesus Christ. Those are really schismatics who keep up a state of schism by their own fault, by putting in the way of reconciliation obstructions contrary to the law of charity. On the other hand, the men who are ready to do all in their power towards maintaining external communion, are Catholics in reality. Such principles cannot but be everywhere adopted.'

This letter, shown to Bossuet, was the beginning of a long correspondence which, interrupted, then resumed, and at last finally dropped, produced no result. Bossuet's editors and biographers have been very unfair towards Leibnitz; they accuse him of interfering with the negotiation conducted by Molanus, lest the Lutheran Bishop should be led to carry his concessions too far; they say, in short, that he did all he could to render the plan of reunion impossible, by imposing unacceptable conditions: nothing is more contrary to the plain truth.

Leibnitz accepted, without difficulty, Catholicism such as it

appears in Bossuet's writings. He went even so far as to say, that he had no objection to Catholic Church-government with all its hierarchy: the only point upon which he insisted, and very justly too, was a positive pledge that abuses should be removed, and that, if the Lutherans were once admitted into communion with the Church, no other worship should be required from them, except the worship in spirit and in truth, which constituted, in the eyes of Leibnitz, the essence of religion. Consequently he expressed himself strongly for the calling of a General Council, as he did not believe that the Tridentine Synod, besides being too much imbued with the Italian spirit, had all the features of œcumenism. 'It is certain,' he said, in a letter to the Landgrave of Hesse Rheinfelds, "that in the Romish Church itself there are controversies quite as great as those which divide the Romanist from certain Protestant communities: therefore, if both parties would only listen to reason, and refer the settling of such disputes to a future Council really œcumenic, reforming, in the meanwhile, the abuses acknowledged by intelligent and pious persons, nothing would prevent the reunion from taking place at once.' Leibnitz sought cleverly to bring Bossuet over to his opinion, by reminding him that the Gallican Church had not admitted the principle of infallibility in the sense adopted by the Council; but the Bishop of Meaux would listen to no objection directed against the resolutions passed at Trent; for him they were authoritative, and that was sufficient; no consideration in the world would have induced him to call in question that basis of the Catholic faith. He maintained that the Protestants should return to the Church in the spirit of humility and of deep submission, trusting to the goodwill and the wisdom of the Church for the reformation of abuses. What could Leibnitz say? Merely that he wished every diocese in Christendom was governed by a Bishop as holy and as great as Bossuet! But he very wisely added, that the Protestants would be indeed foolish if they allowed themselves to be deceived on that point. The unprejudiced reader cannot, we think, but agree that the distrust expressed by Leibnitz was not excessive; he persisted in requiring that the authority of the Council of Trent should not be binding upon Protestants. How could this be called an unjustifiable piece of obstinacy? Bossuet, however, would not allow the slightest particle of Protestantism to creep into the Church; and this resolution, after having prevented the bringing about of the reunion proposed by Bishop Molanus, must still be an insuperable obstacle to any similar scheme.

Leibnitz was quite right when he said that the Catholic Church, on many points, is not at unity with itself. We have already seen an instance of this in the disputes on the *Régale* business. The curious facts connected with Quietism, to which we must now allude, will further illustrate this in the most ample

manner, and exhibit to us besides the sad spectacle of two of the greatest men of their age, Bossuet and Fénelon, at variance with each other; more than that, having become bitter enemies, in their anxiety to stand by the religious principles they severally had adopted. Madame Guyon, whose doctrines had already been gaining ground, and who was endeavouring to spread the form of mysticism introduced by Molinos, and condemned by Pope Innocent XI.,—Madame Guyon, through the Duke of Beauvilliers, had become acquainted with Fénelon. This Prelate was naturally inclined to the contemplative sort of piety which springs more from the heart than from the understanding. He eagerly adopted the views of the lady, and a kind of sect was soon organized at Court, of which the Dukes de Beauvilliers and De Chevreuse, Fénelon and Madame Guyon, were the principal leaders. Madame de Maintenon, at first gained over likewise, had introduced Madame Guyon into the house of St. Cyr, and thus given a sort of official sanction to the doctrines of Molinos. The Bishop of Chartres, in whose diocese the establishment was, soon perceived what would be the consequences of allowing an exalted, quintessentiated form of mysticism to spread through a community of young girls. He warned Madame de Maintenon; and this lady accordingly desired that Madame Guyon's works and opinions should be examined by a committee composed of Bossuet, M. de Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, and Tronson, Superior of the ecclesiastical College of Saint Sulpice. Fénelon had openly taken Madame Guyon's part; he was therefore quite as much on his trial as the fair disciple of Molinos: but he expressly declared that he would abide by the decision of the examiners, especially that of Bossuet; and, as a reward for his submission, Madame de Maintenon secured his nomination to the archbishopric of Cambrai. This appointment was a heavy blow for Fénelon's party; the important diocese of Paris was just vacant, and they had confidently expected that their leader would be nominated to it. Such a position would have given him the greatest influence, and enabled him to propagate with absolute success Madame Guyon's doctrine. The disappointment was general; and the Countess de Guiche, amongst many others, is said to have been so mortified, that she could not conceal her tears. In order to secure by other means the authority which his nomination to the see of Cambrai could not give him, Fénelon courted the Jesuits, openly acknowledged his sympathy for them, and did his utmost to conciliate men whose power at Court was then without control.

The result of the conference held at Issy proved null; Madame Guyon persevered in promulgating the principles of Molinos, and Quietism seemed to spread more rapidly than ever. Exasperated at Fénelon's questionable behaviour, and at the determination with which he supported the condemned doctrines, after having

promised to yield to the decision of the examiners, Bossuet prepared his celebrated *Instructions sur les Etats d'Oraison*. Fénelon, however, was ready beforehand; he refused to approve the work of the Bishop of Meaux, and published in support of his opinions the well-known volume containing the maxims of the saints on the spiritual life. He managed so cleverly, that his apology was the first to appear. The scandal became immense; it seemed necessary to institute an appeal to the Court of Rome; Madame Guyon was arrested, Fénelon exiled in his diocese, and the Pope requested to pronounce judgment on a case respecting which there could hardly be any difficulty. The Archbishop of Cambray was condemned.

The atmosphere of debate and controversy is so opposite to the Christian character, that it affects even the most nicely-balanced minds, and embitters in some degree the sweetest temper. Neither Fénelon nor Bossuet was proof against this, and we have to regret that, whilst contending for what they supposed to be the truth, both combatants should have been led to employ means somewhat inconsistent with the cause they were defending. It is quite certain, that Bossuet was too fond of power, and that in the excess of his zeal he took up, as insults offered to himself, all opinions on matters of religion savouring aught of novelty. 'This,' says M. Poujoulat, 'is especially evident in the Bishop's *Relation du Quietisme*, where Madame Guyon's extravagances are so clearly exhibited, and where Bossuet causes the whole weight of these strange dreams to fall on Fénelon. But the most serious cause for complaint we have against Bossuet, is to be found in the memoir which the King wrote to the Pope, for the purpose of hastening the condemnation of Fénelon's book. It is evidently the Bishop of Meaux who speaks through the medium of Louis XIV.; and this is not worthy of a Catholic Monarch, who knows that, in a point of doctrine, the Roman Church ought to preserve all its liberty.' The verdict we have just been quoting, has been passed on Bossuet by a writer who cannot be accused of partiality against him. M. de Lamartine is still more decided. 'The Prelate's zealous ardour for the unity of faith does not excuse his cruelty as a controversialist in this dispute. Bossuet is like a Prophet; Fénelon resembles an Apostle of the Gospel: the one is nothing but terror; the other, nothing but love. Every one is proud of Bossuet's glory as a writer; *who would wish to resemble him as a man? Superior men, who never knew what charity is, have this expiation to undergo: when they are dead, they are not loved, in spite of all their glory.*'* This appreciation is severe, but it is true. At the same time, we would caution our readers against adopting all the ingenious hypotheses which M. de Lamartine gives us in his

* *Le Civilisateur*, art. Fénelon.

gallery of portraits, by way of biographical statements. The great poet too often indulges in that style of writing, of which his History of the Girondists is the earliest model, namely, colouring up facts or dressing personages for the sake of contrasts and of dramatic effect. Thus, after giving us a minute full-length of Bossuet, in which much that is true is mixed with more that is positively fanciful, M. de Lamartine exclaims, by way of conclusion, or inference: 'The soul in that great man was evidently cast into one mould, and the genius framed from another; nature had made him gentle, doctrine had hardened him.' All this is very well as an amusing antithesis, but it is not true. We may affirm, indeed, that if ever there was a character displaying uniformity and a total absence of all contrasts, it was Bossuet's. To sum up in one word our opinion of M. de Lamartine's sketch of Bossuet, and indeed of his whole collection of biographies, we would say that they too often deserve to be called, like D'Ablancourt's translations, *Les Belles Infidèles*.

In the dispute respecting Madame Guyon and her Quietist doctrines, Bossuet was much to be blamed for the asperity of his temper, and the *hauteur* he displayed against Fenelon. The Archbishop of Cambray, however, must also bear his share of blame, although M. de Lamartine takes him under his special protection. He was ambitious, fond of intrigue, and often carried the spirit of what the French call *finesse* to a degree at which it almost deserves to be called duplicity. Now this is a fault for which not even the highest intellectual gifts can compensate.

We have no wish to linger over the painful details of a controversy out of which nothing favourable arose for the interests of religion. Madame Guyon was dead; exiled in his diocese, Fénelon was concentrating all his energies in the conscientious and earnest performance of his pastoral duties. Bossuet continued to preserve his position as the head of the Gallican Church, and his occasional presence at Court was a wholesome check on the ambition of the Jesuits, who had gained almost absolute authority over the mind and conscience of Louis XIV. As the weight of years increased upon him, adding to his store of experience, and enabling him to judge more correctly of life and all its realities, he appears to have devoted the greater part of his time to the administration of his diocese. 'His door,' says D'Alembert, 'was always open to the unfortunate, who sought from him instruction, consolation, or relief; never were they driven away by this answer, which another Prelate of very studious habits used to send to them, "My Lord is studying." The study of the Gospel, which this learned Prelate ought to have preferred to all others, had taught Bossuet that for him who is to preach the God of mercy and of justice, it is a constant obligation to open his arms to those who suffer, and to wipe away their tears.' Bossuet died on the 12th of April, 1704.

For those who wish to scrutinize in all its details the life of this great man, there is now no lack of documentary evidence : that clerical Boswell, l'Abbé Le Dieu, especially, will enable the reader to know, almost day by day, what the Bishop of Meaux did, said, and wrote at Paris, at Versailles, or at Germigny, since the month of December, 1699. We have the most minute circumstances duly chronicled ; and, in spite of the prolixity of a journal such as this, we must say, that we wish it was not confined to merely the last five years in Bossuet's life : for if memoranda like the present are deficient in artistic skill, and fail to please as literary compositions, we must not forget that they form the quarry from which the historian is obliged to draw his materials.

But without entering further into details of a biographical nature, we shall now endeavour, in closing this sketch, to ascertain some of the causes of Bossuet's extraordinary influence during the seventeenth century, and of the authority which he still enjoys amongst his countrymen, in questions connected both with religion and with the conduct of life in general. M. Vinet, describing the character of Voltaire, and comparing him to Bossuet,* will enable us to ascertain these causes. The first was certainly *his activity*.

'In certain circumstances,' says the Lausanne critic, 'a single great work is sufficient ; but, in general, popularity and immediate and universal influence are only secured by continued labours and constant writing. If a man would reign everywhere, he must be everywhere, he must have intellectually the gift of ubiquity.....Bossuet wrote less, indeed, but each of the blows which he dealt sounded far and wide, and produced a continued uproar : in the life of Voltaire scarcely a month passes without a new work giving notice, like the cries uttered by the sentinels of a camp, or the guards placed on watch-towers, that the champion of the new doctrines had not allowed himself to be surprised by sleep. Shut up in the citadel of the Church, which covers and protects a whole political and social system, Bossuet appears, at the proper time, at all the points of attack. Voltaire, the invader, spreads himself, if I may so say, in all directions, occupies every post, or, twenty times abandoning each position, twenty times attacks and retakes it. Both augment their forces by the extent and number of their connexions. Voltaire has acquaintances of every description ; those of Bossuet are uniformly weighty and serious ; but, at all events, neither is merely a writer. They interfere, they use their influence, by personal intercourse ; the one, indeed, always *ex officio*, and with the character of authority ; the other, as a private individual, and by way of insinuation.'

Common sense is another strongly marked feature in Bossuet's character, and it is a feature which Voltaire had also in a very high degree.

* *Histoire de la Littérature Française au XVIIIe. Siècle*, vol. i., p. 35, et seq.

'The Catholicism of Bossuet, contemplated in its opposition to everything which is not itself, is habitually armed with common sense against the most part of its adversaries; and we must not forget that unbelief or Atheism was not amongst the enemies which Bossuet had to cope with; against them common sense would not have been sufficient. But against Quietism, against Ultramontaniam, and even, or perhaps especially, against Protestantism, no weapon was better chosen,—at least, if a man wished to be popular; and in a certain sense Bossuet wished to be so. The same weapon, passing from the hands of the Bishop into those of the philosopher, dealt terrible blows against Christianity and every form of religion. Voltaire, in another point of view, and with other intentions than Bossuet, is the apostle of common sense, with this difference only, that common sense is not for Bossuet what it is for Voltaire, the measure of everything.'—*Vinet*, pp. 38, 39.

When a man aims at influencing, for practical purposes, the mind of his contemporaries, and at teaching them how to live, his writings will never exhibit any longing for effect, any desire for reputation as an artist; the truths which he states, and the conviction with which he states them, will produce that result as a matter of course. This fact, which M. Cousin has illustrated so forcibly,* was pre-eminently conspicuous in Bossuet. Literature and literary reputation for Bossuet were simply means; and it was only incidentally that he became the first prose writer of his day. If eloquence be merely the art of affecting the mind and of mastering the will, then both Voltaire and Bossuet were eloquent; but if eloquence, as we delight to believe, be the power of making eternal truth, the consciousness of justice, and the feeling of what is Divine, re-echo in the human heart, Voltaire, the prince of irony, and the priest of common sense, is rarely eloquent.

Between the Reformation accomplished by the sixteenth century and the Revolution which was the work of the eighteenth, a theocratical reaction took place, of which Bossuet must be considered the most complete embodiment.

'The religion of theocracy, confined within limits, but within limits which the harmony between the Priesthood and the Monarchy concealed, appeared calm and majestic during the brilliant years of the reign of Louis XIV., and it gained for itself, not only approbation, but general interest. The seventeenth century was eminently ecclesiastical, as ours, perhaps, is eminently social and political. In the age of Louis XIV., religion was the pre-occupation, the conversation, and—shall we say?—the amusement of every body; and the Assemblies of the Clergy at that time excited a curiosity as lively and as general as at the present day the deliberations of political bodies, the contests of the tribune, and the clashing of parties.'—*Vinet*, pp. 41, 42.

Here, also, we find a reason for Bossuet's popularity,—Bossuet,

* *Jacqueline Pascal*, Preface.

the moderator of those Church Assemblies, the interpreter of their wishes, the calm but subtle *ductor dubitantium* amidst all the difficulties which party spirit could suggest, or mistaken enthusiasm propound.

A few years ago, the name of Pascal, sounding once more in the midst of a society eaten up by scepticism, roused many from their spiritual slumber, and caused them to examine and discuss some of the solemn problems which bear upon eternity. It is the name of Bossuet now which is the *cri de guerre* on the other side of the Channel; and at a time when the leprosy of Ultramontaniam seems to be gaining ground, and eating up the very vitals of civilization, the Gallican Church is once more gathering round its old champion, and seeking, by the study of his life, his works, and his character, to imbibe some of the spirit which, in the year 1682, presided over the Assembly of the Clergy. Instead of adopting as their religious theory a creed which professes to be a compromise between Protestantism and Jesuitism, we wish that our Gallican friends would turn to the Gospel at once. If the philosophy of Voltaire is not the best antidote against Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises*, we think that the *Histoire des Variations*, or the *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*, are scarcely more satisfactory. At the same time, the character of Bossuet is well worth examining; and if we take a survey of the whole list of worthies which France has produced, there are very few, we believe, whose scutcheons will be found so little blemished.

ART. VI.—*Cornwall: its Mines and Miners. With Sketches of Scenery. Designed as a Popular Introduction to Metallic Mines.*
By the Author of "Our Coal and our Coal Pits: the People in them, and the Scenes around them." London: Longmans. 1855.

To trace effects to their causes has long been considered a proper object of philosophy, and numerous ardent and indefatigable students are now engaged in this pursuit. But to trace natural or commercial products to their sources is a branch of study equally legitimate, and may be called the philosophy of industrial art. Yet in how many instances do we manifest indifference and apathy to such studies! Take an example in the metal *copper*. Doubtless our readers have often observed and marvelled at the frequent and increasing adoption of *iron* in commercial works, and in the triumphs of engineering art; but probably few of them have previously been aware of the prevalence of *copper*. And yet copper is ever around you, pure or alloyed, from the copper coal-scuttle gleaming brightly in the corner of your best room, and which supplies your stove-grate with fuel,

which boils your copper tea-kettle, which fills your copper tea-urn, from which with gentle touch your fair partner draws the solvent of your green tea, which has been coloured with copper ;—to the bell which summons you to the venerable parish church or cathedral, where haply you tread upon sepulchral brasses sunk in the stones of tombs, or listen towards the brasen eagle from whose gleaming back the lessons of the day are read or mumbled. Go where you will, copper is ever presenting itself as needful and useful,—in the coinage of the realm, in copper-plates for engraving, or in copper piping and tubing, or in sheathing ships, or in calico-printing rollers, or in cocks for drawing liquids, or in moulds for confectionery, or in shapes for jellies, or in the alloys for brass and bronze ;—for guns, bells, and statues, or in a great variety of minor uses and applications, all of which are necessary or ornamental.

Seeing, then, that we have so much concern and contact with copper, and that there is so much copper in the world, and in the church, and in the city, on the earth, and on the ocean, a very appropriate question arises, namely, Where does all this copper come from? Now, in replying to this question, we shall take leave to descant as pleasantly and as profitably as may be on the subject of British mines of metal, on the mineral deposits, on the manner of extracting the minerals from the mine; and we shall add a few sketches of the men engaged in this most important department of labour. Without being drily and rigidly systematic, we shall endeavour to impart as much information as possible on topics which have very rarely been treated in a popular manner. In fact, with the exception of the volume named at the head of this article, and from which we freely borrow, there is not, as far as we know, any work pretending to be a popular introduction to mines of metal. All the other mining books we have seen bear on the commercial aspects of mining, and have a strong savour of personal aims, and a decided tendency towards the encouragement of speculation.

Of the four most important metals of commerce, iron, lead, tin, and copper, we may observe, that iron is the most widely diffused, not only of these four, but of all metals, and occurs in nearly all the rock formations from the oldest to the newest. Not only is it the most abundant of metals, but it can be more easily mined perhaps than any other, lying in stratified deposits, or in rocky beds. In this country, at least, deep and far extending mines of iron, like those of tin and copper, are unknown. Iron lies for the most part within easy reach, and is interstratified with the coal which is necessary to melt it, and the limestone which forms a flux for it. This fact has been cited as an evidence of design and benevolence in the Creator; but another collateral fact has rarely been noticed, namely, that a proportion may be observed between the relative quantities of metallic ores in the

globe, and their relative importance to mankind. Iron, the metal which is most widely diffused and the most easily accessible of all metals, is that one which is most serviceable to society, and the one in most urgent and continual demand for all kinds of purposes, and for all classes. Without this abundance and accessibleness of iron we must have lacked our present immense network of railways, our innumerable iron bridges, ponderous girders, flying arches, stable pillars, metallic roofs, tubes, wires, iron houses, churches, steamers, and floating batteries! Imagine for a moment this one metal to be scarce, mined with great difficulty, and found only in tortuous veins of thread-like size; and at once our whole commercial, social, military, naval, and architectural systems would be diminished to comparative insignificance, and we should be flung back from our present glory and grandeur into the earlier stages of imperfect civilization.

It might, indeed, seem possible to construct a scale of the metals whereon should be numbered their relative degrees of *abundance*, and then to apply to that another scale, whereon should be marked the degrees of *demand* for these metals respectively; nor is it fanciful to suppose that the degree of supply and demand would tend to coincide. Lead, which next to iron is one of the metals most in demand, is found abundantly in England, and in the secondary as well as the older rocks. The other metals are confined almost exclusively to the older rocks, (zinc being a partial exception,) and amongst these metals copper and tin are most required, and accordingly they seem to be distributed in proportionately greater abundance. Metals less useful, such as manganese, mercury, chrome, antimony, arsenic, cobalt, and bismuth, are more rare, and more difficult to procure; but the supply is about equal to the actual necessity for them. In the cases of gold, silver, and platinum, we find some interesting properties in these metals to compensate for their comparative scarcity.

Another remarkable fact connected with the natural position of the metals is, the small space of the earth's bulk and mass which they occupy when *in situ*. If all the iron now lying or standing upon our own country's soil, and floating upon the oceans, were restored to its original condition and position, we should be astonished to discover how closely and compressedly it had been packed by nature. And with relation to mineral veins, in which copper, tin, &c., are found, the minuteness of such veins in comparison with the mass of the globe is such as almost to defy any illustration. In the finest pottery we can make, we may, by means of a magnifying glass, discover numerous cracks and fissures, so small as to be impenetrable by any fluid. But these, the finest fissures, are immensely larger in proportion to the size of the piece of pottery than the mineral veins to the mass of the whole earth. Yet in these marvellously small thread-like veins (when compared with the globe) are stored up

amounts of metals not yet half exhausted, though many of them have been mined for centuries, and possibly not to be wholly exhausted even when that period arrives when 'the great globe itself' shall be finally consumed.

The peculiar beauty of inspired testimony to the Divine goodness in providing metals for man, and the accuracy of the patriarch's allusions to the earliest methods of mining, as recorded in the Book of Job, (chap. xxviii.,) are obscured by the defective rendering of the early verses in that chapter. When these verses are freely rendered and rhythmically arranged, they seem to us to be both strikingly poetical, and highly illustrative of mining:—

'Truly there is a mine for the silver,
And a place for the gold so fine:
Iron is dug up from the earth,
And the earth pours forth its copper.
Man digs into darkness,
And explores to the utmost bound
The stones of dimness and death shade;
He breaks up the veins from the matrice,
Which, unthought of and underfoot,
Are drawn forth to gleam among mankind.
The surface pours forth bread,
But the subterranean winds a fiery region.
Its stones are the sapphire's bed,
And it hides the dust of gold.
It is a path which the eagle knows not,
Nor has the eye of the vulture scann'd it,
The lion's whelp hath not track'd it,
Nor the ravening lion pounced on it.
The miner thrusts his hand on the sparry ore,
And overturns the mountains by their roots;
He cuts a channel through the rock,
And espies each precious gem;
He binds up the oozing waters,
And darts a radiance through the gloom.'

Independently of its inspired origin, the above is perhaps the earliest and most truly poetical description of mining.

Confining our attention to our own country, we find that the localities in which profitable metalliferous mines occur, are but few. Iron we have already spoken of, as much as we design to do in this paper. It is so easily mined, that the excavations made to obtain it present no particular features of interest. Lead occurs in the northern counties abundantly,—as Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham; also plentifully in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Shropshire; more sparingly in Cornwall, and in some abundance in Cardiganshire, Flintshire, and the Isle of Man. Copper is chiefly found in Cornwall and Devon, though some few productive mines have been worked elsewhere, and smaller

amounts are extracted in Wales, Anglesea, Cumberland, and Westmoreland.

A few sentences will suffice for the geological conditions of these metalliferous districts. The lead districts of the north of England and Derbyshire exhibit alternations of limestone and sandstone, with interruptions of igneous rocks. The lead districts of Cardiganshire abound in Silurian slates and grit-stones, and those of Flintshire in limestone, carbonaceous shales, and sandstones. Cornwall and Devonshire consist almost entirely of granite and clay-slate rocks. There are six principal masses of granite (including that of the Scilly Islands) occurring in Cornwall, and the range of the principal masses of this rock (including Dartmoor and the Scilly Islands) is about 24 degrees north, and 24 degrees south. In this county the clay-slate formation rests on the granite at an angle which, on the whole, varies but little from 45°.

Granite, like all the primitive rocks, is unstratified; yet in Cornwall we do find a structural form prevail in the large masses, which gives them a stratiform appearance, often prevailing for long distances, and yet wholly deceptive. In addition, there are divisional planes, or more or less perpendicular joints, which, meeting with the horizontal laminated structure previously noticed, tend to divide the granitic rocks into cubical or rectangular blocks. Near the Land's-End, the visitor might imagine that he was looking upon basaltic pillars, whereas he is truly gazing on granite only. Nowhere in England can one see such massive quadrangular columns of granite. This kind of divisibility may have led, in the course of countless ages, to the readier separation of vast granite rocks into 'tors' and huge natural obelisks; and in all probability the celebrated Rocking Stone at Trereen, near the Land's-End, has been formed by the long-continued assaults of the winds, storms, and rains, operating in the line of these natural cleavages.

Although granite is one of the very hardest rocks, there is such a thing as *soft* natural granite; and this, too, is found in Cornwall. That very rock which is the poetical type of hardness, and the practical example of it in the pavements under our feet,—that very rock is sometimes found so soft that it may be crumbled in the hand. This softness arises from the natural decomposition of some portions of the rock, and particularly of one of its constituents, felspar. Thus it becomes gradually pulverized to a 'soft growan,' as the Cornishmen say. This change becomes very striking where you find hard mineral veins (as at St. Austell's Hill Mines) adjoining, or the contents of joints of crystalline rock bordering upon it, and standing out in relief from amidst the decomposed granite, in which they were once included (as in Carclaze tin mine).

From this decomposing granite is largely manufactured that

useful article known as 'china clay.' The process is very simple, and consists in washing the decomposed rock in such a manner that, by the aid of a succession of tanks, the heavier and useless particles of the constituents of the granite may fall from the water in which they were held mechanically suspended, or forced forward by its velocity. In the issue the fine particles, chiefly consisting of decomposed felspar, are carried onward, and allowed to settle quietly in other tanks. The water being removed from these, and the sediment partly dried, it is conveyed to suitable buildings, where the drying is completed.

By a succession of falls and catchpits, the clay can often be obtained so as to be cut into cubical masses of about one foot wide: these are carried to a building through which the air can freely pass, and where the lumps can be thoroughly dried for the market. But this drying by the natural process, after due preparation, often requires a period of six or eight months. A machine, therefore, has been recently invented and employed, which greatly accelerates the drying of the clay. It resembles a large clothes-horse, such as most of us are familiar with on washing-days. The lumps of clay are placed in compartments of this machine, and the whole is then rotated with great velocity. The water is thus thrown off by centrifugal force, and two tons of clay can be dried in five minutes. The same principle has been introduced in drying manufactured sugar. This china clay is an important article of Cornish commerce, as more than £200,000 is annually spent in the county in obtaining and preparing it. The average annual export of this article from Cornwall may be taken at about 80,000 tons. Large quantities are shipped for the Worcestershire china manufactories.

How remarkable is it that the best types of firmness and fragility should be found in the same stone! This is one of the unnoticed curiosities of geology and art. Here in Cornwall we have huge pillars and masses of granite which seem unchangeable and unimpressible. Once, however, in the remotest ages of this earth's history, it was glowing in the furnace of primeval heat: gradually it cooled into as hard a rock as nature commonly affords us. The immense billows of the Atlantic have been for ages beating upon it without effect. Under our feet tens of thousands of mankind may daily tread upon it, and yet wear it but little away. Years of travel over it only render it smooth and glistening. Halls, mansions, club-houses, and palaces are constructed of it, and it endures unmarked by Time's devouring tooth. You say, 'This is adamant indeed, as poets have conceived it;' but what is that elegant cup from which you are sipping your tea? It is a cup of Worcestershire china,—fine, and almost translucent. Well, it is composed, in great part, of the soft ruins of that very granite whose endurance is typical and proverbial. Wondrous is this change! We have been

walking through, and talking about, and gazing upon blocks of granite of unreckoned antiquity. Ten thousand years, it may be, have only scooped out one hollow in that big mass of rock; and yet here we have before us a simple tea-cup in tea-service, which could not have been that elegant, delicate, fragile thing which you see it is, but for granite, tender, crumbling, and clayey, and made so by the very hand of nature,—the hand which has scattered around us those innumerable and immovable pillars which seem to stand up as the only lasting monuments of primeval antiquity!

The exportation of granite from Cornwall is a considerable item of trade; for in 1852–3 the granite exported from all parts of the county exceeded 30,000 tons.

Having thus noticed the chief geological features of the prevailing rocks of Cornwall, we proceed to speak more particularly of the mineral deposits. Misconceptions are very prevalent as to the natural condition of metallic ores. Instead of lying in the ground in compact and regular masses, the great bulk of them constitutes a most heterogeneous mixture, in which the really valuable metal exists only in a small proportion, chemically combined with one or more mineralizing substances, (the most important of which are oxygen and sulphur,) and entirely intermixed with sparry and earthy matter and ores of inferior metal. Thus, in the separation of metals from their foreign accompaniments, we have to remove two classes of admixtures; one, the mineralizing substances just spoken of as existing in chemical combination with the metals; and the other, those earthy impurities which exist only in mechanical combination with the metals. Some metals lie in beds, and in stratified deposits, as iron, in the form of clay-ironstone. To extract these, large open pits, like coal-pits, only are necessary. Others lie in masses, termed ‘pipe-veins’ by miners, as is often the case with lead. These veins form an irregular branching cavity, descending either vertically or obliquely into the rock, and filled up with metalliferous matter.

Fragmentary deposits are found associated with, and forming part of, many of the loose superficial beds of mud and gravel, which occur in the valleys of mineral districts, consisting of the detritus of neighbouring mountains, which has been washed down at remote geological periods. The mineral substances found in these deposits may be regarded as having been originally derived from veins or beds in the vicinity, and are not, in most cases, mixed up indiscriminately with the alluvial matter; for their greater specific gravity has occasioned them to be deposited in distinct layers, usually towards the bottom of the mass. Gold and tin are the metals which most frequently occur in deposits of this kind. The tin thus occurring in Cornwall is termed ‘stream tin,’ and is either

met with in a pulverized sandy state, in separate stones called 'shodes,' or in a continued course of stones, which are sometimes found together in large numbers, and occur at depths varying from one to fifty feet. This course is a 'stream;' and when it produced a large quantity of ore, it was termed, in an old Cornish word, (*beauheyl*,) a 'living stream.' In the same figurative style, when the stone was but lightly impregnated with tin, it was said to be 'just alive;' when it contained no metal, it was 'dead;' and the heaps of rubbish around a mine are now commonly called 'deads.' As the meeting of rivers makes a flood, so the meeting of 'tin streams' makes a rich 'floor of tin.' The working of this tin is called a 'stream work,' and traces of stream works are to be seen from Dartmoor to the Land's End. The largest works of recent years are carried on at Carnon, near Falmouth, where a long line of stream works extends down the valley. The 'tin ground' consists of varying thicknesses of rounded masses of tin ore, in some cases unmingled with other substances, in others formed in a mass of simple minerals, together with rounded pieces of granite, slate, &c. Above this tin ground lie light beds of sand, and silt, and shells, in one of which have been found several branches and trunks of trees, some of which bore evident marks of being cut with an axe. With these were intermingled horns, and bones of stags, and *some human skulls*. It would seem as if vast accumulations of tin must have been formerly worked out by streaming, that is, by washing out the tin grains by a succession of washings; and the 'old men' (as ancient miners are termed in Cornwall) must have reaped a rich reward. At present little is secured by washing the tin grounds; although, as the labour is lighter and cheaper than other mining labour, many persons here and there continue to stream for tin, even in old grounds which are nearly exhausted.

Mineral veins, in the strict sense, are different from any of the other deposits. It would be difficult to afford an unexceptionable definition of a mineral vein: we adopt, however, the language of a Cornish man, and say that a vein is a portion of the rock highly inclined, of no great thickness, (a very variable particular,) more or less filled with metals and ores. It has commonly one prevailing direction, subject to slight irregularities and curvatures, as well in length as in depth. The veins traverse granite, clay, slate, and porphyritic rocks (*elvans*) indiscriminately, and almost always without other interruptions than those which may take place from their interferences with each other, and with other and non-metallic veins, called locally 'cross courses,' &c. Metallic veins invariably throw off into the containing rock 'shoots,' 'strings,' and 'branches;' often in such abundance, that instead of one main vein, called a 'champion lode,' the whole is an irregular net-

work of veins. It is not at all certain that the same vein has ever been traced for more than a mile in length. Very often the vein first discovered dwindles to a mere line, whilst some of its offshoots swell out, enlarge, and rival, or even surpass, both in size and richness, the vein from which they have separated. All such veins are in Cornwall, and generally in mining language, termed 'lodes;' and therefore we shall employ this term in future.

Such is a very simple description of a lode, by way of expanded definition. Probably a general reader would form a readier conception of one, if we should request him to suppose a vast rent to take place across several miles of any district, forming a chasm, which may be either vertical, or at any inclination from the vertical, and proceeding to an unknown depth. Then let him suppose the rent to be filled with earthy matter, and to have disseminated through it some metaliferous ore; and he will have some elementary conception of a Cornish lode.

In one sense it might be said that the whole art and mystery of mining consists in the knowledge of the courses, character, conditions, and apparent caprices of mineral lodes. They form, as it were, the narrow strip of pith in the whole bulk of the tree; or they run through the dark, dull rocks in glittering streams, like the long, narrow rivers traversing the broad earth with their shining waters. Scientific miners have paid great attention to the condition of these depositories of the copper and tin of Cornwall and Devon. Mr. Henwood has made observations on them for thirty years, and has endeavoured to reduce the results to order, and to eliminate certain mineralogical *constants*. Anything like an elaborate statement of this very important branch of scientific inquiry, would not only far exceed our limits, but would perhaps overtask the patience of general readers. To those who are specially interested in mining it is evidently of the greatest moment that all researches which would tend to lessen the uncertainties of the pursuit should be continued and recorded. For others a few notices of some chief points will be sufficient.

It is at once evident that, in inquiring systematically into the conditions of lodes, we should have to consider the following as the main points of inquiry:—1. The particular character of the lodes, as to their internal structure and composition. 2. Their relation to the including rocks. 3. Their size and breadth. 4. Their 'dip' and direction. 5. Their interruptions by cross veins or cross courses. 6. Their own intersections. How difficult it is to ascertain much on such matters, may be imagined from the fact, that the lodes can seldom or never be seen at all by the light of day, and that the study of them is truly a candle-light study. Much, however, has been ascertained

by the observations of a few patient and very persevering labourers in science. We shall only glance at a few more prominent truths.

As to structure and composition, very erroneous conceptions have prevailed in reference to the metallic portions of the lodes. Instead of forming lines of metal, running throughout the whole extent of the vein, they occur in what the miners term 'bunches,' or in patches of various sizes and shapes; and the proportion which the bunches of ore bear to the unprofitable parts of the vein, is by no means so large as most persons imagine. As the discovery of these bunches is of the greatest practical consequence, a great variety of observations have been made by miners on the circumstances of their occurrence: one only is sufficiently palpable to repeat in this place, namely, that when a particular kind of earthy-brown iron ore, locally called 'gossan,' prevails, copper ore is frequently associated with it; and the instances are very rare where copper ore is found in fair quantity in a lode, unless gossan has been discovered on the back or upper part of the lode. Again, there are favourable and unfavourable gossans; and it is worthy of mention, that the recent excitement about gold in Cornwall was connected with these same ochreous oxides of iron, or gossans, which were affirmed to be frequently auriferous, and from which certain proportions of gold were lately produced (or alleged to be produced) by Berdan's machine. Most readers will remember the rise of gold-promising companies for the Cornish mines. We ourselves studied gossans, and attended the operations of Berdan's machines; but, alas! we gathered no gold. We have in our cabinet some fine gossans, which, we are told, are replete with gold: they are at the service of any one for silver!

The bunches of tin ore occur in the same mode of distribution amongst the contents of a lode as those of copper. But the ores are sometimes found very irregularly dispersed through other ores; thus, tin is found mixed with, and interspersed through, native copper, and with several varieties of that metal. Sometimes the minerals of which the lodes are composed are compact and perfectly solid; at other times they abound in cavities, which may occur in any of the ingredients, and also of any dimensions. The most abundant of the metallic contents are iron and copper pyrites in every form and proportion.

As to the relation of the lodes to containing rocks, the miners have studied with much patience the kinds of rocks in which the ores they seek are principally discovered and are most abundant. These containing rocks they term the 'country' of the lode, speaking of a portion of rock as 'a good' or 'bad country;' and when certain rocks are thought to be more favourable for the ores than others, they are termed 'kindly;' so that amongst the miners you hear much about good *country* and *kindly* rocks, or

about a kindly *killas* (slate) or a bad *country*. Miners prefer a particular kind of slate for copper, and a slate of a much duller appearance, darker colour, and harder character, for tin. As to granites, they prefer a somewhat decomposed kind, and hardness, when taken alone, is not considered a kindly quality, either as to working, or as to quantity of ore. In granite, the lodes containing tin are mostly composed of a pale greenish felspar, of a confusedly crystalline structure; and through this the tin ore is interspersed in crystalline granules as small as sand, and seldom as large as a pea. From what has been said concerning the 'country' of the lodes, we are prepared to find that in passing from one kind of rock to another, lodes frequently change their dimensions, as well as their mineral characters. For example, a lode in granite averaged two feet in breadth; but on entering the slate it rapidly declined to one inch, and did not enlarge again.

The mean size or breadth of tin lodes is about 3.06 feet, and that of copper lodes about 2.93 feet; that of a lode containing a mixture of both, is about 4.7 feet; and this greater average breadth takes place in any rock, and at any depth. It is also a general fact, that the lodes diminish in breadth in proportion to their depth. The average breadth of the lodes at less than 100 fathoms' depth is 3.97 feet; at more than 100 fathoms it is but 3.36 feet. The breadth, however, is not always a test of value; for a vein in one mine, only three inches thick, was found to be well worth working; and the veins of copper in Herland Mine did not exceed six inches in width, and eventually passed away, east and west, in mere strings scarcely thicker than paper; yet these veins yielded rich copper. In the next hill, a rich copper vein varied from 12 to 24 feet in width.

The lodes of Cornwall scarcely ever take a direction quite straight down, or, in other words, quite at a right angle with the horizon; but they almost always *dip* or incline away from that angle; and the dip is so irregular, that no straight line can be drawn through the lode itself, so as to connect distant points at different levels. The direction of the lodes differs from their *dip*; the latter being their inclination from a perpendicular line, the former their general course through the country as regards the points of the compass. Now, from the great irregularity of these mineral depositories, it might be supposed that there was no common bearing in their courses, or directions; yet when each tract of country is taken singly, there is a general approach to parallelism in the principal lodes; and, although the mean bearings of the lodes differ in the different districts, yet, upon taking the bearings of the lodes in the ten principal mining districts of Cornwall, we find the average of the directions of the whole to be 4° S. of W. The great majority of the copper lodes have an east and west direction; and the tin lodes generally run

east and west, in courses ranging from 5° to 15° S. of E. and N. of W.; in some cases due E. and W., and less frequently N. of E., and S. of W. The bearings of nearly all the important lodes in Cornwall have been accurately taken, and their remarkable similarity of direction and general parallelism is well known, and has been long admitted.

It is singular that another set of veins runs across these metallic lodes, in many parts of the county, which are therefore called 'cross courses.' As the mean of several observations, we find their direction to be 38° N. of W. Now, as in the ten principal mining districts the mean direction of the *metallic* lodes is 4° S. of W., the appellation of 'cross courses' is appropriately bestowed. These cross courses yield neither tin nor copper ores, with rare exceptions; but certain veins bearing similar directions to the cross courses, are replete with lead ores, and mostly when they are at a considerable distance from the other metallic lodes. Such veins yield by far the largest portion of lead and iron ores found in Cornwall; and nearly all the lead (*galena*) found in such cross veins is combined with silver. They have a prevailing size, and their average breadth is about 5 feet in granite, and 3·62 feet in slate.

On the intersections of lodes we must say but little here, as it is the most intricate part of the inquiry, and would demand full space and minute attention. Many attempts have been made to deduce a general law in relation to the continuance of intersected veins in the direction of the angles made by the intersection; but so much uncertainty still prevails, that it can only be stated as an opinion, that in the intersections of veins the portion thrown out is always upon the side of the obtuse angle, and the more obtuse the angle, the more considerable the out-throw. Again, the meeting of two lodes, either in depth or horizontally, is considered a sign of productiveness, more particularly where the angle at which they meet is small. Another sign of productiveness is what is proverbially called 'ore against ore.' Whenever a lode is rich, if there be another lode near it, having nearly the same direction, and in the same country, whatever be the containing rock, it is probable that the second lode will be found rich in that part which is opposite to the rich part of the first lode. It is also accepted as a truth, that lodes are generally richer near the surface than at great depths. At about 80 or 100 feet under the surface, the first traces of copper or tin are generally found: if tin be first, it is not unusual, that in the course of sinking another 80 or 100 feet all traces of tin will be lost, and copper only found; but if copper be first discovered at a like depth, instead of tin, then tin is seldom or never found below it in the same vein. There are, however, many instances of tin accompanying copper to a great depth. Another striking fact is, that nearly all the most pro-

ductive mines are found near the junction between the granite and the clay slate; and a similar statement holds true, to a great extent, of the lead mines in the stratified rocks of other districts, as far as relates to productiveness.

The foregoing are only the most prominent facts out of a multitude relating to mineral lodes. They show that there are unascertained laws which have regulated the deposition of these masses, and that persevering research may conduce to practical results in diminishing the great uncertainties of mining. Moreover, they are sufficient to afford us some idea of the origin of mineral veins,—one of the vexed questions of geologists.

At one time, the favourite theory attributed all these formations to the action of subterranean heat; but it is now admitted, by several accurate observers, that there is nothing in the condition of the containing rocks, or the ore itself, which indicates igneous action. On the contrary, many things support the view, that lodes have been slowly formed by deposits from *aqueous solution*, and that all the mineral veins were formed while the rocks enclosing them were yet below the surface of the seas. Some eminent electricians—as M. Becquerel, Mr. R. W. Fox, and others—have conceived that electricity was an active agent in the deposition and direction of metallic veins. Certain it is, that electric currents have been detected in circulation through these veins; and where these currents have been made to traverse wires, electrotypes have been formed by them; and magnetism has been induced in iron bars which those wires have surrounded. It has, however, been thought by others, that these electric currents are due to chemical action operating within the lode itself, and not to any current to which the formation of the lode could be referred. But Becquerel, Cross, and Fox, and other *savans*, have experimentally shown, that by weak electric currents artificial deposits can be formed which closely resemble natural lodes. The facts previously stated as to the direction of the Cornish lodes, seem to intimate a close connexion with magnetism. Is there not a clue to magnetic origin in the fact, that position determines, or at least regulates, the character of the mineral deposits,—one kind of mineral prevailing when the receiving fissure has been found in one direction, and another when it deviates from that line? Evidently some law of polarity has been in force in these circumstances. The investigations of Faraday into the secret influence of magnetic forces upon all matter, prove that few bodies in nature, like iron, have the power of receiving and retaining that force which occasions a north and south polarity, as in the compass needle; but that an infinitely larger number are imbued with a power which always acts at right angles to the true magnetic force. Every organic and inorganic substance belongs to one of these classes, the *magnetic* or the *diamagnetic*.

Relatively to the earth's axis, the magnetic bodies arrange themselves nearly north and south, while the diamagnetic bodies place themselves at right angles to this direction. Electric currents are known to circulate around the earth in the direction of the lines of latitude. Magnetic force is exerted at right angles to these electric currents, or along lines which deviate but little from the axial line of our planet. Now when, in recognition of these facts, we call to mind the generally east and west direction of copper and tin lodes in Cornwall and Devon; the nearly north and south direction of the cross-courses and non-metallic veins; are we not justified in associating electro-magnetic agency with at least the direction of such depositions? Yes, most probably, further study and investigation will make manifest that 'this mighty agent, which exerts its powers in the awful terrors of the thunderstorm, and which continues in action during every chemical change that takes place in an animal or a vegetable organism,—this subtle force which, over land and under ocean, passes from the scene of carnage to the isle of peace with the intelligence of sorrow or of joy, and which our manufacturers now employ in the multiplication of the beautiful and the useful in metal,—does, beyond doubt, play a most important part in the vast laboratory of the inorganic world.' Very remarkable, too, is the fact, (if we may assume it to be a fact,) that the metallic *wires* which now stretch over miles of country, and under miles of ocean, to bear the electric force in telegraphic communications, are formed from metals which, in their original and natural position in the mineral veins, transmitted currents of electricity for unknown distances, centuries before man appeared upon the earth. In all probability mineral veins were primeval electric telegraphs!

Let us now request the reader's attention to the mode of working out such a lode, when discovered and appropriated by a mining company. The form and arrangement of a mine, in a great measure, depends upon the nature of the mineral deposit to be excavated. In working such a lode or lodes as we have described, the excavations will be formed either *vertically*, in a highly inclined position, and pursued *laterally*, or, as the miner says, 'upon the course of the vein,' while the advanced points tend progressively downward. This is the reverse of coal-mining, in which the principal excavations are worked out horizontally around the bottom of the shafts. Suppose the bearing and the dip of a lode to be ascertained by sinking a few shallow pits upon it, then the lode is generally explored by sinking from the surface upon its course; and it is seldom met with at a less depth than 10 or 20 fathoms* from the surface. If a perpendicular shaft be sunk, then, at

* A fathom is the common measure in mining, and is six feet.

about 10 fathoms in depth, a horizontal gallery (a *level*) is driven by two sets of men working in opposite directions, the ores and rubbish being, for the present, raised by a simple windlass. When this gallery or level is driven about 50 fathoms, two shafts are made at either extremity for airing the mine. It is evident that this mode of excavation can be continued indefinitely, by the main (or engine) shaft being sunk deeper, and by driving similar levels at every increased depth of 10 fathoms, the shaft itself always being in advance of the lowest level. The whole mine will thus become divided into rectangular masses of 50 fathoms in length, and 10 in height; and these masses are again subdivided by small perpendicular shafts (*winzes*) of about 10 fathoms in depth. The masses thus finally subdivided are manageable working pieces, and are termed *pitches*.*

Shafts are generally timbered to about 20 or 30 feet, and sometimes all the way. Levels are about three feet wide, and six or seven feet high, and cut in the body of the vein. Shaft-sinking often requires particular skill, as in the case where a shaft must be sunk in several portions simultaneously, one beneath another, as if we had to hollow out a bamboo cane, by taking its several pieces, and, after hollowing them, fitting them together again. In such sinkings each piece of work (to save time) is commenced at different levels, and must be so accurately worked, that the different portions may, in the end, exactly coincide, and fit upon the same central line. Several instances are known where such work has been performed with precision.

If we were to adopt the most familiar illustration of a Cornish mine, we should say that the system of working so divides the ground, that a section of a great mine would appear to resemble the side of a vast wall, built up in regular courses of masonry; the perpendicular lines of the joints in the wall representing the shafts in the mine, and the horizontal lines the levels or galleries; and the stones themselves the pitches, or masses to be excavated. To illustrate, again, the difference between coal-mining and copper-mining: imagine two large windows, of many panes of glass, to be before you; one upright, and the other laid upon the ground. The upright window would represent the copper-mine, the flat window the coal-mine; the panes of glass in each case standing for the masses of mineral or fuel, and the frames for the passages or shafts of the mines.

* This term is humorously employed in the first lines of an epitaph upon a miner:—

'Here lies a digger, not of ditches,
But of tin and copper *pitches*;
He pick'd a living with his *pick*,
Until, at length, when old and sick,
He found his final *pitch*—alas!
He'll never more appear *at grass*.'

The extent to which mines are worked, as relates to space, depends, of course, upon their age and prosperity; and success has more connexion with the extent of excavation than time. The extent of excavation in one of the largest mines in Cornwall, that is, the Consolidated Mines, was as follows: The total amount of *sinking* (including *winzes*) exceeded *twelve miles* of perpendicular depth, when added together; and when the horizontal galleries were added together, they equalled *forty miles* in length. Taking a period of 20 years, (ending June, 1838,) it was estimated that about 37,330 fathoms had been driven horizontally, and about 18,000 fathoms sunk in shafts and winzes, making a total of nearly *sixty-three miles*. We have said, success is a truer measure of excavation than time; and a striking example of this is found in the history of a recent mine of great prosperity, the Devon Great Consols. When it had been at work for only five years, it was found (in 1850) that there were 5,853 fathoms, or nearly seven miles of excavation, vertical and horizontal. To show still more plainly the magnitude of such operations, we add, that about 1,000 persons were employed at this mine, and they consumed every month above 3,000 pounds of gunpowder, and 400 dozen of candles. There were six water-wheels at work, two for pumping out water, two for drawing up ore, and two for crushing ore. One of the water-wheels is 40 feet in diameter, and the water turning it is brought from a distance of two miles. By an ingenious arrangement, the water pumped up from the mines themselves is made to do duty by assisting to turn this wheel, as if the miners had expelled a foe from the mines, and committed him to the treadmill. In this extensive concern there are also several steam-engines; and yet not many years ago silence reigned over the spot, and all was inactivity.

It will be remembered that there is no natural light in the mines, and that candles are carried by each workman. The miner at work sticks his candle close against the wall of his gallery, by means of a piece of moistened clay. Each of the boys engaged in wheeling the broken ore to the shaft has a candle affixed to his wheelbarrow. The men relieve each other every six or eight hours, and continue work (with these reliefs) uninterruptedly, excepting Sundays. Notwithstanding this incessant labour, the progress of the miner in excavation is very slow. It adds greatly to our surprise at the extent of excavations above noticed, when we learn that, owing to the extreme hardness of the Cornish ground, or rock, one, two, or three feet in a week, or a few inches daily, is often the whole result of the united excavations of 20 or 30 men. In loose lodes and in clay-slate they accomplish more; but, as the lode is rarely as wide as the level or gallery, it frequently

becomes necessary to cut away the solid rock on each side. In coal-mining the progress is generally more rapid, from the softer nature of the coal *strata*. Although a mine may be thought no very promising subject for moral reflection, yet truly there is none more so, when you consider the extent of such a mine as Dolcoath Copper-mine, (one of the oldest,) which is 1,800 feet deep; and when you call to mind the wonderful industry which has been brought to bear for about a century on the enormous and hard masses of rock beneath your feet at that spot. Surely the miners below that spot must have been generations of human moles, pursuing their slow but certain advances in mysterious candle-light, blind to all the glories and the gewgaws of the upper world. While merchants were trading, crossing oceans, and compassing sea and land for gain; while armies were contending on ensanguined plains; while Kings, and Princes, and counsellors were reigning, and consulting, and plotting, and losing or triumphing; while Ministers and parties political were coming in or going out; while multitudes of idlers were only busy in killing time, and time was busy in killing the idlers; while, in fact, the whole superficial world was utterly unconscious of the existence and labours of the Dolcoath miners; *there* they were, some two or three hundred of them, 1,000 or 1,800 feet under ground, picking and hammering, blasting and breaking, tut-working and tributing, to send up copper for coinage, for tea-urns, and tea-kettles, and trinkets, for brass, and for alloys of many kinds: and they were doing all this at the rate of only a few *inches*' advance daily! Truly, a great and ancient Cornish mine, like Dolcoath, is a wonderful subterranean monument of human industry and perseverance,—a reversed pyramid, with countless chambers, and living and light-bearing mummies,—an underground palace, or workhouse, or prison, just as your imagination or your habits cause you to regard it.

Many readers will be curious respecting the depth of the Cornish mines. Some of them are very deep; for, owing to the astonishing improvements of the steam-engine in Cornwall, drainage is facilitated, and mines once stopped have been reopened and deepened; and a mass of mineral has been rendered available, which otherwise would never have been reached. Rather more than twenty years ago, Wheal Abraham Mine had reached a depth of 1,452 feet. The Consolidated Mines are 1,800 feet deep. But Tresavean Copper Mine has been gradually becoming the deepest of all the mines; and in a recent letter to the writer of this paper, Robert Were Fox, Esq., F.R.S., (the eminent electrician,) observes: 'Tresavean is now 2,112 feet under the surface, and about 1,700 feet below the level of the sea. Temperature in deepest level, 90° and upwards. Some of the water gushing into the deep level of United Mines

has been 106° to 108° .' In order to conceive aright of these achievements in depth, let the reader remember what we have just said as to the hardness of the rocks, and the slowness of the labour. Let him stand at the base of the Monument of London, and ask himself what it must have cost to hollow out from solid rock a shaft nearly *ten times* as deep as the Monument is high!

And how, it will be asked, are such amazing depths descended and ascended? We reply, Not, as in coal mines, by a rope and a basket, or tub, or by a machine called a cage, which runs upon uprights; but commonly by a succession of ladders. These were formerly about fifty feet long, and placed nearly perpendicularly; but as mines have been worked deeper, the ladders have been shortened to about twenty-five feet, and have been placed as slopingly as possible, to ease the miner. The steps are of wood, and the distance between them is ten or twelve inches. At the foot of each ladder is a platform, called a 'sollar,' with an opening leading to the next ladder beneath. Thus, as soon as a visitor thinks he has ended his ladder-journey, and is at the bottom of the mine, instantly his guide opens the trap-door, and discloses another ladder as long and slippery as the last, thus showing in every deep a lower deep. To descend several of these ladders, and then to ascend them again, after a fatiguing exploration of the levels of the mine, reminds every visitor of his school-boy readings in 'Virgil,' who most truly says—

———*Facilis descensus Avern;*
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

Out of Cornwall little thought has been bestowed upon the excessive labour of the working miners, in the mere ascent of such ladders, which is estimated to consume one-fifth part of their muscular power and energy. But a remedy for this great evil, and one beautifully simple and effectual when applied, has been for some time known, and is partially adopted. It was discovered in Germany, under the following circumstances:—Some of the old Harz Mines are 2,000 feet deep, and were descended entirely by ladders until 1833, when an accident suggested a new method. It happened that the pumping apparatus for one of the mines had been rendered unnecessary by the cutting of an *adit*, and the idea occurred to a shrewd German miner of employing the pump-rods in aiding the descent and ascent of the miners; these rods being of wood, seven inches by six, and strengthened with iron. The trial was first made with a portion 600 feet long. This was divided into twenty-two parts, and on each part, at intervals of four feet, iron steps were fixed, and handholds also at convenient distances. Then a reciprocating motion of about twenty-two feet was given to each rod, and the miners easily passed from a step on one rod to a step on the

other, when the two came to the same level. As one rod is always ascending while the other is descending, and *vice versa*, it is easy to understand how this alternate stepping from one to another rod must lead to the gradual ascent or descent of the miner, as he wishes. The first attempt proved so acceptable to the Harz miners, that they eagerly availed themselves of it, and a new machine was made in another of the mines in 1836, and a third in 1838. Wood and wire-rope were combined very ingeniously in these machines. Engineers, miners, and owners in the Harz are delighted with these contrivances; one of which descends to the great depth of 2,070 feet, being more than five times the height of St. Paul's in London.

In Cornwall it was soon made known that such machines might be employed in the mines, and that 10,000 miners might thereby save no less than £39,000 *per annum* in the value of time alone, which is their chief capital; and this too after paying every expense for constructing and working the machinery. Many plans and improvements were suggested, some rewarded, and some neglected. At last the owners of the Tresavean Mine announced their readiness to use one of the forms of the apparatus to a depth of twenty-four fathoms, (144 feet,) and to extend it, if approved, to the entire depth, at that time, of 1,680 feet; the expense for the whole depth being estimated at £1,670, towards which the Royal Polytechnic Society of Cornwall agreed to contribute £300 for the first 100 fathoms, and £200 for the second 100 fathoms, after a trial of two months. By the beginning of 1842, the owners of Tresavean had carried the apparatus to the depth of twenty-seven fathoms. In the autumn of 1843, they conducted it to the bottom of the mine. Sir Charles Lemon, the Chairman of the Committee who superintended the machine, said, in an address on that occasion, 'Four hundred and sixty miners daily bless the Society which projected this scheme, the adventurers (mine-owners) who achieved it, and the engineer whose skill has rendered the experiment safe and successful. I hold in my hand a paper of very extraordinary interest; it is a memorial presented to this Society, expressing, on the part of 391 working miners of Tresavean, their gratitude for our exertions to relieve them from their hitherto distressing and dangerous toil.' Sir Charles then read a simple and grateful letter from the miners. They ultimately saved so much time and strength by this improvement, that they found themselves able to take the work on lower terms than before, and thus they directly benefitted the Company and themselves.

The United Mines Company turned their attention to this improvement, and put up a similar but improved apparatus in 1845, which cost £2,000. But the engineer of the mine estimated that this sum would be defrayed in two or three years, by the saving alone of miners' time. This engineer afterwards

observed, 'The relief afforded to the miners by this machinery, can scarcely be duly estimated; and can only be fully appreciated by those who, after having nearly their whole strength and spirits exhausted by working eight hours, and even longer, in an atmosphere varying in temperature from 95° to 105° Fahrenheit, had formerly to climb to the surface by ladders. The amount of physical suffering which it alleviates, is incalculable; and the advantages which it affords in a pecuniary point of view, are equally striking.'

Simplifying is the great art and test of improvement; and another mining captain supplied, in 1851, a similar and very effective apparatus on the same principle to the Fowey Consols Mine. This machine extends to the depth of 1,680 feet. The rod is eight inches square, with twelve-inch platforms, (moving up and down,) at intervals of twelve feet, and equidistant platforms at the side of the shaft. When a miner wishes to descend, he steps on one of the descending platforms, which carries him down twelve feet; he then steps on one of the fixed or stationary platforms at the side of the shaft, while the moving rod and platform rise again in their reciprocal motion, by which time a lower platform has risen to his standing place, and, by the time he steps upon it, begins to descend again, and with it he descends another twelve feet, and steps out on a second stationary platform. By repeating this process he arrives at the bottom, or, if he pleases, goes off into any side gallery of the mine where his work may be. In ascending, the process is simply reversed. In Cornwall, the weekly loss of time sustained by each workman in the ascent and descent of the old stationary ladders is estimated at three shillings, and that by machines at ninepence. These machines are now called 'man-machines;' and they are in very general use in the mines of Belgium, Germany, and France. This valuable contrivance is a beautiful example of the application of one of the simplest appliances to the relief of some thousands of over-wrought labourers beneath our feet. We ourselves were greatly interested in bending over the shaft of Tresavean Mine, and watching the zigzag motion of a small subterranean star which ever came nearer to us, and finally revealed itself as a miner's candle, the devious course of which had faintly indicated the ascent of the miner as he stepped from platform to platform of the man-machine, and ultimately arrived at the top fresh and unfatigued.

Having spoken of the pumps and plunging-rods, and their reciprocal motion, as made available for the motion of the man-machine, we are led to speak briefly of the water and drainage of the Cornish mines. The infiltration of the rain and surface waters, together with the subterranean springs and pools, would soon inundate a mine and stop the work, were not adequate means employed to drain the mine. The greatest amount of

work and capital at some mines (as in some collieries) is expended not in raising the ores, but in raising the waters, from the mines. Not only is there constantly much water in the workings, but, in some mines, a great increase of the quantity almost immediately succeeds the commencement of the heavy autumnal rains; in others, though this increase is equally certain, it does not take place until after an interval of several months. The necessary inference is, that the increase is owing to rain-water, which, being absorbed at the surface, finds its way, at different times, into the deepest parts of the mines.

One method of drawing off the water from mines on high ground, is to form an *adit*, or horizontal excavation, dug from the bottom of the shaft in a sloping direction to a neighbouring valley. An adit will carry off the water without the aid of machinery, so long as the lowest shaft of the mine is above the level of the sea; or an engine may be employed to pump the water into an adit, or channel. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, existing work of this kind, is called the 'Great Cornish Adit,' and extends through the large mining district of Gwennap. It commences in the valley above Carnon, and receives the branch adits of above fifty mines in the parish of Gwennap, forming excavations and ramifications which have an aggregate extent of between thirty and forty miles, and which, in some places, are four hundred feet below the surface of the ground. The largest branch is from Cardrew Mine, and is five and a half miles in length. This great drainage aqueduct drains a tract of about 5,550 acres, and discharges nearly 1,500 cubic feet of water *per* minute. Rather less than one-third of this stream is collected at the adit level, whilst the remainder is pumped up from a mean depth of about 1,140 fathoms. Its temperature varies between $60^{\circ} \cdot 5$ and 68° ; and is on an average more than 12° above the mean of the climate. It opens into the sea at Restronget Creek, and empties its waters into Falmouth harbour.

But where adits cannot be rendered available, the steam-engine is the only means of accomplishing drainage. The history of the greatest improvements in the steam-engine, as applied to pumping and lifting, is intimately associated with Cornwall. The first steam-engine in the county was erected at Huel Vor, a tin mine, in Breage, and was at work between 1710 and 1714. This was the old atmospheric engine, which continued in use long after Watt took out his patent; but the superiority of Watt's engine became so apparent, that it gradually advanced in use and fame. In 1778 the engines of Newcomen, though much improved, were giving place to those of Watt, who required, as his remuneration, one-third of the saving of coals effected by the use of his engines. To ascertain this saving, a *counter* was invented, which, being attached to the main beam, marked the

number of vibrations, and thus, by inference and calculation, the work done and the coal consumed. The saving of coals effected by three of Watt's engines erected at Chacewater Mine, exceeded £7,200 *per annum*. Though the patent-right no longer exists, this mode of calculating the work performed is still in use; and what is termed the *duty* of an engine is estimated by the number of pounds' weight—always expressed in millions—lifted one foot high by the consumption of one bushel of coals; the *data* being the quantity of water discharged from the pumps in a given time, and the quantity of coal consumed in the same time. In the year 1812-13, the plan was suggested and adopted of placing a counter on every engine, and of publishing the estimated duty performed by the Cornish engines. Thus the stimulus to care and improvement was considerable. Towards the close of the last century, the average duty of all the Cornish engines was about seventeen millions of pounds; this quantity indicating the weight of water raised one foot by the power latently resident in one bushel of coal. From this number the average ascended to 20, and 30, and then 40 millions; and in 1837 it averaged 47,017,374lbs. The work performed by the ordinary engines has been more than doubled in twenty-four years, and the duty performed by the *best* engines during that time has been more than trebled: for in 1837 the average duty of the best engine was 87,212,000lbs.; of course this is the extreme. But still more remarkable is the increase in later years; for we find the case to stand thus:—

Years.	Number of engines.	Average duty.	Average duty of best engines.
1840	58	49,730,000	81,809,036
1841	51	50,920,000	95,231,522
1842	45	51,620,000	99,262,657

It was stated by Mr. J. Taylor, that the steam-engines in work in 1836, in draining the mines of Cornwall, were equal in power to at least 44,000 horses, one sixteenth part of a bushel of coals performing the work of a horse. At one mine, Huel Abraham, the enormous quantity of 43,500 hogsheads of water has been pumped up in 24 hours, from a depth of 1,441 feet. In the Consolidated Mines, the power of nine steam-engines, four of which have 90-inch cylinders, has lifted from 30 to 50 hogsheads of water *per minute*, from an average depth of 1,380 feet. The particulars of the machinery at these mines would exceed our space. The average quantity of water raised from mines in Devon and Cornwall, is 9,000 imperial gallons *per minute*, as gathered from Lean's Reports.

The wonderful advance of the improvements of the Cornish pumping-engine are seen at a glance to be from 17,000,000 to

more than 50,000,000, and, in the case of best engines, very nearly 100,000,000 ! The worst engines now reported reach the average duty of Watt's four best engines working in 1798.

The explanation of the modes of improvement would be too technical, and would occupy, moreover, a space inconsistent with the limits of this article. We pass, then, from a consideration of the means of drainage to the subject of 'ventilation.' A few words only will suffice upon this point.

In a former paper, on the great coal mines of the North, we gave some explanations of the systematic ventilation there in vogue. But as carburetted hydrogen gas, and other noxious and inflammable gases, are not exhaled (at least in dangerous quantities) in the Cornish mines,—or in any metallic mines,—so a similar system of ventilation has not been desired. The system of excavation admits of a certain amount of circulation of air through the framework (as it were) of the mine. Down shafts, along levels, and up and down 'winzes,' the air is coursing according to natural laws, and yet far too slowly for the poor miner, especially in clearing away smoke, after blasting. The small effect due to this natural ventilation is often nearly lost, by allowing the air galleries to become contracted, or the air to leak away, from one shaft to another, by the shortest way it can find ; so that but little penetrates into the extremities of the mine, where the hardest work is in operation, and where oxygen, the fuel of the animal system, is being converted into muscular work. It is true that some artificial ventilators have been employed ; but we think this part of mining management requires great improvement. Mr. Herbert Mackworth, an inspector of coal mines, has printed a valuable paper on this subject, recommending a plan similar to that adopted in the collieries, and described, by ourselves, in the paper just referred to. It was found, for example, that at the United Mines a saving of £12 *per* fathom could be realized by improved ventilation, reducing the temperature from 105° to 75°. In some of the mines we have found it extremely oppressive in the innermost recesses, and have acknowledged the great difficulty of working there for some hours at a time.

The support of the vast excavations formed in the far reaching interior of mines is a business of no small moment, and can only be accomplished by a liberal use of timber. It is evident that in every mine the whole weight of the roof and the superincumbent masses must depend on artificial supports. Let any one conceive the enormous pressure of the superincumbent rocks, and those of the densest nature, on the lower and longer galleries of a great mine. This must of necessity be met by props and crossings and supports of timber fitted in various forms and directions. The shafts and main entrances must also be well supported. In these the wood-work sometimes consists of rectangular frames, a form

convenient to miners, in which the spars are placed at distances of from a yard to a yard and a half asunder. In a gallery it may often be sufficient to support the roof above by means of joists placed across, bearing at their two ends upon the rock; but complicated arrangements are in use in some mines. The quantity thus employed is far more than would be supposed. For the total amount of timber in use for mining purposes in the county it would require no less than 140 square miles of forest of Norwegian pine, averaging a growth of 120 years. In 1834, the annual cost for timber in Cornish and Devonian mines amounted to £50,947; in 1835, to £64,563; in 1836, to £94,138; this last year being a very speculative one, and then the loads of timber were no less than 36,200, or 144,800 trees. In 1837, the loads were 14,056, at the cost in money of £36,545.

Gunpowder was first used for blasting mines in Hungary or Germany about the year 1620. It was known in Somersetshire in 1634, after which the Cornish miners became acquainted with it. The annual value of the gunpowder used in blasting in the Cornish mines has been stated to be £13,000, the quantity being about 300 tons, each of 2,000 pounds. In the annual account of one mine, (Fowey Consols,) the quantity of gunpowder used in one year appears to be 90,100lbs., or 45 tons 1 cwt.; the cost of which was £1,929. 12s. The monthly consumption of gunpowder in Huel Vor Mine was 3,500lbs. Not much less costly is the use of candles. In the same mine we find the monthly consumption of candles to be 3,000 pounds. In Fowey Consols there were used in one year, 36 tons 18 cwt. of candles, or 6,800 dozens, the cost of which was £1,777. 5s. 6d. The annual cost of coals was about the same, namely, £1,770. 13s. As exemplifying the magnitude of the capital required for the mere incidentals, so to speak, of Cornish mining, the following items of the expenditure of one year may be interesting. In the year 1837, the following was the consumption of the articles named:—

		£	s.	d.	Totals.
Coals	56,860 tons at	0	17	0	per ton£48,331
Timber ...	14,056 loads at	2	12	0	per load....£36,545
Gunpowder	300 tons at	44	0	0	per ton£13,200
Candles ...	1,344,000 lbs				£35,000

In addition to the above-named items there are many more, such as rope, leather, chains, tools, nails, oil, &c. Of all such materials, inclusive, the cost for one year (1843) for the whole county was no less than £300,000; the expenditure for mining labour in the same year being £900,000.

That which a visitor first comes upon we have reserved to the last, namely, the surface works of a mine. These comprehend, indeed, the ultimate operations, and receive the name of 'dressings,' or in still more local denomination the 'grass-works.' It is

with a feeling of peculiar interest and surprise that an intelligent spectator first beholds the scenery at grass-work, especially if he has come upon it suddenly and unexpectedly. Let the reader conceive himself to be perambulating a wild and desolate tract of country half strewn with granite blocks, where not a sign of human deed or existence appears; where nature puts on her homeliest and hardiest dress; where, but for his companion, he might fancy himself in an Abyssinian solitude; where scarcely a footpath is found, and a sheep-track alone winds its devious course across the scanty herbage. Yonder is a half-starved cutter of furze or turf, who unbends his arched back, and stands as erect as he may, upon hearing that unwonted sound, a human voice. Surely no sounds of sweetness or majesty ever ring here. Yet there is one sound sometimes heard here: it is that of the thunder-storm:—how terrific the peals of thunder in so dreary a waste! Imagine, then, you hear it now, and suffer from its accompaniments, the sharp sleet or rain driving against or cutting your face, the mad winds beating you down or back; and, most fearful of all, you see the forked lightning leaping from dark menacing clouds, and striking on one of those taller granite blocks, and then shooting with incalculable speed over the level waste,—splitting and cleaving, tearing, blasting, and blackening the oldest and hugest masses around! Who could live in such a storm here? who would not sink down in terror if he beheld a shattered mass of granite, a pillar of unknown antiquity, split into blasted fragments in one moment of fearful illumination? Now, mercifully for us, there is no foreboding or rumbling of distant storm coming upon us. Let us go on,—then on, on, on,—over furze, heather, and stones; winding round this and that stumbling mass of rock. What, say you, are we moving on for? There will be no boundary to this savage plain, our very voices seem to profane the solitude. Silence is the monarch here; and the realm is desolation.

But hark! there is a sound! Yes; a curious, unaccountable sound too, here on our right. Let us turn this way: why, here is a rough tramroad; let us follow it to its origin. And now that strange sound is increasing upon us,—a noise compounded of clattering, and creaking, and cranking, and crushing, and rushing, and clashing, and dripping! What and where can it be? Ha! this hidden turn has indeed shown us an unexpected sight. It is the grass-work of a great copper mine, all revealed at one turn and glance. Enormous wheels are slowly and solemnly revolving, high up in air are skeleton platforms, and iron chains, clanking painfully over iron pulleys. Yonder is a lofty engine chimney, and near it you catch a glimpse of huge machinery; and now you hear puffs, and pulls, and gaspings, and groanings, and all corresponding to the alternate movements of large beams of wood, starting up into the air with giant-like

menace, and then sinking down again in dead heaviness. Then here we are, at the foot of descending and discoloured streams, evidently polluted by metallic admixtures; and somewhere near us flows an unseen but not unheard brook, probably bent on a similar errand of mining duty, and brought from a similar source. Now let us rest awhile here, and look still more carefully around us. What a congregation of women and children, all engaged with the young men in this surface work! And how healthy, and even ruddy, do they for the most part look, though roughly clad in all kinds of country habiliments! There they sit or bend over, 'spalling, jigging, buddling, and trunking,' and doing all manner of mining mysteries, and delighting in them too. But hark! softer, yet higher, than all the rude noises, is heard a hymn of cheerful and melodious praise; and the girls take their part in it with wonderful sweetness and effect.

The dressing floors of a mine are always arranged as near the mouths of the principal shafts as possible, the ore being conveyed to them by a small railway. They are always provided with an adequate supply of water by artificial channels. The floor is paved, and there are on one or two sides ranges of sheds for the persons employed, and buildings containing the dressing apparatus. The modes of dressing copper and tin ores differ materially in some parts of the processes; but, of course, in both metals, the object of dressing is to separate as far as possible the earthy matter accompanying, and often mixed up with, the ores. The principle in all dressings is, the difference in specific gravity between earthy and metallic matter; the latter being generally double that of the former, and therefore subsiding to the bottom in water. Suppose we are inspecting a tin-floor: we see that the operations commence by picking the ore brought from the mine in large irregular lumps, as it has been blasted or broken down from the vein; such lumps, of which often more than half is merely spar or veinstone, are broken into smaller pieces with hammers,—a task commonly performed by boys and 'maidens.' From rich veins a large proportion of the ore may be obtained in a purer state, and this, when broken down, is at once arranged in circular heaps upon the dressing floors, these heaps containing a certain number of tons, commonly fifteen or twenty. In this state the ore has the appearance of fine metallic gravel.

But the poorer classes of ores, after having been broken by the hammer, and partially separated from the mother rock by picking, have still a great variety of operations to undergo. These are not very interesting to the non-mining classes, and therefore we shall only notice them in brief. The first process in tin-dressing is *washing and stamping*: this is performed by the aid of wooden stamps, or pestles and troughs. Each stamp gives twenty-eight strokes *per* minute, and falls through a space of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The bottom of the troughs consists of stamped ores.

With six batteries of eight pestles each, at Poldice Mine, 120 bags of ore are stamped in twelve hours, each bag containing eighteen gallons. Then we have the *tossing tub*, or *dolly*, which, by a series of stirrings and subsidences, and pourings off of water, affords a portion which passes through a sieve, and a portion which remains upon it. Then we have the *trunking box*, and, lastly, a chest, or rack, of curious construction. The number of processes is considerable, and every form is adopted by which the separation of the heavy metal from the earthy admixtures can be secured mechanically. Other processes have been superadded for cleansing the tin from *metallic* admixtures, (wolfram and tungstate of iron,) which injure it for commerce.

In dressing copper ores, the first process is to throw aside the *deads* or rubbish with which the ores are invariably intermixed,—a process which is cleverly performed by girls of seven or eight years old, for 3d. or 4d. *per diem* wages. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken in pieces, by women. Then, after being again picked, they are given to the ‘maidens,’ as girls of sixteen or seventeen years of age are called. The maidens *buck* the ore with a *bucking-iron*, or flat hammer, by means of which they bruise the pieces to sizes not exceeding the top of the finger. The ores are now given to boys, who *jig* or shake them in a sieve under water, by which means the ores sink to the bottom, and *spar*, or refuse, is scraped from the top. That part which passes through the sieve is also stirred about in water, the lighter parts being thrown on the surface; and the ores thus dressed, being put into large heaps of about 100 tons each, are then made ready for the market. These heaps meeting the eye of the un instructed spectator for the first time, look like anything rather than copper, and would rather remind him of the heaps of gravel often seen lying at the gate of some garden, ere they are spread upon the walks.

The copper ores are shipped for Wales, and chiefly for Swansea and its vicinity, in order to be smelted: for it is cheaper and more convenient to carry the ores to the coals than the coals to the ores, and the Cornish copper miner is wholly ignorant of smelting processes. Copper ores can be smelted in small lumps, but tin ores must be previously reduced to the finest powder. Hence the difference of the dressing processes; and hence, though both sets of processes are performed by Cornish dressers, the one class is quite incapable of performing the work of the other, which fact is embodied in the Cornish saying, that ‘tanners are not copperers.’

While all the copper raised in Cornwall is smelted in Wales, or out of the county, on the contrary, all the ores of tin raised in Cornwall and Devon are reduced or smelted within those counties; and the vessels which bring the fuel from Wales for the tin-smelting furnaces, return to Swansea and Neath laden

with copper ores. The tin-smelting works (not exceeding seven or eight in number) do not generally belong to the proprietors of the mines; but to other parties, who purchase the ores from them, their value being determined by a kind of assay. The largest smelting establishment in Cornwall is that called Calinick, about a mile from Truro: it contains ten or twelve furnaces, each six feet high, and nearly twelve feet in length. There culm is used as the fuel in the proportion of about one-eighth to the ore, of which nearly 600 cwt. is smelted within six hours, and yields about 350 cwt. of tin. The 'blowing houses' are near St. Austell, in some of which cylinders are used, and in others huge bellows. There are now three kinds of tin made in Cornwall, namely, grain tin, refined, and common tin. *Grain tin* was formerly made solely in blast-furnaces, exclusively from the diluvial or stream-tin ores, and is remarkable for its purity. This was the only kind of tin used for making tin-plates, or rather for tinning iron-plates, on account partly of its fluidity and partly of its superior lustre and colour. But a cheaper mode of manufacture has greatly reduced the price. *Refined tin*, though not equal in quality to grain tin, is made from selected ores, fluid enough for the first coating of the iron plates. It is employed by most of the tin-plate manufacturers. *Common tin* is made from the mass of the tin ore in Cornwall. Tin is so malleable, that it may be reduced to leaves, (tin-foil,) only one 1000th part of an inch thick. Of copper, in its applications, we have spoken briefly at the commencement of this article, and must therefore pass over the subject.

The sale of the dressed ores takes place by a singular kind of auction. When a quantity of ore is ready for sale, it is made up into heaps of about 100 tons each; and, supposing it to be copper ore, samples or little bags from each heap are sent to the agents for the different copper companies. The agents take these to the Cornish assayers, who determine with accuracy the value of each sample of ore. As soon as the agents have been certified of the assay, they determine what price *per* ton they will offer, in the names of their respective companies, for each heap of ore. Such heaps are usually sold at weekly meetings which are held for the sale of tin ores every Tuesday, and for copper ores every Thursday. These meetings are termed 'ticketings,' for an appropriate reason, as will presently appear. All the mine agents and smelting companies' agents being in attendance at such a ticketing, the agents for the companies, seated at a long table, hand up individually to the chairman a *ticket* or tender, stating what sum they offer for each heap of ore. As soon as every man has delivered his ticket, all are ordered to be printed together in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap is distinguished by a line drawn under it in the tabular form, and the agent who made this offer knows

that he is the purchaser. The most remarkable feature of such a ticketing is, that the whole of the ores, amounting to several thousands of tons, are or may be sold without the utterance of a sentence or word. The ticketings are held at Redruth, Truro, and Pool; and at one of these sales 3,323 tons of copper ore have been sold in an hour or two. This quantity of ore would yield 266 tons 15 cwt. of fine copper, and the amount in money would be no less than £20,124. 5s., if the standard of copper were at £109. 14s. The value of copper ores depends so entirely on their character, that no general price can be given; some ores bring £20 per ton, and some only £2. In 1852 the average price of copper ores was £5. 8s. 6d. per ton. In the same year the quantity of copper ore produced from Cornish and Devonian mines was 169,593 tons, which yielded in metal 11,776 tons 17 cwt.; and in money, £975,975. 14s. The average yield of copper from that ore was $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the standard of copper being £121. 10s. On August 17th, 1854, the average standard of copper was £139. 2s.; average produce of ores, $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; quantity of ore sold at Truro, 4,199 tons; amount in money, £25,185. 11s.

Four of the largest mines produced the following quantities for the five years, 1848-52, both inclusive:—

Name of Mine.	Ore.	Copper.		Money.	
	Tons.	Tons.	Cwt.	£.	s.
Devon Great Consols ..	88,963	8,192	14	545,648	13
Carn Brea	44,115	3,964	14	267,871	1
Consolidated	35,446	2,709	19	183,733	17
United	51,896	3,330	16	226,707	15

During the same period of five years, the total quantity of copper smelted at Swansea, from English mines, was, in ore, 765,025 tons; in copper, 59,943 tons; in money, £4,083,039. It is to be observed, that poorer ores are now worked in Cornwall than formerly, and the yield of pure copper seems to have decreased from $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on an average. If the average should continue to decrease, it may be a question whether the very rich foreign coppers of Lake Superior, and other localities, will not be more profitable to work than our own mines. With reference to tin ore, the amount raised in Cornwall and Devon in 1853 was 8,866 tons, valued at £600,000, and forming about nine-tenths of the whole production of Europe in that metal.

We may now observe, that although most copper and most tin mines are alike in their general appearance, there are some few mines and mining localities in Cornwall of particular interest. One of these is Carclaze Tin Mine, situated near the town of

St. Austell, and consisting of a large *open* excavation of a mile in circuit, and 132 feet in depth. Some years since the mine was measured, and found to contain five statute acres. The solid contents were 63,000 cubic fathoms, and about one million tons have been removed in working. This mine is wrought in a dreary, barren, hilly common, which you might traverse for hours, unsuspecting of the vicinity of a mine; for the spot is not marked by engine-house and chimney towering aloft, as in other mines; and the whole business is hidden in the interior of the vast hollow, until you suddenly behold it before you. No shafts of any depth are sunk below its base, and it would seem as if a complete mine had been turned inside out for the benefit of timid travellers who would desire to inspect the labours of mines without the risk and fatigue of a subterranean descent. It is, indeed, a remarkable object, when regarded as a whole, and when taken with its white cliff sides of pointed abruptness, its self-contained completeness, its ever-widening extent, and the suddenness with which the whole is presented at one view, with its men, and women, and children scattered about in its white cavity. The ground there laid open consists almost entirely of decomposed granite, ('soft growan,') through which runs a numerous assemblage of schorl and quartz lodes in the usual directions. As these contain rich granular deposits of tin, they form the sole object of the miner's pursuit; and the removal of the decomposed granite is effected by a stream of water, which conveys all the refuse of the mine through the *adit*. The repeated washings are managed by little streams conducted to and moving various water-wheels arranged in the bottom and along the sides of the excavation. The ore must be almost exhaustless; for the miners affirm that it has been worked for 400 years, and the works are constantly increasing in extent. In the period of greatest activity, a stamping-mill, worked by steam, was erected at the very bottom of the excavation.

As the tourist through the county proceeds westward, he will come to Marazion, or Market Jew; a little town, the very name of which takes us back into early history. It is prettily situated on the coast of the beautiful Mount's Bay, and about fifteen miles from the Land's-End. Jutting out from this town is a narrow slip of land, which, being covered at high water, makes the rock of St. Michael's Mount, with which it is connected, an island. This Mount is naturally one of the most attractive heights in Cornwall. From the shore you behold this lofty island of rock rising up proud and solitary from the ocean, and a beautiful ancient chapel sits upon its summit like a royal crown. As you approach in your boat, the island appears more jagged and precipitous, and the chapel more distinct. Arrived and landed at the Mount, you walk slowly and with difficulty round its base, and then windingly up its side by any track you

choose, amongst rough and loose masses of rock, while you see the sacred edifice above you, fit emblem of the Church triumphant.

A pleasant walk along Mount's-Bay, keeping St. Michael's Mount lessening behind you, brings you to the western Hastings, (Penzance,) with its well-slatted roofs and long lines of buildings stretching along the shore, and rising up from it landward. Here Sir Humphrey Davy was born; here are some fine granite buildings; and here is the Museum of the Geological Society, containing some good local illustrative specimens. Our present point of interest, however, is the neighbouring situation of a once remarkable mine, now, indeed, unworked, but not unremembered. Perhaps there never has been another mine similar to the Huel Wherry Mine, worked about a century ago in the very midst of the sea, not far from the town of Penzance. At a certain spot, a gravelly bottom was left bare at low water, and there a multitude of small veins of tin ore crossed each other in every direction through a porphyritic rock (*elvan*). The adjacent rock also contained the mineral; and certain adventurous men worked this rock whenever the sea, the tide, and the season would permit, until the depth became unmanageable; then the rocks, after being worked to a few fathoms, were finally abandoned. About the year 1778, a poor miner, Thomas Curtis, was bold enough to renew the attempt. The distance of the shoal from the neighbouring beach was, at high water, about 720 feet; and the distance, in consequence of the shallowness of the beach, was not materially lessened at low water. The surface of the rock is covered about ten months in the year, and the depth of the water upon it at spring-tide is nineteen feet. Even in the summer a great surf is caused by the prevailing winds; while in winter the sea bursts over the rock so wildly as to prevent all mining operations.

All these difficulties were to be overcome by a poor and unfriended man. As the work could only be pursued during the short time the rock appeared above water, three summers were consumed in sinking the pump-shaft, which was a work of mere bodily labour. As machinery could then be used, a frame of boards was applied to the mouth of the shaft, cemented to the rock by pitch and oakum, made water-tight in the same way, and carried up to a sufficient height above the spring-tide, nearly twenty feet high above the rock, and two feet one inch square. To support this boarded turret against the violence of the surge, eight stout bars were applied in an inclined direction to its sides,—four below, and four (of extraordinary length and thickness) above. A platform of boards was then lashed round the top of the turret, supported by four poles, which were firmly connected with these bars. Lastly, upon this platform was fixed a windlass for four men.

It was expected that by this erection the miners would be

enabled to pursue their operations at all times, even during the winter months, whenever the weather was not particularly unfavourable. But as soon as the excavation was carried to some extent laterally, this expectation was found to be fallacious; for the sea-water penetrated through the fissures of the rock; and as the workings became enlarged, the labour of raising the produce to the mouth of the shaft increased. All who had worked this mine had carried on operations too near the surface of the rock, which not only rendered the rock more permeable to the waters, but also less able to resist the immense pressure of the high tides; so that it became necessary to add supporting timbers. Nor was it found possible to prevent the water from forcing its way through the shaft in winter months, or, on account of the surf and swell, to remove the tin-stone from the rock to the beach. Hence the whole winter was a period of inaction, and the regular working could not be resumed before April. In the autumn of 1791, the depth of the pump, shaft, and workings was twenty-six feet, and the width of the workings sixteen feet. In some places the roof was worked away to the mere thickness of three feet. Twelve men were employed for two hours at the windlass in hauling the water, while six men were teaming from the bottom into the pump; the men worked in the rock six hours afterwards,—in all, eight hours. On an average, during every tide thirty loads of tin-stone were broken. In the space of six months, ten men, working about one-tenth of that time, broke about £600 worth of ore. When closely inspected, the mass of rock appeared to contain grains of tin of a crystalline transparency, and so equal in size and distribution, as to form apparently one of the constituent parts of the porphyritic rock. In 1792, Mr. Davies Gilbert wrote, ‘The course of the stanniferous porphyry at the Wherry promises to make a very great mine. There are indications of the tin being continued to a great extent in both directions. A house near the green, built with fragments of this stone, probably picked up on the beach, or broken from the top of the rock, is to be pulled down for the sake of the tin in the structure, and rebuilt with other stone. An adventurer told me that £3,000 worth of tin had been raised from this extraordinary mine in the course of the present summer.’ Again, we learn, ‘A steam-engine is erecting on the green opposite, and they are constructing a wooden bridge from thence to the rock, to serve as a communication,’ &c. The bridge thus constructed answered also the purpose of conveying the ore and *deads* to the shore. Altogether, it was estimated that ore to the amount of £70,000 was raised from this mine. Nor, indeed, were its treasures exhausted at its close, which was as romantic as its commencement. An American vessel broke from its anchorage, and, striking against the stage, demolished the machinery, and thus put an end to a mining

adventure which, in ingenuity, perseverance, and success, was, in all probability, unequalled in any country. The mine was again attempted a few years since; but although a very large sum of money was expended, and improved machinery was employed, yet it failed to be a successful adventure, and was eventually abandoned. Some rare minerals, or rare varieties, were discovered at this mine; and valuable ores of cobalt were cast aside, owing to ignorance of their value, and altogether lost.

Taking post from Penzance, and travelling six and a half miles in a north-west direction, we arrive at St. Just,—a ‘church-town,’ as all places in Cornwall having a church are called. The scattered population depend on the neighbouring mines, and the wants they create. Here we are near Cape Cornwall, but half a mile from the sea, and but four miles coastwise from the Land’s-End. The most remarkably situated mine in Europe is near this place,—the Botallack Mine. It is a copper mine,—though tin and iron are found in it,—established at the western extremity of the great copper and tin lodes, conjoined with lead, running eastward through Cornwall as far as the Dartmoor Hills. These lodes run through the granite that prevails towards the Land’s-End, and penetrate the cliff at Botallack, so that nothing but the ocean cuts them off. They may be traced running along the rocks into the sea, and appear to grow even better at the very sea verge; and if men could but cheaply break down that immense mass of precipitous rock which here beetles over the ocean, they would have a richer harvest of copper than has yet been collected by the slow operations of a century. Great gains were at one time got from this mine, to the extent of £300,000; but the veins have since become thinner and poorer in the direction in which alone they can work them.

Standing below the cliff and looking up from the sea, the view is fearfully grand, and unequalled in its strange combination of the wonders of art with the wonders and wildness of nature. On the seeming summit of the beetling cliff you behold the mining apparatus overhanging the sea. The separate parts of an enormous steam-engine were lowered two hundred feet down the almost perpendicular face of the rock. You see a chimney smoking loftily at the top, and another perched about half-way down; and closer to you, and almost upon the sea, is a third, connected with a small mining office. From the tall, stark, wooden platform at the summit down to the boarded office just hanging upon the edge half-way down, ladders descend; and he must have a strong head and sure foot who can composedly tread those ladders, round by round, the sea the while roaring under him, yawning to engulf him if he makes a false step, and flinging its raging spray after him as he escapes from it in ascending. When we take in the whole scenery and apparatus at one view,

chains and pulleys, chimneys and cottages, posts and winding machines, seem to be scattered over the face of the cliff, like the spreading lines of an immense spider's web; while in some parts mules and their riders may be observed to be trotting up and down the rocky tracks which the pedestrian stranger would scarcely dare to tread. You turn giddy and even faint in looking up at them; and if you give your fancy wing for one moment, you may imagine that you see a company of spirits belonging to the ranks of the powers of the air, who, for the special purpose of mocking poor flesh-fettered man, are scaling precipices, and dancing on rocky needles, and skipping up fancy ladders, and snorting and puffing from hidden fires, and disembowelling the martyred earth, and forging thunderbolts; and diving suddenly under the indignant, hissing ocean, and spirit-ing away hidden treasures; and punishing a company of poor culprits, by imposing upon them incessant labours for mysterious and undiscoverable issues, amidst unearthly perils and unearthly companions, and repressing their groans under the overpowering hissing of the surges, and darkly and dismally warning all impenitent spectators of the fate that awaits them, and now shrieking with piercing wail! But no; it is the sea-gull uttering its peculiar scream; and so you awake from your day-dream, and, scrambling up to the first office, you see a miner of your own flesh and blood, who modestly requests the gratification of drinking your health.

Such is a view from the shore, or bottom of the cliff. Suppose, however, that you are on the summit, and looking down on cliff, and mining gear, and swelling ocean, and you boldly resolve to accompany the writer to the mine, and descend and inspect the interior of the same. Well, let us pick our perilous way down this narrow slip, and soon we arrive at the small office or counting-house erected on a prominence or minor cliff, about midway between summit and shore. What an accumulation of mining gear do we pass!—long chains stretched out over bell-cranks and posts; wooden platforms, looking like battered remnants of unhappy wrecks, and yet supporting large beams of timber and heavy coils of rope. Here there is a little creaking, crazy, boarded shed; there a broken down post or two; and there again you must wind round by the rocky path amidst chains, and cables, and ascending loads.

Let us now enter the office, and, by permission of the Captain, attire ourselves in woollen mining dresses, and put on the large felt hats, and then tie three or four candles to our button-holes, and carry one in our hand ready to light. Now then, being conveniently accoutred, we must descend the cliff a little way, and walk along until we come to the trap-door entrance to the mine. 'Open Sesame!' Now set your foot on the first round of the first ladder of this shaft, and take what note you dare of the

accessories of the situation. Over the dark vacuity beneath, in which a double row of iron pumps are lost in gloom, you observe on one side the huge beam of a steam-engine, which is alternately bowing down and rising, heavily straining at the deluge of water which it lifts; on the other side, through boards—the chinks of which admit just light enough at the foot of one of the ladders to show the passage—you see the loaded kibble or bucket rushing past its descending companion. Quickly losing sight of the daylight, we depend on candles alone, which throw but a faint and mocking light into the gloomy abyss.

After descending two or three ladders, almost perpendicular, we are indulged with a momentary halt on a platform, while our sturdy and well-practised guide despises our weakness. Now, again place your best foot foremost, or rather downmost, on the ladder, take strong hold of the clayey sides of the same, have a candle stuck in your cap's front, if you can wear it, and be as bold in your down-going as any prudent man can be who knows that he is leaving the cheerful ways of men, and sinking into the utter gloom and silence of pre-Adamite creation.

Another ladder? Yes, another, and another! But what are we to see at the end of all these ladders? Nothing more than what you see here, excepting the end of the lengthy pumps in a *sump* or reservoir of water, drained from all parts of the mine. Then let us turn into a gallery or level here, and traverse it, and you soon find that you are in one of an apparently endless series of galleries some six or seven feet high, through which two persons, if thin, can just squeeze past each other. It is no pleasant thing to find many of these galleries terminated by dismal trap-holes, which lead to nothing that you can conceive of but headlong destruction. But go on from gallery to gallery; you may as well see, and feel, and fear all there is to see, feel, and fear. Heed not a bruised side, a battered rib, or a broken cap; the only thing to fear is a broken head. Just step over the rough stones and the awkward holes, and stoop humbly down under the lumps of rock depending overhead, and climb with agility over the rocky eminences beneath your feet. Progress in a mine—at least, far inward—is never equal or similar, but is ingeniously compounded of walking, stooping, crawling, crouching, descending, climbing, creeping, and grumbling!

Entertain no fear of those unknown abysses but thinly covered over with shaky planks, which every now and then you must cross in walking through these galleries. Though the planks be slight and slippery, they will hold together while you cross them. This hot, sickly, dampish vapour which floats about you, and is made visible by your candles, unpleasant as it is, cannot do us much harm for a short hour. It might depress our spirits, if as miners it was our daily atmosphere for six or eight hours; and what if we are a little troubled with perspiration? We shall be

the better able to enjoy the cool upper air. As to the mud, tallow, and iron-rust which are visible on our clothes, caps, and faces, why, though not very luxurious cosmetics, they are harmless. No one must go to visit a mine-gallery as he would a picture-gallery. It is a rough place, and we must expect a rough passage.

Where are the men at work? Possibly you expected to find them working in rows and companies, as men do in workshops and factories. But in a mine the men are scattered about, one in one spot and another in another; they must follow the caprices of the lode and its metallic contents. Here we come to a miner; he is working with a short pick; perhaps he will soon be employed with another man in preparing to blast. Now he stops to gaze at us; he knows us at once to be visitors; and very soon he proffers us a bit of metalliferous stone, or the pick, that you may get a bit for yourself, and he may get a shilling for himself. He will show you how the lode runs, and where the best portions are thought to be, and what 'pitch' or portion of work he has undertaken. Then here is another miner at work, and there a couple are working a hole for gunpowder: so we go on, seeing little variety and groaning at our fate. And now we will inquire how far we have advanced underground. Here, sit on this broken bit of board, and listen to the reply. Very impressively you are informed, that 'you are now 120 feet below the sea level vertically, and horizontally no less than 480 feet under the bottom of the ocean, or beyond low-water mark!'

A proud moment is this for you, never again to be enjoyed. Think of being safely ensconced 480 feet under the verge of the ocean. Why, boats and vessels may now be sailing over our heads, while, still deeper down, human beings are working under our feet. What an unprecedented position,—overtopped by the ocean, undermined by the miners, and walled in by rocks of unknown thickness! Let us look up to our metal-bearing ceiling, lift up the candles that are in a galloping consumption, light others, and now you can stand up here and mark the dull strips of pure copper running confusedly amongst the rocks. But what makes the rock so damp and dripping here, and not elsewhere? What, indeed, but *the sea* percolating through it, granitic and close as it is, and producing masses of ooze, green and glistening, and half lining the roof, as if we were in a Neptunian cell or grotto? But this is nothing to some proofs of proximity to the sea. In storms and tempests some of the men, of whom our guide is one, have felt showering down upon them continuous spirtings of sea water. Moreover, this rocky partition has been worked so thin, that the little billet of wood which you see inserted into the rock up yonder in the roof, has been plugged in to prevent the development of a positive hole,—a positive inlet for the sea. Startling statements are made about the thinness

of the rocky shield that defends us from the sea there; some will tell you that the shield is less than three feet thick at the point of the wooden plug, and only about five or six feet thick around it. If this be true, no wonder that no one dreams of getting another pound of metal from that roof, rich as it is beyond all other parts of the mine. One bit of ore, however, obtained from that part (or said to be) is worth the trifle you are asked for it, and forms a suitable present from a husband to his wife, evermore to remind her how adventurous a man her own chosen protector is, and how daring he was when absent from her, and yet thinking of her under the sea!

If so near to the sea, can we not hear something of it as it rolls over the rocks? Let us listen in perfect noiselessness for a few moments. Is not that the sound of ocean coming upon the ear with a faint hollow booming, like the remembered sound of a loud-rolling billow, or like the swell and sweep of wind outside of a house on a stormy night; but far more regular, more majestic, and less wild? Our guide says it is the sound of the sea, of distant waters lashing rocks 120 feet above us. I, however, have my doubts of this: certain it is, that when tempests rage and ocean is lashed into its fiercest swell, it does make itself heard most audibly and terribly in this and other parts of the mine, and sometimes by a harsh grating noise, attributable to the violent rolling and dashing of the loose boulders which are impelled against the rocks like so many huge cannon-balls.

There are other submarine mines in this vicinity, though they are not much known or worked at present. In the mines named 'Little Bounds' and 'Wheal Cock,' as well as in Botallack, the daring of the miners has tempted them to follow the ore upwards even to the sea. But the openings made were very small; and the rock being extremely hard, a covering of wood and cement sufficed to exclude the water, and protect the men from fatal consequences:—

'In all these mines,' says Mr. Henwood, 'and in Wheal Edward and Levant, I have heard the dashing of the billows and the grating of the shingle overhead, even in calm weather. I was once, however, underground in Wheal Cock in a storm. At the extremity of the level seaward, some 80 or 100 fathoms from the shore, little could be heard of its effects, except at intervals, when the reflux of some unusually large wave projected a pebble outward, bounding and rolling over the rocky bottom. But when standing beneath the base of the cliff, and in that part of the mine where but nine feet of rock stood between us and the ocean, the heavy roll of the large boulders, the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles, the fierce thundering of the billows, with the crackling and boiling as they rebounded, placed a tempest, in its most appalling form, too vividly before me ever to be forgotten. More than once doubting the protection of our shield, we retreated in affright, and it was only after repeated trials that we had confidence to pursue our investigations.'

Being, however, (by supposition, at least,) still underground in the Botallack Mine, we may as well reach the daylight once more. We have only to scramble, crawl, walk, creep, climb, and grumble as before, and lo! we behold again the welcome light of day, and are fanned by a refreshing breeze from off that ocean, the faint echo of whose voice of many waters we have been listening to beneath its foundations. At the mining office gallons of water are awaiting us, and tallow, mud, ooze, and iron rust all give way to the application of soap. Off go our miners' hats, and woollen jackets, and wide inexpressibles, and away we go too, having received much civility and many thanks for the half-crown a-piece we have left wherewith to drink our health under the sea!

Gaze once more around and upward as you ascend the rock. path, and carefully note all the wild accessories of this scene. Now we discover that the ore extracted from the depths we have quitted is dressed on the side of the rock, in a landing-place, and drawn up, after it is broken, along the precipitous tram-road that climbs the cliff. Strange sight, to watch the steam-engine smoking at the top of the cliff, and the little loads of broken ore running up the face of the black rock at its bidding! When the ore arrives at the summit, it is stamped and separated by two wheels and hoppers.

We have met with a remarkable story (though of its authenticity we can discover nothing) of a man who once worked in Botallack, and who, whether from birth or accident, was *blind*, and yet laboured as a miner. He is said to have continued his dangerous toils under ground for a long period, from the dread of being compelled to accept parish relief. By the fruits of his labour he supported his family of nine children; and such was his marvellous recollection of every turning and winding of this subterranean temple of human industry, that he became a *guide* to his fellow-labourers, if, by any accident, their lights were extinguished. It is very painful to have to add, that on being discharged from his employment, (and they must have had stony hearts who did discharge him,) this poor blind man afterwards met his death in the following melancholy manner:—Being in attendance on some bricklayers who were building a house at St. Ives, it was a part of his duty to carry the hods of mortar up the scaffolding, from which, having taken a step too far back, he fell, and received such injury on the head, that he almost immediately expired.

When at Botallack Mine, the traveller may walk four miles to the Land's End. You may say, "After the scrambling in and around the mine, we may surely have a vehicle to the Land's End, and at worst we can post thither." But in vain shall we search hereabouts for post-chaise, or phaeton, or gig. Let us go round and inquire. Ah! the people only wonder we should think to find such conveniences here. A light cart, to convey

our luggage and our metallic specimens, is the utmost we can obtain. Well, put the baggage on the cart, and walk along the wild, open, dreary, stony country. Away we proceed, over stones and turf, catching occasional glimpses of the sea, and of the summits of abrupt promontories hanging over it. Not a human being do we meet besides a solitary pedlar. We are surely at the very verge of society, as well as the verge of the county. An old horse, staked down by his rough rope, just looks askant at us as we pass. Sheep, too, look up for a moment from their short, luscious grass; and suddenly a tinkling bell warns us of the startled animal, and dies away, mingling with the dull boom of the dashing billow. Not a word of information can be extracted from the wretched driver of the cart, whose whole vocabulary consists of objurgatory addresses to the worn-out horse. We are becoming moody and reserved in this continual dreariness, when suddenly the cart-driver lifts up his voice, and, this time directing it to humanity, exclaims, as he points with his stunted whip to the right hand before him, 'The Land's End, Sir.' A short additional walk brings us to a halt. 'Where shall I put your bags, gentlemen?' inquires our driver. Ere we can determine where to halt in this coast wilderness, a weather-worn guide makes his obeisance. We consent to hire him, and seaward we go. We leave the grassy moor, and travel along the stony ledge of a high cliff. Rocks after rocks in descending succession stretch down pointedly to the ocean. Dark-hued and almost black are these natural battlements, except where they are out of sea reach, and overgrown with lichens, mosses, and stunted grass. Granite is the material, but sea and storm, beating and acting upon it, have imparted to it a basaltiform appearance. Any mass of rock we like is the Land's End; for, pause where you will, there is still a rock in advance, which you may not safely essay to reach. If adventurous and forgetful of your friends and family, you may cautiously creep to one of the two or three jagged summits beyond, and stand or sit as easily as possible on the extreme Land's End of your country. Here is indeed a magnificent oceanic view; the broad, shoreless Atlantic beating up rebelliously to the very extremity of Old England. No glimpse of land before you; for even the Scilly Islands (the ancient Cassiterides) are invisible, except on a very clear day; but turn your eyes landward, and behold the massive rocks here and there arched over by the sea. As it is now nearly high water, they present a majestic appearance. 'Dr. Johnson's Head' is the name given to one vast projecting mass, although there is no real stony similarity to the great lexicographer's cranium. Look only here at this print of a horse's hoof, which our guide points out imprinted on the hardened turf, at the top of this rocky ledge. This, if you

credit the veracious guide, is the spot where a fool-hardy rider just saved his life by jumping off from a wretched horse, which, for a wager, he had spurred up to this uttermost verge. The horse itself, rearing and falling backward, managed to tumble terribly down, and down, and down to the engulfing ocean.

In this place, it is said, Charles Wesley wrote his well-known hymn commencing,—

'Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!'

No situation could be more appropriate for the composition and repetition of those solemn stanzas.

Having now arrived at the Land's End, we begin to touch upon the limits of our space, and must, therefore, briefly notice one or two remaining topics before we conclude this paper. And first we have to say somewhat on the Cornish miners, their families, habits, modes of life and labour.

If we could have been present at the dispersion of an audience which had congregated to see one of the old Cornish plays acted in the grassy amphitheatre open to the sky, we should probably have noticed the immense crowd separating into its various classes, and each returning homewards. We should have seen the fishing folk striking off towards the sea-shore; the miners walking away over the rocky wastes, to the poorest turf-covered tenements upon lonely moors; and the agricultural labourers spreading themselves in all directions where fields and farms were visible. A similar separation we must now make for ourselves of the inhabitants of this county, and consider the miners alone.

If you can get up earlier than the miners, you may ascend some eminence in a mining district, and cast your eye over the whole wild and waste scene. The mine itself will be marked out by its chimneys, and sheds, and long lines of posts, and varied apparatus belonging to the dressing floors. If a large and old mine, there will be an accumulation of rubbish, termed the 'deads' of the mine, consisting of the refuse of the extracted ores, following perhaps the course of the main lode, and showing divergent branches here and there. By these heaps you may trace the subterranean burrowings of the human moles. High over all, water-wheels and capstans, or windlasses and pumps, appear. But as yet this whole scene is lifeless and motionless in the grey light of morning. Soon, however, the scene begins to show signs of life, by the appearance of working men of grave aspect, gathering, one after another, and from one distant spot

and another, to the mining centre. Look at the cottages within your reach, and you see the doors emitting old and young folk, and all are converging to the one point,—the mine. The adults walk directly and soberly to it, while the maidens and boys skip about and playfully gambol in their more indirect course. On their arrival at the mine, each class repair to their several tasks and working places; the women, maidens, and children, to their rough but capacious sheds, under which they work at dressing the ores; the engineers, to their engines and pumps; the underground miners, to a house where they put off their overground clothes, and don their mining clothes of coarse flannel much the worse for wear. Soon they descend, not in threes or fours, as in the coal pits, but one by one, if no man-machine has superseded the ladders. Not many words are wasted; for they are ever bent upon grave matters in the dark places of the earth; and, as many of them are Methodists, you hear no swearing, but, perhaps, on the contrary, a line or two of a favourite hymn to a stave or two of a familiar tune. A short time separates fathers and brothers from sons, and daughters, and sisters. Now the last man disappears from the surface; and children are whistling and working heartily above ground, while fathers and brothers are blasting, and hammering, and picking, and perspiring, and walking, and creeping, and grumbling a thousand feet below them. If a desolating war or enforced conscription had devastated this part of the country, there could not be a greater scarcity of able-bodied men than there is here, now that mining work has fairly commenced. Man—the lord of the earth—is here much below the cattle, who are lazily browsing or ruminating on the scantily grassed surface, with the open influences of shining sun and fanning air, while their natural master is toiling and travelling below them in far deep darkness and rocky seclusion.

When the miners descend, they must each repair to his place of work; and to find and assign their places to all the men, and at the close of the day to collect them again, is a work additional to that proper to the mine. One man may have to penetrate many a fathom of levels, and proceed a mile or two, before he reaches his place. Another may have to descend to the deepest recesses. The system of labour is peculiar and remarkable. There are two distinct kinds of labour: one, the sinking of shafts, driving levels, and generally excavating the ground, is called 'tut-work,' and the labourers 'tut-men;' and this is paid for at so much *per* fathom. The operations of the tut-men, who work according to the prescribed plan of mining laid down by their superiors, tend to divide the lode into solid rectangular compartments, each of which may be about three hundred feet in length, by sixty feet in height. These are again subdivided by small shafts into three parts; and in this way the

lode is finally divided into masses sixty feet high, and above thirty-three feet in length; these are called 'pitches.' By a well-devised system, each pitch is let by public competition for two months to two, or four, or more miners, who may work it as they choose. These men agree to break the ores, wheel them, raise them to the surface, and to pay for the whole expenses of dressing them, (if so desired,) and therefore the cost of bringing them in a fit condition for the market. The ores so raised are sold every week or fortnight, and the miner receives his 'tribute,' or the per-centage for which he agreed. This varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the poverty or richness of the ore. Should the pitch turn out badly, the 'tributer' has a right at any time to abandon his bargain by paying a fine of twenty shillings. The pitches so abandoned are put up to auction anew, and let for two months more. Thus, as the work proceeds, some may be getting richer and some poorer; and thus public competition practically determines, from time to time, the proper proportion of produce which the miner shall receive. This is evidently a subterranean lottery, and it abounds in blanks and prizes. Sometimes the lode becomes suddenly rich in the pitch, sometimes poor; 'tributing,' therefore, as this kind of business is termed, requires keen judgment and close application. But the system has been found to work so well, that Mr. Babbage and others have recommended it to the attention of employers in general. While the tributers do all they can to enrich themselves, they must, at the same time, enrich their employers; unless, indeed, they can defraud them, which they sometimes ingeniously attempt. By this plan, the owners of the mine avoid the necessity of looking continually into the petty details of a large number of operations, and the whole checks itself. It was in force in 1785, and has the signal advantage of preventing 'strikes.' At this very time, when we read of so many colliers being 'on strike' in Scotland, it occurs to us as most important that coal miners should acquaint themselves with the system of tribute, and endeavour to adopt it in modified forms, if it can be made applicable to other kinds of mining.

In order that the miners may live until the value of their earnings is determined, money is advanced to them under the title of 'subsist,' and sometimes the women and children working at the surface-dressings are paid in the same manner. We found a similar plan of *subsist* prevailing in the lead mines of the North of England. One example of the tributing system will suffice to illustrate the working of the whole. It is taken from the bi-monthly tribute account at the Devon Great Consols Mine, from August to September, 1849, and is as follows:—

Tribute.—The ore sold for £182. 2s. 2d.; and as the rate of tribute was 7s. 6d. in the pound, the share for the tributers was

£68. 5s. 9d. From this sum the following items were deducted:—candles, 108lbs., costing £3. 12s.; powder, 195lbs., costing £6. 10s.; safety fusee, £1. 9s.; hilts, 1s. 9d.; cans, 2s. 6d.; saws, 6s.; locks, 1s. 6d.; smith's costs, £3. 19s. 6d.; drawing, £3. 0s. 11d.; dressing, £6. 10s. 8d.; use of grinder, 8s. 10d.; sampling and weighing, 17s. 6d.; subsist or money drawn, £36. 18s.:—total, £63. 18s. 2d. In this case the men had drawn so largely, that they had to receive only £1. 7s. 7d. on the pay-day; and the actual costs amounted to £27, or about forty *per cent.* on the tribute. From this specimen the risks and expenses of tributing may be seen, though it is not always so adverse to the miner. In analysing the concerns of one large mine, we find the average rate of earnings gained by the tributers to be £3. 7s. 1d. *per month*, *minus* a deduction of 1s. 9d. for 'club and doctor.' In every extensive and well ordered mine, each miner receives 30s. *per month*, or less, during serious illness, and has medical attendance provided for himself and family,—paid for by the monthly deductions of 1s. 9d. On the whole 15s. to 17s. *per week* are the earnings of the best tributers; while the *tut-workers* may average something less, or say £2. 19s. 2d. *per month*, less similar deductions. Compared with the earnings of the best hewers of the northern collieries, these are not very enviable; but then the work is by no means so dangerous, nor is there any exposure to deteriorating or inflammable gases. In a great mine, (Fowey Consols,) the number of tributers engaged was 340, and the number of *tut-workers* was 358. The *proportion* of classes employed in the mines is in many cases about as follows:—in every 100 persons there will be thirty tributers, twenty *tut-workmen*, ten surface labourers, twenty-five boys, and fifteen labourers. The *total number* employed in and about a great mine varies considerably. The following table gives the numbers for two of the largest mines in Cornwall, in the year 1836, a very busy year:—

Names of Classes.	Consolidated Mines.	United Mines.	Total.
Agents	28	9	37
Tut-men	441	198	639
Tributers	392	217	609
Surface men	335	110	445
Boys underground	109	138	247
Boys at surface	327	23	350
Females	755	114	869
Totals	2,387	809	3,196

In the Consolidated Mines, in the same year, the amount of copper, tin, and arsenic raised equalled in value £145,717. 1s. 1d. The total expenses for the year were £102,007. 12s. 1d., and

the total profits, £37,637. 18s. 6d. In the same year, the loss on some neighbouring mines—the United Mines—was £10,680. 19s. 2d.

The number of persons employed in the Cornish mines fluctuates from year to year. In the early part of 1854, we estimated the number to be about 28,000, of whom 21,000 were males, and more than 3,000 of these were under fifteen years of age. The whole were distributed over thirty-five parishes, and composed about one seventh of the whole population.

No females are employed (as far as we know) underground, all being engaged on the surface; and the Act of Parliament, (5 & 6 Vict., cap. 99,) founded on the inquiries of the Children's Employment Commissioners, limits the age for underground employment, in all mines, to ten years as the *minimum*. The underground boys are commonly employed by the men for the whole of each two months' contract in tributing. For occasional services they are passed from one to another, and at times leave the interior of the mine for labour at the surface. But few boys are employed directly by the owners of the mine: for, when they are strong enough, the tut-men and tributers take them into partnership, instead of paying them regular wages. In such partnerships a boy is reckoned, according to his powers, as half, or three quarters of a man, in the same way as the collier boys in the Newcastle mines are reckoned as *marrows*, (or mates), *half-marrows*, and *foals*. When they go to work, they put on a loose woollen dress, thick shoes without stockings, and a strong hat with a convex crown, weighing from one to two pounds, and preserving the head, like a helmet, from blows and bruises of falling stones. In this hat is often planted a lump of clay holding a lighted candle, making each boy a true *phosphor*.

The children at the surface work about ten hours a day in summer, and nine in winter, with an hour, or half an hour, for meals at noon. The child's wages increase from 2d. or 3d. a day. In some mines sheds are provided for the children's retreat in winter; in summer, their dining-place is the grassy slope on the hill-side, or a clean clear part of the dressing-floors. The expert and elder boys and maidens will earn from 4s. to 5s. weekly. The pay-day is once a month, and the children generally hand over the greater part of their wages to their parents. The food of these young miners consists of potato pasties, sometimes with pork or meat; and *hoggan*, a coarse kind of cake. In winter the girls have their ankles protected by thick woollen bands or stockings.

Let us stay and watch the whole set of workpeople quitting their labours, and going home. First, we note the underground folks ascending and 'coming to grass.' Upward and outward they come, one by one, like bees crawling out of a vast hive, laden with clay instead of wax or honey. Out of the shafts they

rise up, perspiring, grimy, and jaded. The remnants of his pound of candle hang at the side of each miner's flannel jacket. Flocking to the engine-house, they wash themselves, change dresses, and appear as decent beings. About the same time the surface workers, the women, maidens, and boys, have stopped work and washed their faces. They now join their relatives, and all proceed homeward, past low sheds and high chimneys, and *deads* and posts, and then across fields and moors in different directions, and in different groups. The adults look sad and fatigued, and speak but little, and that to the purpose. Their wives, indeed, *will* chatter; but it is chiefly with one another, or with their children, while the husbands are mute and moody. The lads laugh and jabber, and sometimes stop and wrestle, and practise 'the Cornish hug' upon a soft green spot. The maidens blush or bluster, smile or scream, as circumstances render most appropriate, and age inclines. Bigger boys advance *per saltum*, that is, by leap-frog; little urchins of tiny growth stand upon their heads, or tumble over head and heels. Mothers scold them, and sisters tickle them. At length the group becomes smaller and smaller, by diminution at every cottage door, which opens to receive one and another. Finally, it comes down to the last family, and then to the last man, who, having to proceed further than the others, seems like the weary survivor of a vanished race, until he also at last disappears under a low door, and all the scene is silent as at morning, when all have left for work.

If the miner's labour has not exhausted him, then, after refreshing himself at his cottage, and kissing and fondling his little ones, he cultivates his acre or two of garden and other ground, which he obtains from the heathery downs upon easy terms, on lease for three lives, at a few shillings' rent. He has, probably, contrived to rear a cottage upon this, chiefly by the labour of his own well-practised hands; the stone costing him nothing but the labour of bringing it from the moor. Or it may be, that he has only taken the ground for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares the ground and burns it; and rents a cottage at 50s. or 60s. a year, with the right of turf fuel, which he himself cuts and prepares. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to perform their own carpentry; while others, if near the coast, become expert fishermen,—thus combining the opposite crafts of getting ore out of the earth, and fish out of the sea. In the mining districts of the west, about Camborne and Redruth, the ground is literally sown with cottages, and out of each cottage issues a whole crop of children at the sound of any passing vehicle. We have often been astonished at the crowds of squalling youngsters that thronged around us in our passage through a mining village.

On the whole, the Cornish miner's life cannot be considered a hard one in a good mine, where the means and appliances of

comfort are tolerably numerous, and where no peculiar hardships are inflicted upon him. His wages are low in amount, but his duration of work is short, compared with that of labourers in factories. It is, however, to be feared, that, with respect to health and duration of life, some considerable evils are suffered by many miners. They are reported to fall off before sixty years of age. In four varied mining districts, out of 146 deaths of miners, 77 were due to miners' consumption, whereas ordinary consumption attacks only 33 out of 134 persons. Mr. Lanyon formed a table of the average ages of 1,101 miners working underground, and found the result to be 31 years for each miner. In an average of the lives of 174 labourers, he found the result was 47 years for each individual. Mr. Herbert Mackworth has diligently investigated this subject, and infers, that (for coal and metal miners) one-third of the value of a miner's life is cut off by his occupation.

It would be a very salutary diversion to any of the Cornish miners who may think their own condition one of unmitigated severity, to compare that of some of the more degraded coal-mining labourers of other districts with their own. Mr. Hugh Miller gives us a glimpse into a Scottish colony of this nature, situated on what were called the 'edge coals,' those steep seams of the Mid-Lothian coal-basin, which, lying low in the system, have got a more actual tilt against the trap eminences of the south and west than the upper seams in the middle of the field; and the picture is one to make the Cornish miner's life cheerful by contrast.*

In turning our attention to moral qualities, we can speak on the whole favourably of the Cornish miners. Though not by any means blameless, yet they are generally temperate and well-conducted. We could at once distinguish between the rough, roystering lads of the Newcastle colliery, and the more mild and

* Speaking of one of the villages of colliers in an edge seam coal-field, he says, 'It was a wretched assemblage of dingy, low-roofed, tile-covered hovels, each of which perfectly resembled all the others, and was inhabited by a rude and ignorant race of men, that still bore about them the soil and stain of recent slavery.....The collier women of the village were poor over-toiled creatures, who carried up all the coal from underground on their backs, by a long turapike stair inserted in one of the shafts, and continued to bear more of the marks of servitude still about them than even the men. How these poor women did labour, and how thoroughly even at this time they were characterized by the slave nature! It was estimated by one who knew them well, that one of their ordinary days' work was equal to carrying a hundredweight from the level of the sea to the top of Ben Lomond. They were marked by a peculiar type of mouth, by which I learned to distinguish them from all the other females of the country. It was wide, open, thick-lipped, projecting equally above and below, and exactly resembled that which we find in the prints given of savages in their lowest and most degraded state. It was accompanied by traits of almost infantile weakness. I have seen these collier women crying like children when toiling under their load along the upper rounds of the wooden stair that traversed the shaft; and then returning, scarce a minute after, with the empty creel, singing with glee. The collier houses were chiefly remarkable for being all alike, outside and in; all were equally dingy, dirty, naked, and uncomfortable.'

quiet lads of the Cornish mine. But it must be ever remembered that most mining districts, and especially Cornwall, are greatly indebted to the self-denying labours of good men in continual teaching and preaching. The early and most zealous labours of Wesley and Whitefield, by the Divine blessing, accomplished far more for Cornwall than is commonly known. In searching through some records of Whitefield's journeys, we find that he repaired from exciting scenes in Gloucestershire, into the dales and districts of Cornwall, preaching in his own peculiar way to vast assemblies. At first the miners received him in rough style, but they were soon softened and much affected. Cornwall is one of the strongest holds of Methodism. Near St. Daye, (between Redruth and Truro,) in the parish of Gwennap, is still to be seen a large excavation, or hollow, in the slope of a hill, capable of holding a vast number of people. This is called 'Wesley's Pit,' from the fact that John Wesley employed it as a place for preaching. On Whit-Monday in every year, the Wesleyans are wont to assemble by thousands in this pit, and then some Minister proclaims the glorious truths of the Gospel under the open canopy of heaven to an immense congregation.

Wesleyanism, therefore, runs rich in the vein in this mineral county. Nor must we forget that, in addition to the above, there are numerous members of other branches of Methodism, especially of the Primitive Methodists. We attended one of their camp-meetings and love-feasts at Redruth, and observed many of the mining folks amongst them.

In all the Cornish mining resorts the Sabbath is fairly honoured and decently observed, at least externally. A showy Sunday dress is a great object of desire amongst the mining 'maidens.' Although they have little money, they will make the most of it for finery on Sundays. Womankind is much the same everywhere, even to the Land's End. An amusing degree of concern for the preservation of their complexions is exhibited by some of these young ladies, who envelope their faces and throats in handkerchiefs, so as to present something of an invalidish appearance. In summer their bonnets are large, to afford shelter from the sun; in winter they are smaller, and thrown back upon the head. Glancing over the maidens arrayed in their 'melting clothes,' you would say that many of them possess a considerable share of personal comeliness, and in the central districts the features are often handsome.

Very different is the Sabbath appearance of the underground miners. Their aspect is that of gravity, and their attire that of soberness. Their rather wan countenances indicate that the sun does not shine upon them very often or very long together. Their Sunday suit does not metamorphose them so completely as does the suit of the pitman of the North in his case; for the latter is black on Saturday, and white on Sunday,—at least in face.

Yet the change is very great in the Cornish miner from the loose woollen mining dress, and the thick shoes without stockings, of the working day, to the decent coat or jacket, and silk hat, and leather shoes and full stockings, of the Sunday.

The superiority of the miner to his agricultural neighbour is very evident. The field labourer is confined by habit to a set task, and he cannot rise above his drudgery,—held as he is in the net of hopeless poverty; never, in the course of his work, is he thrown on his own mental resources; and he passes through life as a mere human machine, performing the same thing from youth to age, neither increasing nor diminishing his scanty stock of ideas. His only advantage is open air occupation and exercise, and therefore good, though lazy and lumpy, health.

The miner, however, is the reverse of this. He is engaged mostly in work requiring the exercise of the mind. If a tributer, (and we are now only speaking of the higher class of miners,) he is constantly taking a new 'pitch' in a new situation, where his judgment is called into action. His wages are not the recompense of a half-emancipated serf, but they come from contract, and they depend on some degree of skill and knowledge. The chances of the lode keep alive a kind of excitement, and foster a hope of good fortune that never altogether deserts the miner. If at all imaginative, he dreams of becoming suddenly rich; and perhaps, while resting on his bed in his cottage, visions of a glittering bunch of ore flit before him, and he does not always find *his* dreams go by contraries. He is a subterranean speculator; and doubtless the kind of excitement which capitalists feel on the Stock Exchange in 'bearing' or 'bulling' a hundred thousand Consols, is paralleled near the Land's End in the heart of the humble tributer. 'Settling day' is doubtless an equally anxious time for the London speculator and the Cornish tributer.

Personal courage and devotion to set purposes may be said to be characteristic of the better order of Cornish miners. Osler, in his *Life of Lord Exmouth*, states, that these men are better calculated for seamen than any other class of men on land; and this, because the discipline of the mine is scarcely surpassed in a ship of war, and the order and business of the mine compel even the lowest man to act continually with judgment, so that habits are formed of ready obedience, intelligence, promptitude, and intrepidity. At least one third of the crew of Lord Exmouth's (then Captain Pellew) ship that fought in the gallant action with the 'Cleopatra,' French frigate, were Cornish miners. In this action about eighty miners entered for the ship 'Nymph,' and joined her at Spithead. When the men closed with the enemy, Captain Pellew appealed to the miners by their honour and spirit as Cornishmen; nor was the appeal in vain, as signal examples of courage were not wanting in the battle.

In our former paper on 'Coal Miners,' we instanced the rise

of the celebrated George Stephenson from a coal-pit. An equally intelligent and acute, though far less celebrated, individual rose from a Cornish mine, namely, Samuel Drew, the Cornish metaphysician. At eight years of age he worked as a *buddle-boy*, that is, in stirring up the fractured deposits of ore in the buddles or pits at the surface of the mines, and keeping them in agitation until this part of the separating process was complete. The fact is narrated in that highly interesting book, 'The Life, Character, and Literary Labours of Samuel Drew,' by his eldest son.

John Opie, the admired English artist, was discovered in the tin mines of Cornwall by an equally remarkable man, Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar. The Doctor found Opie rough and unpolished, but full of talent, and brought him to London, where he talked and wrote about Opie until the latter became celebrated as the 'Cornish Wonder.' He made money rapidly, was courted by all, and, in spite of Peter Pindar, became a full Royal Academician, and, better still, a married man. His remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral; and his widow, Amelia Opie, became equally celebrated in her way. In December, 1853, she died at the age of eighty-five. Her husband was the Caravaggio of English art; he drew boldly on canvass, and she sketched boldly on paper. Neither his pictures nor her books will take a lasting place in the highest range of art. Still, taking things at the value at which they were once estimated, some remarkable personages have arisen from the mines and mining districts of Cornwall.

We have no space in which to speak of the necessity of mining education on a scale proportioned to the value of mines in this country. We are only rejoiced to find that the efforts so disinterestedly made for local instruction, and formerly so sadly baffled, are now in a fair way of attaining success. Twice a mining-school has been actually established at Truro. No one would conceive how difficult it has hitherto been to procure any valuable information on mines, even if the inquirer should travel amongst them. Until recently, no authorized statistics had been made public; and those now printed are few, and relate exclusively to marketable produce.

We had purposed to say something on mining speculation, to point out its peculiar risks, uncertainties, and actual evils. This would, however, occupy a considerable space, and we must say only enough to point the moral of our tale. Should any of our readers be tempted, by advertisements and allurements, to embark property in mines, let us assure them that they will need the eyes of an Argus to penetrate into the manifold mysteries of the mining share-market. Many of the schemes put forth in prosperous times are as hollow as a mine itself. We have noticed the utter passing away of at least some score or more within the period of the late war,—and possibly something like

a hundred may have so passed away. Mines that pay dividends are at high prices in the market, and sometimes at enormously increased prices; yet we would rather invest in the best of these, if in any, than in purely speculative mines. From what we have explained above of the courses, and caprices, and uncertainties, of mineral veins, it must be evident that no pursuit can be more speculative than mining. If the prizes are valuable, they are not many; but the blanks are very numerous. Large capitalists, who spread their investments over many mines, may have a fair chance of a high average return. But small capitalists can have but little prospect beyond mere speculative adventures. The author of the book at the head of this article has entered fully into the subject of mining speculation, and gives numerous instances of failure and success. On the whole, his judgment seems to incline against all ventures of this kind; and his proofs account for, and sustain, his bias. A personal visit to the mines we strongly recommend; but a speculative interest in them might have the ultimate effect of making their very name unmusical to the reader's ear. A mine that is always 'going to turn out something grand,' will as surely paralyse the owner's energies as a pending suit in Chancery. Alas for such a man! Proprietor of 'unknown' tracts of tin or copper, he may come to be in want of the smallest change, and find his pockets stuffed only with idle, empty hands.

ART. VII.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vols. I.—V. Longmans. 1850–56.

MR. MERIVALE has undertaken to fill a vacant and important space in English literature. He proposes to write the History of Rome from the First Triumvirate to the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople; and the volumes before us bring the narrative down to the death of Claudius Cæsar. We are not astonished that inferior hands have hesitated to attempt a work, which, by connecting the labours of Arnold and Gibbon, would naturally be brought into comparison with those master-pieces of history. The building which should join two mighty palaces ought itself to be of no ignoble design.

Yet there are reasons which would render the treatment of the period Mr. Merivale has seized upon preferable to those of his predecessors. The history of Rome under the Republic, and during the decline and fall, was wanting in that unity of interest which is centred round the earlier Emperors. Under the guidance of an almighty hand, and for the ushering in of a new dispensation, all the civilized world for a time is gathered under

the government of one man. True it is, that there are many lines of interest to be followed out, each of which it requires no little skill to unravel:—there is the internal condition of the sovereign people,—the progress of literature, science, and art,—the advancement of the provinces in the civilization which they gained from their state of subjection,—the stories of the different campaigns which were carried on at the frontiers of the Empire,—and the episodes of the Jewish war, and the persecutions of the Christians: but all these various lines converge around the majesty of the Roman Emperor, and most of them were directly affected by the character of the man who bore that name.

Yet we can hardly overrate the difficulty of the work which Mr. Merivale has undertaken. The task of the ancient and that of the modern historian differ in a very considerable degree. The former has to put together imperfect fragments, and present them as a harmonious whole. The latter has to discriminate among superabundant materials, retaining only those he deems necessary and reliable. They suffer, one from the evil of defect, the other from the evil of excess. The modern historian is like the critical editor, who is called on to decide between several various readings; the writer of ancient history is like the same editor, when required to supply a portion that has been torn from the manuscript: each has to use his judgment in deciding between conflicting evidences; the latter only is expected to create. The mass of contemporaneous literature which illustrates the course of modern history,—the flood of political and social pamphlets,—the volumes of tales, novels, and poetry,—the religious discussions,—all afford more or less an index to the state of the time to which they belong; but in the case of the Roman Empire the assistance to be derived from such sources is extremely limited, and the period comprised in Mr. Merivale's last volume is perhaps the scantiest of all in such auxiliaries.

From such resources, however, as were left him, Mr. Merivale has succeeded in producing a most valuable and interesting narrative. Our impression on reading his volumes is one of astonishment and admiration at the way in which his acquaintance with Roman literature has been made to give its colour to the picture he has drawn. From the most varied sources, and with a keen insight into the value of passing allusions, the lesser features of the landscape have been filled in with fidelity and effect. But this process is very dangerous in any save a master-hand, as it requires no little judgment to determine the real worth of such undesigned testimony. Once only, as far as we remember, has Mr. Merivale built too much upon such a slight foundation: we allude to his view of the effect which the intimacy of Caligula and Agrippa had upon the subsequent conduct of the former. We are unable to find in Josephus sufficient support for this theory.

Mr. Merivale fully recognises the greatness of Julius Cæsar, and the necessity for his Empire. Long before the battle of Pharsalia, the fall of the Republic might have been foreseen. The heart of the State was utterly corrupt,—the old simplicity of manners gone,—the sturdy yeoman and small proprietor had disappeared, and their lands, accumulated under wealthy owners, were tilled by servile labour,—the freemen of the city lived on the sale of their votes, which were thus at the command of the most unprincipled,—and the old Roman spirit had been debased by a large admission of aliens to the rights of citizenship. Whilst disorder and conspiracy were rife in the city, stirred up by such men as Catiline, Clodius, and Milo, each successful General abroad was an object of suspicion to the home government, and with reason. They remembered the triumphs of Marius and Sulla, each followed by rapine, confiscation, and bloodshed; and when Pompeius returned from his victory over the pirates, the supreme power lay within his grasp, and it was apprehended he would not be slow to seize it.

Still the assumption of supreme authority was a feat of very considerable daring. There was a host of powerful nobles at Rome, few of whom could aspire to command, but each of whom scorned to obey. If he had not the ambition or the ability to rule, he was still too proud or too powerful to serve. At any rate, the chains which bound him must be concealed from his own stern glance; he might endure to be a puppet, but not to see the strings. This truth, which Julius Cæsar could not have failed to know, he had the imprudence to disregard; and the genius which had crushed the forces of the aristocracy, and triumphed over apparently insurmountable obstacles, which promptly quelled the disorder by which he had mounted to power, and whose comprehensive grasp embraced the widest and most diverse objects, did not save him from the hands of noble assassins, whose honours he had spurned, and whose prejudices he had despised.

The condition of affairs was materially altered when Augustus remained master of the fight at Actium. Civil war and proscription had thinned the ranks of the malcontents, and their bravest spirits had fallen, or espoused the cause of the conqueror. But Augustus did not fail to learn a lesson from the fate of his predecessor. He dared, indeed, to reign in Rome, but it was under the forms of the Republic.

Mr. Merivale's third volume contains an admirable review of the constitution as modelled by the second of the Cæsars. The imperial authority he wielded was a combination in his person of the offices which had existed under the old régime. He controlled the armies of the State as *Imperator*, took the lead in the great council as *Princeps Senatûs*, united inviolability of person with a veto on all public measures as Tribune of the

people; so that, whilst enjoying absolute power, he wished to be looked upon as a citizen King. Indeed, it cannot be denied that Augustus exercised his authority in a far better manner than he had acquired it. We are told that the man who, in his early youth, had shed torrents of blood without remorse, and who, on the formation of the Second Triumvirate, had exceeded his associates in ruthlessness and cruelty, became, when firmly seated on the throne, not only clement, but magnanimous.* We are told that the man who, at the morning of life, where we expect to find some sparks of generous impulse, had for the proscribed, when pleading for mercy, but one cold answer, 'Thou must die,' in the evening of his days took delight in the innocent sport and prattle of children; and in his last moments called for the congratulations of his friends at his successful performance of his part in the drama of existence. This strange effect of success upon his character calls forth from Mr. Merivale the following remarks, which we quote, both as interesting in themselves, and as a fair specimen of the style:—

'The history of the Emperors will afford us abundant materials for estimating the strain upon the heart and brain of the fatal possession of unlimited power. Some men it puffs up and intoxicates with pride, as we have seen was the case with the bold and magnanimous Cæsar; others, of vehement and ill-regulated passions, it may drive to raging madness; some it crazes with fear, others it fevers with sensual indulgence; others, again, whose intellects are weak, though their natures are susceptible and kindly, it may reduce to absolute imbecility. But there is still another class of characters, self-poised and harmoniously developed, in whom it breeds a genuine enthusiasm, a firm assurance of their own mission, a perfect reliance upon their own destiny, which sanctifies to them all their means, and imbues them with a full conviction that their might is right, eternal and immutable. At the close of his long career, Augustus could look back upon the horrors in which it had commenced without blenching. He had made peace with himself, to whom alone he felt himself responsible; neither God nor man, in his view, had any claim upon him. The nations had not proclaimed him a deity in vain; he had seemed to himself to grow up to the full proportions they ascribed to him. Such enthusiasm, it may be argued, can hardly exist without some rational foundation. The self-reliance of Augustus was justified by his success. He had resolved to raise himself to power, and he had succeeded. He had vowed to restore the moral features of the Republic, and in this, too, he had, at least outwardly, succeeded. While, however, the lassitude of the Romans, and their disgust at the excesses of the times, had been the main elements of his success, another and more vulgar agent, one which it might seem to need no genius to wield, had been hardly less efficacious; and this was simply his command of money. Throughout his long reign, Augustus was enabled to maintain a system of profuse liberality, partly by strict economy and moderation

* See Merivale, vol. iv., p. 287, *et seq.*, 'The Conspiracy of Cinna.'

in his own habits, but more by the vast resources he had derived from his conquests.....The people were content to barter their freedom for shows and largesses, to accept forums and temples in the place of conquests; and while their ruler directed his sumptuary laws against the magnificence of the nobles, because it threw a shade over the economy which his own necessities required, he cherished the most luxuriant tastes among the people, and strained every nerve to satiate them with the appliances of indolent enjoyment, with baths and banquets, with galleries and libraries, with popular amusements and religious solemnities.

'Yet the secret of his power escaped, perhaps, the eyes of Augustus himself, blinded, as they doubtless were, by the fumes of national incense. Cool, shrewd, and subtle, the youth of nineteen had suffered neither interest nor vanity to warp the correctness of his judgments. The accomplishment of his designs was marred by no wandering imagination. His struggle for power was supported by no belief in a great destiny, but simply by observation of circumstances and a close calculation of his means. As he was a man of no absorbing tastes or fervid impulses, so he was also free from all illusions. The story that he made his illicit amours subservient to his policy, whether or not it be strictly true, represents the man's real character. The young Octavius commenced his career as a narrow-minded aspirant for material power. But his intellect expanded with his fortunes, and his soul grew with his intellect. The Emperor was not less magnanimous than he was magnificent. With the world at his feet, he began to conceive the real grandeur of his position; he learnt to comprehend the manifold variety of the interests subjected to him; he rose to a sense of the awful mission imposed upon him.....and though his human weaknesses still allowed some meannesses and trivialities to creep to light, his self-possession both in triumphs and reverses, in joys and in sorrows, was consistently dignified and imposing.'—Vol. iv., pp. 379–382.

Our own estimate of the character of Augustus would be by no means so favourable as the above. Whilst Mr. Merivale remembers that the accounts of Tiberius have mainly been derived from his enemies, he seems hardly to have taken it into consideration that our knowledge of Augustus is gained from the panegyrics of his immediate dependents. To ourselves he appears rather to have been the same cold-blooded and selfish politician to the last. Although he had mounted to his high position mainly by the aid of the arms of Agrippa and the counsels of Mæcenæ, Mr. Merivale records the suspicious anxiety with which he rewarded the merits of the former, whilst the last days of the latter were clouded by his displeasure. He professed a desire to reform the licentiousness which was so fearfully prevalent in his time; but he was himself a most flagrant violator of the laws he enacted to check the evil. Secure in the affections of the people whom he flattered, and to whose tastes he pandered, he might afford to forgive an unsuccessful conspiracy; but he had no pardon for the unhappy poet, Ovid, whose talents had been

prostituted to his service, nor even for his own daughter, whose morality was too faithfully copied from her father. The main cause of the hold which Augustus obtained over the minds of the Romans, is, we think, to be found in the courtesy of his manners, in the blessings of peace and security which his government afforded, in the Spartan simplicity of his private life, and in the vices of the Emperors who succeeded him. The mistrustful and cold reserve of Tiberius, the frenzy and extravagance of Caligula, and the imbecility of Claudius, made the Romans look back with longing to Augustus, who was at once affable, provident, and able. Add to this, that he fostered literature, and that his career was eminently successful, and the secret of his popularity is explained.

Mr. Merivale devotes three chapters to what may be termed the inner history of the Roman Empire. The vault of Ovid,—

*Jupiter arce suâ totum cùm spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet,—*

must be taken with very considerable limitations: for the globe contains, at the present time, four empires,—the Russian, American, Chinese, and British,—each of which exceeds in size the dominions of Rome at the period of their greatest extension, and of which one only comprises a few acres of all the regions over which Augustus held sway.² We cannot pause to consider the various elements of unity or variety which existed within the State; but Mr. Merivale well remarks, that Rome was the centre of the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean was the centre of the Empire. At the time we are speaking of, 'no place of any political importance lay at a distance of twenty miles from the coasts of the great inland sea,' whose waters thus became 'the common highway of every civilized nation of the world.' To our modern notions, however, the communication thus afforded was far from satisfactory. Although, in the summer months, the sea was glittering with vessels,—with the corn fleet from Egypt, and the ships which bore the spices of the East, the woollens of Asia Minor, and the wines from the vintages of Chios and Lesbos,—in the winter, the unskillfulness and timidity of the mariners made voyages uncertain and tedious; and in the face of adverse winds it required three months to sail from Cadiz to the port of Rome.

Of the provincial cities under the Empire, Corinth was the first in splendour and importance. The genius of Julius Cæsar had discerned the commercial excellence of her position, and had raised her from the degradation to which she had been reduced by the devastations of Mummius. The new city—the Praise of Julius, as it was called—surpassed the fame of her earlier glories. 'The beauty of its situation, the splendour of its edifices, the florid graces of its architecture, and the voluptuous charms of its parks and pleasure-grounds, delighted the stranger

whom its commerce had attracted. The security it enjoyed under the Empire, allowed it to expand its ample streets far beyond the confined precincts of its defences; and the light and airy arcades which connected it with its harbour at Lechæum, might be advantageously contrasted with the weary length of dead wall which extended from Athens to the Piræus.'

We cannot travel with our readers to the other cities which Mr. Merivale describes, but must take a hurried glance at the metropolis, leaving a more perfect acquaintance to be gathered from the work itself. As the stranger drew near the Imperial City, he was impressed by the long line of arches which supplied it with water from distant sources, and by the strange solitude of the country in the immediate vicinity of the capital. The solemn feeling thus produced would be strengthened 'by the wayside spectacle, peculiarly Roman, of the memorials of the dead. The sepulchres of twenty generations lined the sides of the high roads for several miles beyond the gates; and many of these were edifices of considerable size and architectural pretensions.' Supposing him to approach it by the Appian Way, which was the one most frequented, he would cross the plain on which the Horatii and Curiatii had contended; would go under the arch of Drusus; would pass the tombs of the Scipios, the Manlii, the Collatini and Marcelli; and, skirting the site of the Grotto of Egeria, would enter Rome by the Porta Capena, through which Cicero had been welcomed on his return from exile.

The Queen of the World, seated upon the seven hills, presented an appearance very different from that of our modern cities. Her aspect was of course materially affected by the inequalities of the site. The summits of the hills were principally occupied by temples, and the palaces of the wealthy; large spaces in the valleys were devoted to places of public amusement and assembly; and the remainder was crowded with narrow and crooked streets of lofty houses. The sacred edifices, the mansions of the wealthy, and the public buildings were of vast size and magnificence, with which the sordid dwellings of the lower orders, in their immediate vicinity, contrasted meanly. As in modern Oriental cities, luxury and squalid misery were brought into close vicinity to one another; and Rome was most probably disfigured by a want of uniformity in its architecture, and in the direction of its streets, which would appear to us intolerable. It was the boast, indeed, of Augustus, that he had found Rome of clay, and had left her of marble; but Mr. Merivale adds, 'After eighteen centuries the marble has mostly vanished and crumbled into dust, while huge strata of brick-work still crop out from under the soil, a Titanic formation as imperishable as the rock itself.'

Within these streets a vast population was constantly moving. Roman literature abounds in allusions to the discordant cries of

the itinerant street salesmen, to the heavy laden waggons, with long swinging beams, that terrified the citizen in his daily walk, to the conjurors and gymnastic performers who displayed their skill in the most frequented thoroughfares, and to the miscellaneous throng of foreigners and citizens with which the streets were constantly filled. In his description of every-day life in Rome, of the places of recreation, the theatres, the circus, the amphitheatres, and the baths,—in his account of the day of a Roman noble, as he visits the Forum, the Campus Martius, the bath, and the supper-table,—Mr. Merivale places a most admirable picture before our eyes. It is here especially that his extensive learning, and his powers of employing it, are made apparent; and we believe that the three final chapters of his fourth volume will be read by all with the deepest interest.

We can only take a cursory glance at Mr. Merivale's last volume. Perhaps its most remarkable feature is the well-grounded doubt which it expresses of the reliance to be placed on the testimony of Tacitus. This is proved, not merely by comparison of Tacitus with other historians, but by the quotation of contradictory passages from his own writings. In fact, the eloquent and terse annalist, whilst professing the strictest impartiality, was a partizan of the Flavian family, whom he extolled at the expense of the earlier Cæsars. And this prejudice has constantly discoloured his account of the character and policy of Claudius, Caligula, and Tiberius.

Our object in these remarks has been to indicate the mode of treatment of the subject adopted in these volumes, and by thus giving him a glimpse to induce the reader to study them for himself. However much he may have fallen short of the highest degree of excellence, we cannot but think that Mr. Merivale has set before himself the true task and aim of an historian. We have, indeed, escaped from the mistaken views which were once commonly entertained, that the judgment of the writer of ancient history should be warped by his political principles; and that liberty or despotism at Rome were to be regarded from the same standing-point as in England. But the tendency of modern writers is to theorize; and we are glad to find that Mr. Merivale has avoided this delusive, but attractive, method. He has brought to his subject great research, considerable powers of illustration, and a perfect independence of mind, which, throwing aside all preconceived notions, decides fairly from the evidence before it. As an instance of this, we may refer to his account of Tiberius, whom he considers to have been neither so able, nor so flagrantly wicked, as is commonly believed.

But whilst we admire his impartiality, we look in vain for any very striking passages or brilliant delineations of character. It may be that such a power is incompatible with the calm, cool judgment that we have already noticed. It may be that the fire

which lights up the pages of some of our histories, is kindled by the spirit of the Advocate, and is discordant with that of the Judge. We cannot imagine a more complete contrast than between the work before us, and those fascinating volumes on English history which have been lately noticed in these pages. Mr. Merivale's book is rather sound than brilliant. It lacks, indeed, the stern simplicity which we hold to be the best style in composing a history; and there is a tendency to a redundant use of metaphor. But, in spite of these drawbacks, the interest is maintained without flagging throughout his pages. If we are not thrilled by glowing passages, we are hardly ever disappointed; whilst we are not delighted by the sparkling brilliancy and piquant flavour of champagne, we rarely miss the mellow soundness of old port wine. In short, Mr. Merivale appeals not to our passions, but to our judgment; and this we hold to be the true office of an historian.

One other feature we deem especially worthy of notice. The period of which these volumes treat, was one of the most revolting licentiousness and horrible immorality; and the works of the Latin historians of this time are accordingly deeply stained by accounts which are unfit for English readers. It is, then, a matter of no little congratulation that we have in these volumes a work which may be placed in the hands of all persons indiscriminately; and we cannot praise too highly the delicacy and taste with which Mr. Merivale has written. Whilst the readers of Gibbon are frequently annoyed by the elaborate indecency which disfigures his pages, *we* do not recollect a single passage in the volumes before us to which any objection could be taken on this account; and it is a work of no little difficulty to describe such a time with so light and delicate a hand.

We will only add to these remarks, that we shall look forward with much interest to the remaining portions of this history, confidently anticipating that it will worthily occupy a place beside the best of our English authors; and will preserve the name of Merivale in enduring letters on one of the most beautiful entablatures which modern genius has inscribed with ancient story.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Men and Women*. By ROBERT BROWNING. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1855.
 2. *Man in Paradise: a Poem in Six Books. With Lyrical Poems*. By JOHN EDMUND READE. Longmans. 1856.
 3. *Antony and Octavius. Scenes for the Study*. By Walter Savage Landor. Moxon. 1856.

WE presume that most readers of the present day, and our own among the number, have had the theory of poetry suffi-

ciently discussed before them. The subject has not been confined to separate essays on 'Poetics;' for hardly is a single paper written to introduce some recent book of verses, but the critic launches into generalities of the most imposing kind, in which much that is true is very safely ventured on, and perhaps something that is new is rather modestly propounded. If there is no great harm in this practice, there is certainly a limit to its propriety and usefulness. An introduction of the kind referred to is not decisive of the author's merits, even when it seems to bear most fairly on them; for so ample is the sphere and theory of poetry, and so great the ingenuity of our critical brethren, that a very partial statement may be invested with the air of a most complete one, and judgment given on the authority of minor canons, without suspicion raised of a larger and more equitable rule. For the purposes of justice, then, the practice is at least a doubtful, if not a dangerous, one. The scope for entertainment which it furnishes is more considerable; but at the same time nothing is so liable to degenerate into tediousness as any line of general remark, which necessarily involves so large an amount of repetitions and commonplaces. For these reasons, which both define and urge the claims of a due economy of time and space, we shall proceed at once to open our poetic budget.

The first author on our list tempts us to extend the depreciatory observations already made. With Mr. Browning before us we are strongly disposed to doubt the utility, not merely of prelusive canons, but of direct and special criticism. So far as the authors themselves are concerned, and especially those belonging to the minstrel tribe, it is likely that our office might cease without material loss or detriment. Poets of the highest stamp are their own severest censors; those of the second grade are commonly unalterable, the slaves of their own idiosyncrasy; while bards of the lowest order are too wilful to admit, or too feeble to profit by, either precept or reproof. Mr. Browning belongs to the second class, which is even more hopeless than the last. Mediocrity of poetic merit may be corrected by judicious criticism, and improved up to a certain point; but the native obliquity of genius is not to be reduced to a more perfect sphere. The defects of Mr. Browning's poetry are as characteristic as its beauties: indeed, the former in some degree depend upon the latter, and by this time, at least, they are practically inseparable. We must then accept our author for what he is, and waste no time in fruitless lamentations or advice. The energy of highest genius works itself clear of all besetments, till both character and fame are 'rounded as a star;' but no external influence is appreciable in this result. We think it very doubtful now, if the genius of Mr. Browning will issue from its nebulous retreat, and orb itself distinctly in our literary heaven: but certainly no

terrestrial power can operate upon him to that end. In his case, therefore, and in those of some others who also are more or less confirmed in their poetic character, we shall consult only the pleasure and improvement of our readers: we shall strictly observe and illustrate the phenomena as they arise before us, and make no reflections but such as fall directly from the mirror we hold up.

The earliest fruits of Mr. Browning's muse—if we except the poem of '*Sordello*,' which the author appears to have repudiated, and which should not therefore be taken into account—were published, in series, under the symbolic name of '*Bells and Pomegranates*,' and consist of dramas and dramatic lyrics. His new poems differ very slightly in form, and still less in character, from these productions. The volumes entitled '*Men and Women*' consist entirely of lyrical monologues, about fifty in number. If the title of the first work was somewhat far-fetched and fantastical, that of the second is much too literal to be appropriate. There is music and perfume—recondite music and exotic perfume—in the one; but how limited and exceptional is the human nature of the other!

We have already intimated that Mr. Browning is so confirmed in his poetic ways, as to be far beyond the reach of salutary discipline. He may be held up as a warning, and in some few points commended as an example; but we have no idea that he is capable of profiting even by strictures which his own candid judgment may bow to and admit. His latest publication has satisfied our minds of this fact. The new poems of Mr. Browning are only so many new examples of his peculiar style,—a style still harsh, in spite of intimations of a hidden music, and still obscure, in spite of occasional gleams of happiest meaning. They show no improvement in the sense of genial growth, but only some advance of technic skill. They are effusions which have hardened in the mould of a definite and curious intellect,—not fruits which have ripened on the living vine of genius. It happens always in such cases that any eccentricity of style becomes more marked, and any defective vision more contracted; and it is strikingly so in the instance now before us, where the author's mannerism is more prominent and gratuitous than ever. And in this respect the poetry of Mr. Browning is actually opposed to that of Mr. Tennyson. While the genius of the latter is mellowing year by year, the muse of the former becomes only more perverse. The spirit of poetry is an eminently plastic power,—the only certain agent of poetical expression; and in fostering this expansive spirit, which is to works of art what the vital power is in the organic world, Mr. Tennyson has caused his genius to effloresce so freely and spontaneously, that the crude husk has fallen more and more away,—his early faults of language have ceased insensibly,

and his verse has gradually become the pure transparent medium of his thoughts. Mr. Browning has not so rid himself of his besetting faults. We do not forget that the style of art he practises is wholly different, that his range and object are expressly limited. Very unequal are these two, in depth and compass, as well as in tone and colour. The one is daily getting farther out to sea, takes deeper soundings and fresh observations; while the other rocks idly in the same Italian bay, and levels his glass at the same few quaint and listless figures on the beach. But independently of this essential difference, we would point attention to the fact, that the inferior poet is also the inferior artist; that, while the expression of the one always finds entrance, and is felt within the soul, the other not seldom fails in his humble appeal to the understanding and æsthetic sense. It may be difficult—or, indeed, impossible—to give the full meaning of Mr. Tennyson's language in any other terms; but this is only because true poetry has no equivalent; we are borne along with it notwithstanding,—it does not leave us where we were, but carries us whithersoever it will. But Mr. Browning is a lover of the picturesque, a student of men, and a sketcher of character and costume; and it behoves him to be at least so far literal and intelligible, that we may appreciate the object he draws from the same position which he occupies. Now, our charge is, that he is not thus literal and intelligible; and this brings us to the question which so many ask themselves,—Mr. Browning is acknowledged for so clever a man, that they are almost ashamed to ask their neighbours,—How is it that Mr. Browning's poetry is so hard to read, so very difficult to understand?

The admirers of our author would probably tell us that he writes only for the cultivated few, and that poetry of that stamp is never obvious to the popular mind, or relished by the popular taste. If we reply, that this is not true of the most eminent, and point to Homer and Shakspeare, they will say, that they are content to see him in a lower seat, and significantly point to Milton and Gray. Yet the reference is rather plausible than just. Milton wrote two hundred years ago, when the English language was still un moulded and unfixed; yet if the '*Comus*' or '*L'Allegro*' be not very widely appreciated, the reason is not to be found in its obscurity, to which charge, indeed, it is not strictly liable. Its elevation of thought, and delicacy of treatment, are remarkable; and these remove it from the sympathy and taste of vulgar readers; but its meanings are direct and clear. No doubt its classical allusions make some demand upon the reader's previous knowledge; but without such knowledge it is sufficiently pleasing and intelligible even upon one perusal. But no such knowledge avails to the understanding of Mr. Browning's muse, without repeated application and severest

study. Even an acquaintance with the localities and life of modern Italy may be added to his previous stock, and he shall still be in the dark as to the significance and drift of the author's poem; he may still puzzle himself over 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,'—while the very title is enough to frighten or perplex the untravelled reader. We may here insert this composition, both as an example of the perverse obscurity we are now considering, and as embodying, at the same time, many of those occult but real merits which we have yet to speak of.

'O, Galuppi! Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I give you credit, 't is with such a heavy mind!

'Here you come with your old music, and here 's all the good it brings.
What! they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were
the kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

'Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 't is arch'd by—what
you call—

Shylock's bridge, with houses on it, where they kept the carnival!

I was never out of England—it 's as if I saw it all!

'Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks began at midnight, burning ever to mid-day;
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

'Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed;
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

'Well—and it was graceful of them—they 'd break talk off, and afford,
She to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
While you sat and play'd Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

'What! those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh!
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions,—“Must
we die?”

Those commiserating sevenths—“Life might last! we can but try!”

“Were you happy?” “Yes.” “And are you still as happy?”
“Yes; and you?”

“Then more kisses.” “Did I stop them when a million seem'd so few?”
Hark! the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

'So an octave struck the answer. O, they praised you, I dare say!
“Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.”

'Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

'But when I sit down to reason,—think to take my stand nor swerve,
Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every nerve.

'Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking when a house was burn'd—
 "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earn'd!
 The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discern'd.

'Yours, for instance, you know physics, something of geology,
 Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
 Butterflies may dread extinction—you'll not die, it cannot be!

'As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,
 Here on earth they have their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop.
 What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
 Dear, dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
 Used to hang and sweep their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

We have done our part to insure the reader's appreciation of this poem by inserting it at length; and thus, while the whole is before him, he may also find time to accommodate his ear to the novel rhythm and abrupt transitions. Yet one perusal will hardly gratify the most attentive mind; and a person of only average poetic taste will have small inducement to venture on a second. It must be owned that the poem is sadly wanting in clearness and directness. Even those who are fain to admire because they are content to study it, and who fancy they discern and feel something of its fine impressive moral, are not thoroughly assured that they enter into the author's spirit, or rightly estimate the sentiment and meaning of his verses. To some—and not a few—the poem will be writ in hieroglyphic symbols; and the fault is not wholly in themselves,—the poet's style and language is unwarrantably broken and obscure. The fact is, that Mr. Browning is too proud for anything. He disdains to take a little pains to put the reader at a similar advantage with himself,—to give a preparatory statement which may help to make his subsequent effusion plain and logical. He scorns the good old style of beginning at the beginning. He starts from any point and speaks in any tense he pleases; is never simple or literal for a moment; leaves out (or out of sight) a link here and another there of that which forms the inevitable chain of truth, making a hint or a word supply its place; and, if you fail to comprehend the whole, is apparently satisfied that he knows better, and has the advantage of you there. He abandons himself to a train of vivid associations, and brings out some features of them with remarkable effect; but he gives you no clue whereby to follow him throughout. It may seem odd, to compare a man so reticent and clever with the weak and loquacious Mrs. Nickleby; but really his random style of address is not unlike that lady's; and in respect to both, we rather plume ourselves upon the exercise of conjectural skill, than feel indebted to the speaker for a satisfactory and distinct relation. No doubt there is more real coherence in Mr. Browning's language, but it is not ap-

parent,—it is for the student, and not the reader. We suppose, too, that while the one is artlessness itself, the other is supreme and cunning art. No matter, however, if these extremes meet; the effect in either case is impatience and fatigue.

It is this harshness, which of course is real, and this obscurity, which is chiefly superficial, that will always render Mr. Browning's poetry unpopular, because they interfere with its easy and complete enjoyment. But we can readily believe that his small circle of admirers are very ardent in their admiration, and almost unmeasured in their praise. In the first place, we value an appreciation arrived at only after some expenditure of time and study. And then the ear, the mind, become gradually attuned to the new modes of thought and speech. But there is something more than this. Both the merits and defects of Mr. Browning's poetry are such as belong to a peculiar school of art; and the masters in every school have the power of rousing the enthusiasm of kindred minds; they gather round them a band of attached disciples, and are followed by the plaudits of delighted connoisseurs. This is more seldom noticed in our poets than in the sister art of painting; and, indeed, the poems of Mr. Browning find an almost perfect analogy in the pictures of a certain modern school. Our author resembles the pre-Raffaelites both in choice of subject and in style of treatment. He has the same vivid and realizing touch, and the same love of exquisite detail. Like them he has a strong aversion to all that is conventional in the language of his art, and like them, also, is liable to be misapprehended and decried. His very fidelity to nature, expressed with so much novelty and boldness, incurs the charge of eccentricity and heresy. The traditions of his art are less to him than the impression of his own senses, and the skill of his own right hand. But, as a poet, he must count upon less general admiration than his brother artist. If even truth of colour is not fully estimated by the uneducated sense, and the pre-Raffaelite must first surprise before thoroughly convincing and delighting us, much more the independent use of language. We must know the right force of words before we feel them; and then only are we prepared to recognise the completer measures of poetic truth, which Coleridge has defined to be *the best words in the best order*. We say, then, of Mr. Browning, that although any reader may be warranted in saying what he is not,—a great poet; yet only an accomplished few are able to judge of his peculiar merits, and pronounce him what he is,—an original and graphic artist. He is fairly open to rebuke, and liable, besides, to general neglect; but no thoughtful person will despise either his talents or attainments.

The reader of his volumes will notice the large share of attention which Mr. Browning has bestowed on the pictures and painters of the Italian schools. They are all very characteristic

sketches; and as they are for the most part in our author's better manner, we should have willingly transferred a specimen to our pages,—such as 'Andrea del Sarto, called the Faultless Painter,'—but their length forbids. The same objection rests against our introduction to the reader of 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' The verses so entitled embody the after-dinner talk of a dignitary of the Romish Church, who, for the edification of a sceptical companion, endeavours to show that a certain amount of faith is expedient to the wise, and that no larger measure is practicable in the conditions under which we live. He compares our life to a voyage, in which all our available space is a narrow 'cabin,' whose limits exclude all but the most necessary and convenient articles. In short, this worthy Prelate advocates a most comfortable compromise between the rival claims of the gospel and the world. Utterly false as such casuistry must be, it is here most pleasantly and ably argued. But more to our judgment, if not to our taste, as well as more convenient for the purpose of extraction, is the following little poem, called 'Transcendentalism: a Poem in Twelve Books.' It reads in some parts like our author's own defence.

'Stop playing, poet! may a brother speak?
 'T is you speak, that's your error! Song's our art;
 Whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts,
 Instead of dressing them in sights and sounds:
 —Fine thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up!
 But why such long prolusion and display,
 Such turning and adjustment of the harp,
 And taking it upon the breast at length,
 Only to speak dry words across its strings?
 Stark naked thought is in request enough—
 Speak prose, and holloa it till Europe hears!
 The six-foot Swiss tube, traced about with bark,
 Which helps the hunter's voice from Alp to Alp—
 Exchange our harp for that—who hinders you?
 —But here's your fault: grown men want thought you think;—
 Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:
 Boys seek for images in melody,
 Men must have reason—so you aim at men.
 Quite otherwise! Objects throng our youth, 't is true;
 We see and hear, and do not wonder much.
 If you could tell us what they mean, indeed!
 As Swedish Boehme never cared for plants,
 Until it happ'd, in walking in the fields,
 He noticed all at once the plants could speak;
 Many turn'd with loosen'd tongue to talk with him:
 That day the daisy had an eye indeed,—
 Colloquized with the cowslip on such themes!
 We find them extant yet in Jacob's prose.
 But by the time youth steps a stage or two,
 While reading prose in that tough book he wrote,

(Collating and emendating the same,
And settling on the sense most to our mind,)
We shut the clasps, and find life's summer past.
Then, who helps men, pray, to repair our loss?
Another Bœhme with a tougher book
And subtler meanings of what roses say—
Or some stout Mage like him of Halberstadt,
John, who made things Bœhme wrote thoughts about?
He with a *look you!* vents a brace of rhymes,
And in them breaks the sudden rose herself,
Over us, under, round us every side;
Nay, in and out the tables and the chairs,
And musty volumes,—Bœhme's book and all,—
Buries us with a glory young once more,
Pouring heaven into this short house of life.
—So come, the harp back to your heart again!
You are a poem though your poem's naught.
The best of all you did before, believe,
Was your own boy's face over the fine chords
Bent, following the cherub at the top
That points to God with his pair'd half-moon wings.'

We hardly know if these lines serve more to vindicate or to condemn the author's practice. No doubt a few more readings would improve our insight; but our present impression is only faint, and so far not favourable to Mr. Browning's own performance. He avoids the error, indeed, of giving us 'stark naked thoughts;' but most honest men will find his verse as 'tough' as Jacob Bœhme's celestial prose. We leave the matter to occupy the reader's leisurely consideration; and pass on to men of plainer speech.

Very different from the poetry of Mr. Browning is that of Mr. John Edmund Reade, who claims our next attention. The admirers of the former gentleman will say that the productions of these authors should not be mentioned in the same paper; and we readily allow that in the important feature of originality, there is no comparison betwixt the two. But the gods who made them both poetical, tendered their gifts with even-handed justice. To one it gave ill-directed strength, and to the other well-directed weakness. Perusal is a labour in the one case, and inevitable slumber in the other; and we could not highly blame the man who should thank heaven that it is a duty in neither.

But Mr. Reade has a certain distinction of his own. He may be called the Father of the Minor Poets. How few writers of this class are heard of twenty years after their first indiscretion! Some of them, we fear, are hopeless and incurable, and, falling into utter despondency, become a burden to themselves and others; but the bulk of them, we rejoice to think, find either some more fortunate direction of their talents, or, at least, some

wholesome innocent diversion. Many of our heartiest and most successful friends have been at one time among the minor poets, if they would but own it; and we do not esteem them one jot the less; for it is easy to forgive the verses which are already forgotten. But Mr. Reade is a man of greater tenacity of purpose; or haply he was smit with a more fatal passion. He has grown old in the service of an unthankful muse; and to our minds there is something almost pathetic in an attachment so disinterested and unfortunate. We have not been unaffected, for example, in reading the following lines, forming the first part of a poem, entitled 'Despondency Reproved: '—

'When I reflect on the departed years
That have lapsed from me, river-like; when I see
Thro' the far vistas of clear memory,
The vigorous green along youth's banks that grew,
Which the impress of mid-age mellowing sours,
Brightening decadence it may not renew;
And, looking in this bodily temple, when
I feel obstructions, slighted once, impede
Life's current flowing fainter from its source;
And when I mark my lessening hair recede,
And lines of light that track its weary course:
And when I know my earnest brow is plough'd
With furrow'd toil, too openly avow'd,
Conscious, alas! that I have withering passed
Life's road that verges slowly towards decline;
And when I see the goal of my high hope
Unreach'd, far off, and gathering clouds o'ercrest,
The star that lustreless wanes o'er my ken,
Verily by the road-side I could sit,
"Envyng at this man's reach and that man's scope,"
And, feeling for this rude, rough life unfit,
My wayward lot repine.'

There is something, we say, in these verses not unmoving. A constancy so rare to an object, so noble, is enough to dignify defeat itself; and it is but justice to say, that Mr. Reade has not wholly failed. Indeed, it is impossible that a diligent devotion like his, however misdirected, should fail to accomplish any of the ends proposed. Our author has lacked invention from the first, and has always been too prone to imitation,—in youth of Byron, and in later years of Wordsworth and Milton. Of course, no very happy result could follow such a tendency. No one will read 'Italy' when 'Childe Harold' is at hand; and even earnest indiscriminating boyhood will hardly put down 'Paradise Lost,' and give the preference to 'Man in Paradise.' But Mr. Reade has wonderfully succeeded in mastering the mere language of the poets. With many readers the gravity of his verse will give an apparent weight to his reflections; and all the phrases, turns, and epithets of poetry will, like the leaves of a barren tree, disguise the poverty of his ideas. In short, so well does he as-

sume the gait and habit which the muses have prescribed, that we are not surprised to learn that he has been taken for a real poet, and his 'works' collected and bought under that impression, and even read without the notion being seriously disturbed.

Of '*Man in Paradise*,' the first poem in Mr. Reade's last volume, we are not prepared to give an adequate description. We know that it is in six books, and that we achieved our way some steps into the third; that so long as we read it aloud, with emphasis and volume, it passed among us for something quite superior; that the question arose whether Mr. Reade intended to alter, supplement, improve, or supersede the rival '*Paradise*;' and that somewhere in the second book a good subject seemed very gratuitously spoiled, and much havoc made of our long-cherished intention of writing a pre-Adamite romance. These points we remember in connexion with the poem now before us; but of its scope and purpose we have only a very faint conception. It contains, however, many proofs of that 'accomplishment of verse' to which we have before alluded as the chief attainment of Mr. Reade's literary studies. The following lines, describing an early period in the history of our globe, are sonorous in themselves, and show some skill in the employment of his scientific resources; only the thing is plainly overdone.

'Then writhed the lizard into form, and crept
On earth, or waters stemm'd, oar-finn'd: plumed birds
Waded thro' marshy pools, their flight untried,
Till strength branch'd heavily forth the mounting wing:
Serpents, ingenerate from the green morass,
Its inward life and outer hue received,
The stagnant blood slow oozing thro' their veins,
Aqueous and gelid; the slime-gender'd track
Lubricate, sinuously wound along,
The soundless motion and the glittering eye.
Then thro' the fervid empyrean hiss'd
The giant Saurian. The plesiosaur,
Oaring thro' lakes and ponds of sedge or fern,
Or beds fluviatile, gathering his arched neck,
Lanced death shot forth from its voluminous folds.
The pterodactyl arm'd with javelin wings,
The life-destroyer, clove its arrowy flight;
Then, with broad-shielded head and spear-like fins,
Scale-gleaming bands of cephalaspides
Cleft the wild deep that flash'd entempested;
Dark shores, morass, and hill and vale, one chase
Of life from death, pursuing or pursued,
Attuned to cries of fear, rage, agony.

Behemoth there
Crush'd woods beneath his tread; Leviathan
In folds voluminous rolled; grey Mastodon,
Grown to a thing of mountainous heaving life,
Tro'd thunders vibrated from the hollow ground!

And there, strength nerving his broad front, his head
 Maned in its savage majesty as with flakes
 Of the rent thunder-cloud, the Lion stalk'd.

There is much poetry of the above description in this elaborate effort of the muse; but it is unnecessary to carry the quotation further. The influence of Bailey, the author of 'Festus,' is as plainly seen in some parts of the work as that of Milton in others. It is time to speak plainly of the value of such writing. No amount of this ingenious craftsmanship will give the reputation of a genuine poet; and if the manufacture of pictures out of the old masters is done from motives more dishonest, the practice of such authors as Mr. Reade, when strictly judged, is hardly less dishonourable and unworthy. It is only protected from the strongest censure and contempt by the unfortunate delusion which inspired, and the strange devotion which has multiplied, such useless verse.

Last of the three, and least, but not least welcome, is the publication of Walter Savage Landor. In the penultimate issue of this vigorous writer,—still vigorous on the verge of fourscore years,—we gratefully accepted what were proffered as the 'Last Fruits off an Old Tree,' and which, by their flavour and abundance, testified to the continued soundness of the stock. We have now more 'last fruit;' and its flavour is still of the fine sort, though it may lack something of its wonted fulness and body.

In 'Antony and Octavius' Mr. Landor has done a bold thing. He has never, indeed, been wanting in courage and independence of the haughtiest kind; and in the magic circle which his genius has described and peopled, he has not hesitated to evoke the spirits of the most mighty dead,—to re-animate the tongues of Plato and of Cicero; to make Dante, and Petrarca, and Spenser discourse high wisdom, and pour out their tenderest complaint; to show us Milton in his blind old age, and Shakspeare in his bright consummate youth. With what wonderful success he has done all this, the reader of his works need not be told. But in the slender book before us he appears not as the delineator, but as the rival, of Shakspeare; not as one who ventured to imagine the tenor of his youth, but as one who dares to challenge comparison with the works of his manhood. Of course, Mr. Landor repudiates the thought of rivalry so bold as this:—

'Few,' says he, 'have obtained the privilege of entering Shakspeare's garden, and of seeing him take turn after turn, quite alone, now nimbly, now gravely, on his broad and lofty terrace.....Let us never venture where he is walking, whether in deep meditation, or in buoyant spirits. Enough is it for us to ramble and loiter in the narrower paths below, and look up at the various images which, in the prodigality of his wealth, he has placed in every quarter.....Before

you, reader, are some scattered leaves gathered from under them; careful hands may arrange and compress them in a book of their own, and thus for awhile preserve them, if rude children do not finger them first, and tamper with their fragility.'

But the fact remains that our author has chosen to treat the same subject as Shakspeare, and in a dramatic form; and though no one will be so unjust as to institute a formal comparison, yet neither can any disarm his memory of the brightest associations connected with the theme. It happens, too, that it is one of Shakspeare's master-pieces which is thus recalled. How wonderfully is the poet's genius displayed in the drama of 'Antony and Cleopatra!' It seems to us the very richest fruit of his exuberant mind, displaying an almost miraculous knowledge of the female heart, and an inexhaustible fund of spirit and invention. The author does not appear, but he seems in effect to be himself fascinated by the 'serpent of old Nile,'—to nurse an enthusiasm which boldly challenges the equal admiration of the reader, and to ask triumphantly, Who can blame Antony without half coveting his luxurious lot? And what was there in the world he lost to compare with the world's paragon for whom he left it, and whose wanton fancy he completely conquered and absorbed, kindling into heroic fervour the Epicurean passion of her royal heart, like a tropic garden set on fire by the unusual blazing of the sun? Pompeys and Cæsars the world will never be without; but Antony could only play his part while Cleopatra lived. And so,—who blames him?—he melted into the cup of his love the jewel of a rare and costly genius, and, drinking that intoxicating draught, he gladly exhausted the utmost fortune of the gods.

Yet in spite of this masterly pre-occupation of the theme, the 'Antony and Octavius' of Mr. Landor has merit and interest of its own. After all, it is perhaps the only ground where our author could any way bear up against such odds; for he is deeply imbued with the antique spirit, as well as richly fraught with classical learning; and a brief quotation will show with what taste and skill he interprets Plutarch after the Shakspearean manner. Octavius is already master in Egypt, and to him enters gaily the young Cæsarion, son of his uncle Julius.

Cæsarion. Hail! hail! my cousin! Let me kiss that hand
So soft and white. Why hold it back from me?
I am your cousin, boy Cæsarion.

Octavius. Who taught you all this courtesy?

Cæsarion. My heart.
Beside, my mother bade me wish you joy.

Octavius. I would myself receive it from her.

Cæsarion. Come,
Come then with me; none see her and are sad.

Octavius. Then she herself is not so?

Cæsarion.

Not a whit,

Grave as she looks, but should be merrier still.

Octavius. She may expect all bounty at our hands.*Cæsarion.* Bounty! she wants no bounty. Look around.

Those palaces, those temples and their gods,
 And myriad priests within them, all are hers;
 And people bring her ships, and gems, and gold.
 O cousin! do you know what some men say,
 (If they do say it,) that your sails, ere long,
 Will waft all these away?

I wish 't were true

What else they talk.

Octavius. What is it?*Cæsarion.*

That you come

To carry off her also. She is grown

Paler; and I have seen her bite her lip

At hearing this. Ha! well I know my mother;

She thinks it may look redder for the bite.

Thus the boy prattles; but the eye of Octavius is upon him,
 and his admiration is not likely to pass over into love.

Octavius. Agrippa, didst thou mark that comely boy?*Agrippa.* I did indeed.*Octavius.*

There is, methinks, in him

A somewhat not unlike our common friend.

Agrippa.

Unlike! There never was such similar

Expression. I remember Caius Julius

In youth, although my elder by some years;

Well I remember that high-vaulted brow,

Those eyes of eagles under it, those lips

At which the Senate and the people stood

Expectant for their portals to uncloze;

Then speech, not womanly, but manly sweet,

Came from them, and shed pleasure as the morn

Sheds light.

Octavius. The boy has too much confidence.*Agrippa.*

Not for his prototype. When he threw back

That hair in hue like cinnamon, I thought

I saw great Julius tossing his, and warn

The pirates he would give them their desert.

.....My boy, thou gazest at those arms hung round.

Cæsarion.

I am not strong enough for sword or shield,

Nor even so old as my sweet mother was

When I first rioted upon her knee,

And seized whatever sparkled in her hair.

Ah! you had been delighted, had you seen

The pranks she pardon'd me! What gentleness!

What playfulness!

Octavius.

Go now, Cæsarion.

Cæsarion.

And had you ever seen my father too!

He was as fond of her as she of me,

And often bent his thoughtful brow o'er mine

To kiss what she had kiss'd ; then held me out
 To show how he could manage the refractory ;
 Then one long smile, one pressure to the breast.
Octavius. How tedious that boy grows ! lead him away,
 Aufidius !.....There is mischief in his mind,
 He looks so guileless.'

We might, perhaps, have selected a more important scene than the above, and given the reader a glimpse of Mr. Landor's 'Antony ;' but we wished to impart some notion of the skill and freedom of these classic dialogues ; and the lover of this species of poetry will procure the little volume itself. At any rate, our limits are transgressed, and we must refrain from quoting more. But, *Ex pede Herculem*. We believe the reader will admire the brief example we have given. We can assure him that the whole twelve scenes are of the same complexion. After this novel and successful effort, we should have no objection to receive a 'Coriolanus' from the same statuary's hand. 'Coriolanus !' What subject more suited to the haughty genius and sharp chisel of Walter Landor ? It would form an admirable companion to the 'Antony and Octavius.' Such compositions could enter into no foolish and unequal rivalry with the great dramatic master-pieces : they would render homage, and not claim comparison,—being only still-life illustrations of the master's living scene. Welcome as such, they might long stand in the avenue of Shakspeare's fame ;—stand silent, and face to face, on either side, diminished to all eyes by the magnitude and glory of the place.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Times and Morning Herald Newspapers of April 16th, 1856. (Report of Meeting of Convocation.)*
2. *An Important Question: Why do not the Wesleyan Methodists join the Church of England, when she is so willing to receive them?* By a Clergyman.
3. *Exclusiveness no Doctrine of the Church of England.* By the REV. GEORGE BISHOP, B.A.
4. *A Letter to the Editor of the Guardian respecting the proposed Union between the Church and the Wesleyans.* By the REV. WILLIAM MAW SHAW, B.A.
5. *Hints on Christian Union.* By the REV. JOHN PAUL, B.D., Incumbent of Twigworth.
6. *Answer to the Question, Why are you a Wesleyan Methodist?* By the REV. THOMAS JACKSON.
7. *Wesleyan Tracts for the Times.*
8. *Non-Episcopal Ordination: The Opinions of the Fathers of the Church of England from the Time of Archbishop Cranmer to Archbishop Howley.*

THE project of a union between the Methodists and the Established Church has not been brought forward recently for the first time. Several years ago an amiable Clergyman published a pamphlet containing proposals to that effect. Public attention, however, has been more generally attracted to the subject since our last issue than at any former period. Not only have pamphlets and newspapers discussed the matter, but a Committee, including some influential men, has apprized the world that it had given to the question very earnest deliberation, and a proposal resulting from that deliberation has been published in most of the journals, formally submitted to both Houses of Convocation, and discussed with more or less seriousness, particularly in the Upper House. This circumstance has brought the matter fairly before the country, and calls for public notice, such as we should not give to mere newspaper articles or pamphlets.

As an effort after the Christian union which all good men desire, the attempt to re-unite to the ecclesiastical Establishment of the country that body of Nonconformists which is at the same time more numerous than any other, and much more friendly in its attitude, is one that ought to conciliate the good feeling of all who cherish a catholic spirit. In Scotland and Ireland, late years have witnessed a re-union of different branches of the Presbyterian Church,—a result which must have been viewed by all Christians with sincere pleasure; and we are not without hope that further progress may be made in the same direction. We have no doubt that on the part of many who have thought and written upon the re-union of the Methodists and the Establishment, the motive has been the same which led to

those results, namely, a desire to promote the unity, and thereby the usefulness, of the Church of God ; and we should therefore very deeply regret, if, in discussing the possibility of effecting such a re-union, we should embitter the question by one word tending to reflect upon the motives of any who may, in whatever form, have moved in this matter. It was a project fairly open to all good men, and one the advocacy of which, if conducted with due consideration and delicacy towards all parties, could only do honour both to the promoters and to the objects of their friendly zeal. Our present purpose is to consider whether such an amalgamation is feasible in itself, and whether, if effected, it would be really useful to the public interests of Christianity.

Perhaps it will not be amiss if we place on permanent record, in our pages, the steps taken by the Committee which has moved Convocation on the subject. The members of that Committee do not tell us from what quarter the original suggestion proceeded, or what larger body they may claim to represent ; but a number of gentlemen, by whomsoever incited and convened, met at the Rectory, St. James's, Westminster, and proceeded to consider ' what measures it may be expedient to take for promoting union with the Church of England on the part of Christians not at present in active communion with her.' This Committee resolved to select one body of Christians only, in order to make a commencement ; and that body was the Methodists. For this choice they assign several reasons.

First, ' That the Methodists generally disclaim the designation of Dissenters ;' which is perfectly true, because that designation is understood to imply a hostility to the Church, and to the principle of establishments, which the Methodists as a body have never cherished. Secondly, ' Because Wesley's own sentiments were to the last against any separation from the Church of England ;' which is also true, as true as that both his sentiments and his practice were in favour of what he called a ' variation' from it. Thirdly, ' Because, the apathy of the Church of England herself during the eighteenth century having been, in a great measure, the occasion of that gradual estrangement which has resulted in the present state of things, the Wesleyans appear to have an especial claim upon the Church.' This is creditable to the good feeling of the gentlemen of the Committee, and contains in itself very important admissions :—First, that the estrangement has been gradual, not the result of any violent and divisive efforts on the part of the Methodists ; and, Secondly, that it was occasioned chiefly by ' the apathy of the Church of England herself ;' so leaving the Methodists in the position rather of the aggrieved party, with a claim still outstanding.

Then, however, they proceed to give a reason which we cannot consider equally creditable to them. They say, ' It has been re-

presented to them that there exists on the part of divers excellent Wesleyan Ministers, not merely a willingness to receive, but a wish for, episcopal ordination.' We do not say that this is intentionally ambiguous, but in effect it is remarkably so. To the cursory reader it will convey the impression that some considerable number of Methodist Ministers have been in communication with these gentlemen, representing themselves as longing for the imposition of episcopal hands; but, when the sentence comes to be read a second time, it appears that no such thing is said, but that it may only mean that the Committee somehow know that a number of Ministers with such wishes does exist; or it may mean only, that without knowing even this much, it was, by somebody or other,—they say not whom,—represented to them, that such Ministers exist. This last is all that the Committee say, and probably all that they mean; and it certainly is very slender ground on which, in the sight of the whole nation, to issue a statement which Wesleyan Ministers generally must feel as extremely indelicate, and most unjust to them and to the flocks over which they watch.

The extent of the hurt thus inconsiderately done to that body is indicated by the circumstance, that when, shortly after the appearance of this statement, an eminent Dissenting Minister was preaching before the Methodist Missionary Society, he publicly alluded to the alleged longing of the Ministers for episcopal orders. But the Committee add one more reason,—to the effect that 'the Wesleyans have under their influence a large class of persons with whom the influence of the Church is comparatively powerless, and to whom they (the Wesleyans) consider that they have a distinct mission; so that the reconciling a body thus influential seems to be an important first step towards general religious union.' We have no doubt that here the reference is to the working classes, and this again is one of the reasons which we look upon as entirely creditable to the spirit of the gentlemen of the Committee.

Having, then, fully determined on selecting the Methodists as the especial object of their attempt at union, the Committee next came to the practical point, as to how that object was to be promoted. This at once raised the great question, Were they, or were they not, 'to conciliate the Wesleyans as a body by means of direct offers to the Conference?' In this light only could the project be considered one of *union*. In the cases to which we have alluded, of union between different branches of the Presbyterian Church, the end had been effected by seeking to bring two separate *bodies* closer together. The feasibility of this course, in the case now contemplated, was, the Committee say, fully debated; but they found in their way very considerable difficulties. The Wesleyan system had become

'thoroughly organized, and, as it were, hereditary.' In this state, it was—

'incapable of being wrought upon, as a system, except in one of the four following ways:—

'*First*, by formally admitting Wesleyan Ministers to officiate co-ordinately with the Clergy of the Church of England without having received episcopal ordination.

'*Secondly*, by inviting all Wesleyan Ministers to receive episcopal ordination.

'*Thirdly*, by inviting all Wesleyan Ministers to connexion with the Church of England, as lay members indeed, but as holding a Missionary office. The conditions of such holding would be, that they should resort to the Church for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and refrain from ministering it themselves; limiting their functions to the evangelizing of districts or classes which have not been reached, or cannot at present be reached, by the Church.

'Or, *Fourthly*, by consenting to confer episcopal ordination on any Wesleyan Minister who might desire it, and, in the judgment of the Bishop, be qualified to receive it; such Minister being allowed to retain his connexion with the Wesleyan body, and to officiate in a Wesleyan chapel, provided that he use the Liturgy of the Church of England.'

The first of these propositions was, 'of course,' not even entertained, because it would be in effect resigning that peculiarity of the Church of England which isolates her from the whole Protestant world, by claiming for her own orders some special virtue, which none of her sister Churches is happy enough to possess. The second they also dismissed, because they believed that the proposal would be met by so much opposition as would at once defeat it. The third appeared at first somewhat feasible; but the Committee finally abandoned it, because they believed that, on the whole, the Wesleyan Ministers were scarcely prepared to give up their ministerial functions. The fourth was totally impracticable. From these considerations the Committee came to the conclusion, that a scheme of union between the Methodists, *as a body*, and the Church of England, as at present constituted, was *hopeless*. The sum of their reasons amounts to this, that the Church of England does not acknowledge any Protestant Ministers as worthy to officiate at her altars, except those of her own stock, or the branches of it existing in Scotland, America, and the Colonies. This with her is an unchangeable rule, as they believe; and, on the other hand, they cannot feel confident that the Methodists are prepared to sanction and participate in this exclusiveness. The one takes a position separate from the Reformed Churches; the other, a position on the same catholic ground whereon they stand; and neither, in the estimation of the Committee, is likely to give way upon this vital point. Therefore they abandon the hope of anything like a union between the Establishment and the Methodists, as a body.

Had the proceedings of the Committee terminated here, we should have had nothing to do but to commend their good intentions in taking the question into consideration, and their good sense in seeing that, without an essential alteration of the claims of the Church of England, it could never be carried out. But unhappily they proceed from a project of union, which they abandon, to a project of aggression, which they hope may be made operative, by obtaining some facilities from the authorities of their own Church. We do not say that they clearly saw that in moving, not for the means to unite the Methodists as a body, but for facilities to win over their Ministers and people as individuals, they were concocting only an aggression, organizing an effort to dismember and weaken a body, the Christian discipline and zeal of which they, implicitly at least, acknowledge to be equal, if not superior, to that of their own. We think it very probable that, habituated to the view which they hold of their own position and that of the Methodists respectively, they felt themselves free to make any kind of overture, without pausing to consider what was due to their neighbours, or rather without feeling a suspicion that they were actually wounding legitimate susceptibilities. Nevertheless, it remains perfectly true that, instead of proposing a union, they simply proposed an aggression; and, had their project been encouraged by the authorities of their Church, the only issue it could possibly have had would be, not to draw Methodism and the Establishment closer together, but to create a mutual jealousy, which desertions from the ranks of the one, and seeking for deserters on the part of the other, would foster, if not inflame. Farther than this we shall not remark upon the unhappy error into which the Committee fell, but pass it by as a very remarkable departure from the spirit of their original movement, and an aggression on the part of one Protestant denomination against another, the precise parallel of which we do not remember in recent times.

Having now adopted the conclusion, that they would only endeavour 'to clear away the difficulties which hamper the consciences of individual Ministers, or other members of the Wesleyan body, or otherwise discourage their movement towards the Church,' the Committee proceed to specify what some of those difficulties are. With a candour which does them much credit, they state plainly that, on the part of the Methodists, an impression exists that the Establishment is not 'sufficiently jealous' of the personal holiness of her Ministers, and other members. They also intimate that another great difficulty is, a strong feeling on the part of the Methodists in favour of class-meetings, and a persuasion that they would be formally disapproved by the Church of England: and they give another reason, which could only act upon Ministers,—namely, the

'hardship of enforcing a three years' silence before a Wesleyan Minister can be episcopally ordained.' This usage could be looked upon as a hardship only by one who had put himself in a position to feel it. To the great body of the Methodist Ministers and people, it would appear in a light much less serious. They would consider the enforcing, on a man whose Christian faith and character were unquestioned, three years' silence, as a preparation for efficient preaching, simply as something very odd.

Another difficulty which they mention, is one to which we attach very little importance,—'a suspicion that, in promoting union, the Church of England desires to obtain patronage or temporal influence.' Our own impression is, that such a suspicion would enter the minds of but very few Methodists; that their suspicions would much sooner point to a desire to control spiritual movements, prevent the exercise of spiritual gifts, and reduce all evangelistic action, and all the means of grace, within such limits as the bench of Bishops very strongly, not to say passionately, insisted on last summer, in the debate on Lord Shaftesbury's Bill for removing the last remnant of legal penalties, against what is considered by the Establishment the irregular exercise of spiritual gifts.

Having stated, however, the difficulties which appeared to them to exist in the minds of individual Methodists, the Committee fairly confess the lack of discipline in their own Church, strongly intimate their feeling that greater care should be taken in admitting candidates for orders, state that no 'insuperable obstacle' need be raised by the question of class-meetings, and wish that any Wesleyan Minister seeking episcopal ordination may be admitted thereto without being required not to preach for three years, preparatory to his preaching episcopally. Then, disclaiming all intention to interfere with the property or patronage of the Methodists, they resolve to petition the Convocation to take into consideration 'the possibility of reconciling them to the Church, in the belief that, if no other result be produced, the doing this will at least evidence the existence of a kindly spirit in the Church towards the Wesleyan community.'

Having prepared a petition in accordance with this Resolution, it was intrusted, by the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the Bishop of Lichfield, by whom it was formally presented to the Upper House of Convocation. Their Lordships appear to have been chiefly struck by the part of the petition which seemed to admit defects in their own mode of ordination, and at this they testified a very lively displeasure. Towards the Methodists we do not know that anything either charitable or uncharitable was expressed by their Lordships, except by one whom we will never take as an exponent of the Church of

England,—the Bishop of Exeter; and it is only for the sake of making our record of the leading features of the event complete, that we should trouble ourselves to say that from that Prelate fell the expression,—which any reporter of ordinary sagacity would have ventured to write down under his name beforehand,—that he regarded ‘these people’ with a feeling of pity, because they were ‘in a state of schism, and therefore of sin,’ and consequently were ‘*ipso facto* excommunicate.’ Thus a movement which we have no doubt was begun with the best intentions, but which was unfortunately deflected from its original purpose, ended, for the present season at least, in a scene not calculated to exalt the Church of England, or to attract the Methodists.

We set out by saying that we should consider the feasibility of the union contemplated, and its real usefulness, if feasible. The project has sufficient magnitude to excite many minds by the mere sense of grandeur. The Church of England is that member of the family of Reformed Churches which has the greatest wealth and highest political exaltation; the Methodist Church, that which possesses the greatest diffusive power. To unite these two,—to confer upon Methodism the *prestige* of the Establishment, and to impart to the Establishment the vigour and elasticity of Methodism,—would certainly be one of the greatest ecclesiastical events that ever happened.

It is not easy to obtain a clear view of the comparative extent of these two branches of the catholic Church. In England, the Establishment has by far the larger number of adherents. According to the Census returns of 1851, her largest congregation in England and Wales on the Sabbath specified was 2,300,000 and upwards; while the largest congregation of the Wesleyan Methodists amounted to 654,000 and upwards, and those of all the branches of the Methodist family to upwards of 1,000,000. It is therefore probable that in England more than twice as many are adherents of the Church of England, as of all the branches of the Methodist family. By *adherents* we mean those who attend public worship, and look for Christian ordinances in the Establishment or Methodism respectively, whether communicants or not. But considering how small is the proportion of the Church-of-England congregations who are regular communicants, upon the average, compared with what is the case among the Methodists, it is certain that the difference in the number of real Church members is not near so great as in that of adherents. Ireland adds a large contingent to the forces of the Church of England,—a million of adherents at least. In the Colonies, also, her strength is considerable. In the United States of America, her affiliated Church numbers 105,000 communicants.

But if Methodism in England has less than half the magnitude of the Established Church, and in Ireland the proportion be much more in favour of the Establishment, in the Colonies, at many points, Methodism exceeds her, both in actual influence and in ratio of progress; and in the United States of America there is no comparison between the two. According to the statistics just issued by Dr. Baird, himself a Presbyterian, the various branches of the Methodist Church in America have under their spiritual care five and a half millions of the population. This is a number which, when added to those under the care of Methodism in Great Britain and the Colonies, as well as on the various Mission stations, will give us the impression that, taking the whole world, the two Churches are very nearly equal as to their present number of *adherents*. As to *communicants*, in America alone the Methodist Church members, or communicants, are 1,500,000. On the foreign Mission stations under the care of the British Conference and its affiliated Conferences, they are upwards of 100,000. In Great Britain and Ireland, the various branches of the Methodists number considerably upwards of 400,000 communicants, making a total of more than 2,000,000 of regular communicants in the various branches of the Methodist Church throughout the world,—a number which, we have little doubt, is greater than can be counted at the communion table of the Church of England. At all events, in the two particulars of adherents and communicants, the comparative strength of the two bodies is such, that an argument might be maintained on both sides with considerable plausibility, as to which has the balance in its favour.

When we remember that Methodism has had only one century to grow in, and has not only been destitute of patronage and national support, but has had, at home and abroad, to contend, inch by inch, against all the force of these, wielded by the Establishment to thwart and, if possible, to extinguish her, the fact that, in the first century of her existence, she has grown to a magnitude equal to that of the Church of England, is one pregnant with suggestion as to what the future may be. At present her operations, beyond the limits of the British Empire, are more extended than those of the Church of England. In independent groups of the South Sea Islands, her converts are many. In independent parts of Africa, both the English and American branches of Methodism have growing communities. On the Continent of Europe, in France and Germany, small but active Methodist Churches are working; and in Sweden, although nominally no Methodists exist, a Mission of theirs has been the means of commencing a spiritual movement which is felt in every part of the country, and is promising the most important religious results. At the present moment, the English Connexion, just emerging from the effects of a long

and painful depression, is going forth with new vigour both in home and foreign enterprises, those equally which tend to consolidation and to extension. In Australia and North America, new and independent Conferences are spreading with astonishing progress; and the American Church, the most numerous and powerful of all, having hitherto wisely bent its strength chiefly to domestic Missions, is beginning to develope its gigantic resources for the propagation of Christianity in foreign countries. This being the position of the two bodies between which the union is proposed, every man who gravely considers the subject must feel that the project, in itself, is worthy of a great mind; one not to be mooted lightly, and not to be discountenanced but under the gravest convictions.

The language of the Committee displays a sense of superiority, natural enough in men who feel themselves on the elevation of a National Establishment, and whose views are ordinarily limited by the range of their own country. The ease with which they proceed to deal with Methodism as if it were some fragment of Christianity totally inferior to their own Church, is familiar to us; but, nevertheless, it is always very surprising. These gentlemen are quite as well aware as we are, that even in the British Islands what they call 'THE CHURCH' commands, even as adherents, but a minority of the population, and, as communicants, a very small minority indeed; that in the British Colonies it has not the least prospect of being the denomination of the majority of the godly people; and that outside the British Empire it is an inconsiderable body. So that, on the ground of numbers,—a low ground of comparison, we admit,—they must not expect to find Methodists conscious of any great inferiority, except only those whose view is narrowed to one nation.

On the higher ground of faith, do they even insinuate an inferiority? Do they not rather feel that among the Methodists the catholic faith is as clearly believed, and as generally preached, at least, as among themselves? It has been our lot to worship with the Methodists, not only in each of these three kingdoms, but on the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and before entering the house of God, the doubt never once rose in our mind whether we should hear doctrines different, in any important point, from those which were held elsewhere. Did Methodists from Liverpool, Madras, Quebec, Sydney, Jamaica, and Auckland, New York and Paris, all sail into the Cape of Good Hope on the same day, they would go to worship with their brethren, without an idea of hearing any Gospel but that which they believed and loved. On the ground of Christian discipline, directed to securing the godly walk of both Pastors and people, the Committee are equally far from intimating any inferiority. On the ground of godly living, they say or suggest

nothing ; yet on this ground, though the Methodists are far from having anything to boast, though they have too many cases of unfaithfulness, and as a whole fall painfully short of the Christian standard, will any one say that, member for member, and Minister for Minister, they walk less worthily of the Christian name, than those of the Church of England ?

The comparison which the Committee forces upon Methodists is not between two political institutions,—for Methodism has no such character,—but between two forms, two closely related forms, of the same blessed religion. To civil *status* all the instincts of the Methodists lead them to render due honour ; to superior scholarship, respect ; to superior zeal, holiness, and usefulness, real veneration. But the absence of wealth and public *prestige* which to one eye seems to mark an inferiority, to another eye is only a test of Christian vitality : and if, in despite of this, vigorous progress has been attained ; if, in countries where the two systems have been tried on somewhat equal terms, one has always, or nearly so, secured greater results in raising up godly communities than the other ; the feeling derived from contemplating the immense national advantages possessed by the Establishment, may be something else than that of its superiority, as a form of Christianity, in the points wherein it differs from Methodism.

Feeling then that they hold the catholic faith as purely, maintain a catholic ecclesiastical position as kindly, enforce Christian discipline as firmly, guard the sanctity of the ministry as strictly, convert (by the Lord's grace) sinners from their sins as extensively, and have Churches speaking as many tongues, and counting as many believers, as the Church of England, the Methodists must be forgiven, if they ask why gentlemen are to consider themselves at liberty to open before the nation a plan for soliciting their Ministers to desert from their engagements ? and also, if they say that they are not aware that any body is entitled to treat those Ministers in a way showing inattention to the delicacy of public life.

Were the union, however, really possible in itself, the manner in which these well-meaning promoters of it have erred at the beginning, would doubtless entail only temporary inconvenience. The question is,—Is it in itself possible ? and to this we have no hesitation in answering that, the claims of the Church of England remaining as they now are, it is impossible. That those claims may never be modified, even so materially as to create a totally new relation between the Establishment and the various other branches of the Church of Christ in these realms, and also between her and the Protestant Church universally, we are by no means prepared to affirm. Such a modification is advocated in some of the pamphlets which we have named. At present, however, we are obliged to take the Church of England, not as by

possibility she may be rendered, but as she is; and the question is,—Can her present system and that of Methodism be brought into harmonious co-operation?

The kind of union which some propose, would undoubtedly be practicable, if the Methodists could be persuaded to adopt it. It consists in the Church receiving Methodists, and rejecting Methodism; taking into her own fold all the flocks now fed in the pastures of Methodism, and requiring them to forego everything that does not accord with her established usages. These are in substance the terms of union urged in some of the pamphlets named at the head of this article, and in others which have been circulated; the terms, indeed, which have been ever proposed, with various modifications of form, from the time when John Wesley started on his course, down to the present hour. There never was a day of his life at which he would not have been most willingly received back into the regular circle of the Church of England, had he only consented to leave his Methodism outside. There has never been a parish wherein the Methodists, to a man, would not have been cheerfully received into the Establishment, if only they would forego their Methodism; and those worthy men who write, with great feeling, about the tender willingness of the Church to receive the Methodists, are undoubtedly correct. No Methodist has the least question that he and his would be perfectly welcome, and well received; but the question is, What would the Church say to his Methodism? This was John Wesley's difficulty, and it is the difficulty to the present hour. The way in which this difficulty is solved in one of the pamphlets before us is very simple indeed—for the writer: he says, 'It will probably be asked, "Are we" [the Methodists] "to make all the concessions, and the Church none?" To this we reply, The more numerous the concessions you make for the cause of Christ, the greater will be your reward; and woe will it be to those who, because their proud spirit cannot stoop to what the Church thinks necessary to lay on them, hinder the onward progress of the Gospel chariot.' Again, the same writer says, 'No one can reasonably question that, speaking with regard to *world and self*, the Wesleyans would have to sacrifice some things which they have long held dear, and the giving up of which would cost the flesh some pain, self some humiliation, and the old man a fresh crucifixion; but, provided this were done for Christ's sake, who suffered the greatest humiliation for them, the result must be most glorious.'

Now, our own impression is that, to the Methodists generally, connexion with the Establishment of the country would rather tend to the gratification of those feelings which are usually classed under the head of '*the world and self*;' and that, in their present position, not a few things befall them tending to mortify those feelings, from which their brethren of the Estab-

lishment are exempted. All that they would have to give up, as all that was ever required of John Wesley to give up, is conscientious convictions as to the exercise of spiritual gifts, and the means of practically extending and edifying the Church of God. In a social and civil point of view, they would have much to gain; and they would be required to concede only in spirituals. Yet it is demanded by this zealous writer that they concede all, and the more they concede the more virtuous they will be. But surely this canon of self-sacrifice does not lie entirely on the one side!

We are very far from taking the writer of this pamphlet, whoever he may be, as a representative of the whole mind of the Church of England. He fairly represents a large section of it; and, as to his views of the manner of re-uniting the Established Church and the Methodists, perhaps an overwhelming majority of the Clergy. Another section, that represented by the Bishop of Exeter, would take higher ground than he; but with them we will not deal, for they and we lie too far apart. There is, however, a large, a thoughtful, and an influential body in the Church of England, who would take much wider views of the subject, cheerfully lay aside all conscious assumptions, and endeavour to meet what they conceive to be a great emergency in a spirit of large and manly concession. They would cheerfully receive the whole body of the Methodists, preserving their spiritual economy intact, and only requiring of them an organic relation to the Church of England, by the reception of episcopal ordination and the consecration of their places of worship.

'We must bear in mind, that in order to accomplish this most desirable union, something must be sacrificed on each side. *Neither side must sacrifice essential principle*, while *each* must allow some degree of *indulgence* to the requirements of the other. The union must be formed on the basis which comprehended Jewish and Gentile converts in the primitive Church. Leave the Wesleyans just as they are, provided they will unite with us on the fundamental principle of episcopal ordination. Time and circumstances will probably produce a still closer union in other respects; or, if not, the very diversity may re-act beneficially upon ourselves. Meanwhile they would stand towards us in a similar position to that occupied by the religious fraternities of the Roman Church in relation to their own Communion. With a difference of views, and a difference of practice in many particulars, their Ministry is regarded as essentially one and the same. They make common cause for their mother Church when her common interests are assailed, from whatever quarter opposition may come. It cannot be denied that the Church of Rome is wise in her generation. The lesson ought not to be lost upon us. It is as morally instructive as the parable of the unjust steward, *whose wisdom the Lord commended*, while He reprobated his ways.

'The terms on which episcopal ordination might be offered and accepted are matters for authority to determine. All I venture to say

is, let the measure, whatever it may be, offer equal advantages to all. Do the thing handsomely, do it comprehensively, do it largely and freely, do it for the body, not for individuals. The Church of England has unfortunately caught many a bad cold before now by taking too much care of herself. An overcautious spirit, when great interests are at stake, is a killing rather than a curing spirit. If we persevere in wrapping ourselves up in our warm comforters and High-Church cloaks, our exclusiveness and stateliness, and such-like nonsensical vanities, in deference to the wishes of the most Christian Nabobs of this world, we shall perpetuate evils which no skill of man can remedy. It will be an evil day for this country if the Church should ever be dislodged from that social position which she has occupied since the Reformation. We have had a taste of this in the religious feuds of the Commonwealth. When the sun was darkened, the whole planetary system of Protestant England was involved in confusion. "The stars in their courses," or rather out of "their courses," not content with "fighting against Sisera," (the god of this world,) did battle with each other. The social position of the Church of England is now more than threatened,—it is even tottering in the Universities themselves. She therefore needs strong reinforcements to meet the crisis, and stand her ground against all opposers of every sort,—not reinforcements in driblets, but in phalanxes. A treaty of union between herself and the Wesleysans would more than do the business; but this treaty must be made in a spirit of generosity equal to the occasion.

'I could even wish, if it were possible, that two or three eminent Ministers *approved by the Conference* might be consecrated to the episcopal office, as were the Chor-episcopi or Suffragans of former days, that they might confer orders within their own communion, subject to such rules and pledges to observe them as the heads of the English Church should prescribe.'—*Shaw*, pp. 6-8.

The boldness of this proposal, though great, is not so great as to prevent the same in substance from being made by several parties connected with the Establishment, which shows the growth of a spirit of true liberality among them. It would, in fact, imply that, as an integral part of their Church, a system should exist in which the exercise of spiritual gifts by the laity, including public prayer, stated counselling and advising on spiritual matters of social groups of Christians, and even preaching itself, were not only allowed, but held to be essential. We do not say that it is impossible for the Church of England to admit of all this; but we do say that the horror shown by the bench of Bishops, less than twelve months ago, at any approach to such movements, gives us a clear impression, that before she can do so, the spirit of Methodism, which has already leavened her to some extent, must have diffused itself more generally. To suppose laymen praying and preaching in consecrated places is something which, to a Methodist, is of the very spirit and essence of primitive Christianity; but to the Church of England, as at present constituted, it is totally abhorrent.

Let us, however, suppose that all difficulties on the part of the Establishment could be got over; that she really could, on the one condition of episcopally ordaining the regular Ministers, and consecrating the sanctuaries, receive all Methodism and be one with it: then comes the question, What would the Methodists have to sacrifice, in order to accept what is considered so great a boon? We will suppose that perfect guarantees were given to them, that, when once episcopal authority had been established over them, there should be no attempts to interfere with their scriptural privileges and liberties; none from those who would stand on rubrical grounds, those who would quote the Canons, or those who would plead the sanctity of the parochial system; that they could be perfectly satisfied that, under episcopal supervision, as without it, their spiritual operations should go on,—go on, in fact, as freely in the Diocese of Exeter, or of Bangor, as if they were under the eye of good Bishop Waugh, or Bishop Morris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We do not apprehend that the number of serious Methodists is very great who would have a sanguine confidence that this could be the case; but we will suppose that it might be. All, then, being secure as to the future, Methodists having nothing to fear for their own internal organization, nothing for their opportunities of external movement, and having open before them the undoubtedly grateful prospect of being in full communion with the Established Church of England, what would be the first reflection that would arise in their minds, as they saw their Ministers preparing to bow their heads for episcopal orders, and the doors of their sanctuaries about to be opened to receive episcopal consecration? The first thought would be, undoubtedly, 'We are going to be intimately united to the large and influential body of Christians, who hold the strongest place in our own nation, Minister with Minister to officiate at the same altars, member with member to surround them;' and very delightful would this feeling be. But the second feeling that would arise, suggested, indeed, by this first, would be of a very different character. 'Why is it,' the question would come, 'that we are by their forms of consecration and ordination to enter into communion with these our Christian brethren? Why, but because they have unhappily made them an impassable hedge between themselves and all other Christians, except those of the Church of Rome, and her kindred Churches! We are entering into full communion with the Church of England, but we are thereby formally departing from the catholic ground, on which the other branches of the Protestant Church stand.'

And the Wesleyan Minister would have to say, 'Up to this hour Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Moravian, Baptist, any godly Minister of any of the national Churches of Europe, or of the humblest Dissenting body, has been a brother Minister to me.'

No sectarian barrier forbade him to approach either pulpit or communion table. I have stood in the catholic Church, a catholic member, with my hand stretched out on the right and on the left to Churchman and to Dissenter, to high and low, to rich and poor, provided only they acknowledge the one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, and walk worthily. This position my own branch of the Church has not only sanctioned, but would condemn any other as sectarian. Now, however, I am about solemnly to abandon this catholic position, and to place myself in one so secluded, that hereafter all those brethren must stand aloof from my pulpit, and I from theirs.' The gentlemen who imagine that Methodist Ministers are sighing for episcopal ordination, can have little reflected on the feelings with which any one of them would ask himself, 'Can I, before God and man, resign the most catholic position held by any Church in the world, for the most exclusive one assumed by any Church in Protestantism? Glad should I be,' he might say, 'to invite into my pulpit many blessed men in the Establishment of this country, whose piety and power are much beyond my own; but, if now they will not come, the fault is not mine, but theirs, or that of their branch of the Church. Glad should I be that no barrier prevented me and my brethren from having full access to the minds of the people under their charge; but if a high one hedges them round, and causes them to look askance at us who are outside, it was not reared by us.' We can fancy a Methodist Minister, on the eve of his own re-ordination and the episcopal consecration of his chapel, standing in the sanctuary within whose walls he had hitherto felt the breath of catholic Christianity continually circulating, where he could say to every godly Minister of Christ in the world, 'Come hither,' without asking as to his denominational peculiarities. Would he not say to himself, 'After to-morrow, were Baptist Noel, James Hamilton, Norman M'Leod, Angell James, Merle D'Aubigny, Krummacher, Tholuck, Adolphe Monod, (alas, that that illustrious name is no longer of the living!) all in turn to come to interchange Christian intercourse with me, I dare not ask one of them to preach Christ to my people within these walls, because they are consecrated! And my own Methodist brethren in France, in Australia, and in Canada, and of that great Church in the United States, were they all in turn to come hither to see me, I could acknowledge no man of them as a Minister of Christ, nor ask him to interchange ministerial offices with me! They and I would be separated by a mountain chain, very elevated, it is true, but covered with perpetual snow. I am going to place myself in communion, full communion, with the Ministers and members of one branch of the catholic Church; but, in order to that, must dissolve the catholic relation in which I have hitherto stood to every other. In the branch to which I shall be united,

there is, doubtless, a large number of Ministers who are truly the servants of God, brethren, every connexion with whom I must esteem a real blessing and a real honour; but are the numbers of them who answer to this character as great as those who answer to it in the Methodist Church alone throughout the world, not to speak of all the other Churches from whom this act of union would be a formal alienation?' This is the difficulty, as it stands to the eye of any catholic-minded Methodist. Either he must continue to be counted by the Church of England as outside of her pale, or he must renounce his catholic relation to the whole Reformed Church.

Among the bodies which the Methodists would be required to treat as if they were excluded from the ministerial grace of Christianity, are some that are to them more than sister Churches. While, on the one hand, they must ever look on the Church of England with affectionate gratitude, as that in which their fathers were nursed, and to which they maintained to the last a strong attachment, they cannot, on the other hand, forget that many of their chiefest qualifications for their mission were not due to her. The Wesleys owed more than can ever be told to their parentage, and in that parentage existed a singularly happy combination of the good points of Puritanism and Episcopacy; and therefore it may be said, that in the veins of Methodism runs the blood of both the great English branches of the Protestant family. The Moravian Church, however, occupies, in the spiritual history of Methodism, a place specially and sacredly memorable. It was from her devoted Ministers that John Wesley received that clear light upon the way of salvation, which enabled his own soul to find the rest in Christ which it never had found before, and gave him the grand secret of teaching others how they might obtain mercy, by grace through faith. Without this, Methodism, as such, could never have existed; and if, in its origin, the virtues and efforts of different branches of the Church combined, so, in its progress, it has derived light, food, and various advantages from the writings, the zeal, the labours, and the fellowship of many of them; neither can its Ministers or its members say to any one of them, 'Thou hast done us no good.' Cheerfully and gratefully it has received good at their hands, which it will ever acknowledge; while, in return, every one of those Churches has valuable Ministers who are the spiritual children of Methodism, or active members who owe to it their 'own souls also.'

Painful and invidious as it would be to any right-minded people to assume a position of declared superiority over so many branches of the Church of Christ; yet, were the Methodists convinced that ministerial grace, the true sacraments, and the legitimate ordinances of Christianity, can be obtained only by virtue of "episcopal ordination," it would be manifestly their duty

to seek it at all cost. But, in fact, they are very far from being convinced of any such thing. That any should believe that more virtue attaches to ordination by a Bishop of the Church of England, than to ordination by a Presbytery of godly Ministers of any other scriptural Church, is something which is credible with them, only because they see that some do believe it. They are totally unaware of the evidence, and incapable of appreciating the philosophy, on which such a belief is rested. The Methodist does not breathe to whom Thomas Chalmers was not as true and as good a Minister of God as Archbishop Sumner; or to whom Sydney Smith was equally a Minister of God with Adam Clarke; or who would not smile, if he did not rather blush, at the idea of any man thinking Dean Swift equally an ambassador of Christ with Richard Watson. To them it is not simply absurd, it is pitifully sectarian and deplorably wrong, to insinuate, or to adopt any course that implies, that all the Ministers of Presbyterian and Congregational Churches throughout the world are usurping the Ministry; and that Romish Priests, or card-playing Parsons, are true Christian Presbyters.

As to the peculiar virtue of episcopal orders as compared with their own, they would test it *practically*, as in this supposed case:—A gentleman is a Minister of the Church of England; he lives an easy, worldly life; preaches when he must; prays only in the regular offices of the Church; enjoys himself; runs into debt. People think him a good-natured, careless man; but the idea of sinners being converted through his ministry, or of spiritual life flourishing in his flock, never enters the head of any one. A change comes over him; he repents, seeks mercy for his past sins as an individual and as a Minister, and finds it; becomes inflamed with love to Him who has wrought so great a change in his soul, and with a desire to bring others to be partakers of 'like precious faith;' the prescribed limits of parochial duty no longer suffice for him; his zeal breaks those bounds; he gets into difficulties with his Ordinary, Methodism offers to him a congenial and an open field, he enters it, lives a holy life, preaches with demonstration of the Spirit and with power, is *instant in season and out of season*, and becomes the spiritual father of many converted sinners. Now, are we to say that, while in his careless and useless condition, he was a true Minister of God, and that, in becoming a faithful and earnest Minister, but at the same time a Methodist, he became a schismatic?

If, in this case, it be said that the virtue of his episcopal orders still follows him, and that, though in the position of a schismatic, he retains some ministerial grace, let us suppose another:—A Methodist Minister is pious, zealous, and useful; but, in the lapse of years, becomes unwatchful, falls from his steadfastness, is overtaken in sin, and the wakeful discipline

of Methodism is moved to bring him to justice. He hastens to escape from inevitable degradation, by resigning the Ministry which he knows he has forfeited; and in a very short time re-appears at the Christian altar, with the additional vesture of episcopal orders. Now, do the gentlemen of the Committee, or any other gentlemen in the world, expect the Methodists to believe that the man acting this part is now a true Minister, and that, when formerly sincere and upright, he was not? In the greater virtue of episcopal orders the Methodists have really no kind of faith to which gentlemen who have can appeal.

Passing from the question of assumed virtue to that of qualification, it may, perhaps, be thought that some superiority in this respect would impress the Methodists with the desirableness of episcopal orders. Among their own Ministers the preparatory tests are something in this wise:—The candidate for the sacred office must first of all exercise his spiritual gifts as a layman, with the concurrence, not only of his Minister, but of a body of lay preachers. Then, before he can move another step forward, the lay officers of those Societies with which he is immediately connected, must record their solemn vote that they believe him worthy to be taken on probation for the Ministry, and this both on the score of a converted heart and life, and on that of gifts and ministerial grace. Then he is examined by a body of Ministers, comprising all those labouring in the district around his own locality; that examination turning chiefly on his practical acquaintance with the Christian life, and with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Further examinations await him, and, if all these be satisfactory, he is finally received by the Conference as an approved candidate for the Ministry. Then begins his term of special training and study, during which he is preaching every Sunday, and at the end of which he is appointed as a *probationer*, to labour under the eye of a senior. This probation continues during three or four years, in each of which he undergoes an examination into his character, studies, and progress; and if at the end he appears without blame, and has given full proof of his ministry, then, after examination again before the whole body of the Conference, he is at length voted worthy of ordination.

This is not laying on hands rashly, not lightly conferring an office: all the tests which human wisdom can apply are resorted to, to keep back the unfit or the self-seeking. When these tests are compared with those necessary to be passed in order to episcopal ordination, we do not think that Wesleyan Ministers are likely to feel sensible that their own admission into the holy office was a lighter matter than that of their neighbours in the Church of England. They know well,—and none will

more gladly acknowledge the fact than they,—that her Ministry comprises numbers of men who would stand any tests, pass through any probation, adorn any age, be a blessing to any Church; but while thankfully acknowledging this, they would also ask, Were thorough tests as to grace, and gifts, and fruit,—such as every one of themselves has had to undergo,—applied to the whole body of those episcopally ordained, is there not a large proportion of them who would be swept from the sacred calling into secular life?

If the *form* of ordination be referred to, the Methodists have no shrinking from a comparison. With them, the probationer, after long deliberation and trial on his own part, after long proof of his capabilities and qualifications on the part of the Church, is at last declared by a solemn vote of the whole Conference fit to be admitted to ordination. It is not one, or two, or three Ministers of God, who on imperfect acquaintance assent to his admission, but a body comprising the spiritual fathers of thousands and thousands of living Christians,—a body in which many a head is venerable by long years of holy labour, many a name sacred in the religious history of households in England, or in missionary fields where the Gospel has triumphed. This solemn vote having declared the probationer worthy, he is presented before 'the great congregation,' and there called upon to bear his testimony in presence of many witnesses; and then, by the imposition of the hands of a real Presbytery,—elders indeed, elders in years who have obtained to themselves a good degree, by worth, and labour, and fruit,—the solemn covenant between him and the Head of the Church is sealed; hundreds of God's Ministers adding their fervent and fatherly 'Amen!' to the invocation which calls down upon him the grace of 'the Holy Ghost.' We have seen ordinations elsewhere, and some which, to those whose taste is formed by the laws of ceremonial, might seem more august; but for depth and tenderness of moral power, for the accrediting assent of people and Ministers, for the solemn peals of responsive prayer, for the deep 'Amen!' issuing from hearts tremulous with devotional feeling, and for an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence, and the Divine commission, we avow that scenes of solemnity to bear comparison with those at some of the ordinations of the Methodist Conference we have never witnessed. Each man presented there takes up his orders in the eye of an observing Church at home and abroad, and may well feel that many witnesses and momentous accompaniments marked the hour when he sealed his ministerial covenant with Christ and with the bride of Christ.

We know, however, that neither the qualifications nor the form essentially affect the question, if the argument from lineage be in itself valid; and that one who thinks Methodist Ministers need to be episcopally ordained, in order to be Ministers at all,

would simply say, 'No care as to qualification, and no solemnity as to the form, can make an illegitimate act have the force of a legitimate one.' This is perfectly true; and yet, even on the question of ecclesiastical lineage, the Methodist Ministers have no particular reason, that we are aware of, to shrink from a comparison with those of the Church of England. Until about a century ago, the same lineage was common to both. The divergence began at that time; and how did it begin? In the Church of England were a few men awake to their sacred calling, and a multitude profoundly indifferent to it; the few did the work of Evangelists, and the rest treated them as Evangelists were treated; and, for their labours, for their zeal, for their purity, for their doctrine, for their success in converting sinners, drove them outside of the Establishment. The difference, then, in ecclesiastical lineage between the present Methodist and Anglican Ministers, is simply this: the Methodists are the descendants of those who were driven out from the Church of England, and the Anglicans the descendants of those who drove them out. 'But,' it may be said, 'none of the Bishops joined the Methodist party when they were driven out.' How far that was to the honour of the Bishops, we will not ask; but we may ask, Which party would the Apostles have joined, had they been on the field, at that time? Let it still be insisted, 'But orders ought to be derived through a Bishop.' The reply is simply this: In the eighteenth century, there was no such Bishop as John Wesley,—a Bishop in right, a Bishop in fact, a Bishop in spirit, a Bishop in works, a Bishop in fruits, sound in doctrine, uncorrupt in living, 'in labours more abundant than all;' reviled by the world, rejected by the Church, blessed by tens of thousands of converted sinners,—if ever man trod the soil of England who was entitled to call labourers into the Lord's vineyard, it was he. His associates were not unworthy of such a leader. It is not for us to sketch, nor even to sum up, their characteristics. Isaac Taylor, than whom no man has done greater justice or injustice to Methodism, speaks of them as follows:—

'It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian Preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men, since the first century.....Until the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed, that no company of men of whose labours and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty solicitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be de-

nounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God, as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed.'

These are the men who were the immediate ecclesiastical ancestors of the present Methodist Ministry; and from their day until now has continued a succession of sons, many of whom have not been unworthy of such fathers. We desire to abstain from boasting, feeling that all boasting is evil, and must have an enervating effect; but in a discussion so grave as that in which we are now engaged, we feel bound to say that, taking the Christian Ministry in its purely Christian aspects, no young Methodist Preacher has reason to blush on comparing his lineage with that of other Clergy.

We still admit that even all this would be inconclusive, if a doubt remained on the cardinal point, as to whether a Church without an episcopally ordained Ministry be a true Church. Of this, however, we have no doubt at all; nor do the Articles of the Church of England express any such doubt. According to the definition of a Church given there, John Wesley, with his usual acuteness, has shown that it would be very hard, if, indeed, not totally impossible, to find a Church anywhere within the pale of the Establishment. The article requires that a Church shall have three characteristics: a congregation of faithful men, 'the pure word of God preached,' and the 'sacraments duly administered.' 'According to this definition,' says Wesley, 'those congregations in which the pure word of God (a strong expression) is not preached, are no part of the Church of England or the Church catholic; as neither are those in which the sacraments are not duly administered.' He adds, 'I dare not exclude from the Church catholic all those congregations in which any unscriptural doctrines, which cannot be affirmed to be "the pure word of God," are sometimes, yea, frequently, preached.' And most assuredly, if this definition is to hold good, there are few congregations of the Church of England that can believe their neighbouring congregations to belong to the true Church, as, if the 'pure word of God' is preached in one, what is preached in others cannot be pure, being somewhat, and often essentially, different from it. The definition, intended to be large enough to admit of great latitude, is really so narrow as to exclude from the true Church every congregation in which any error is preached; and to place the Church of England, taken collectively, outside of the Church catholic; for in it, so far from the pure word of God being preached, it is intended that contradictory doctrines shall be; and this one intention of the Reformers, if no other, is carried out: for all doctrines, from Romish superstition up to apostolic Christianity, and then down again to

rationalism, are confessedly preached in her pale; and all these are surely not 'the pure word of God.'

Whatever be the shortcomings of this Article, however, it does not assert diocesan Episcopacy to be an essential part of the Church; and it is equally notorious, as Wesley himself points out,* that—until far on in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—such ordination was never considered essential to constitute a Ministry; but Presbyterian Ministers, or those of the Protestant Churches of the Continent, were admitted to officiate with the Ministers of the Church of England. We are glad to find this fact referred to in two of the pamphlets before us. One of them, quoting from Strype's 'Life of Grindal,' tells us, that 'on the 6th of April, 1582, a licence was granted by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Grindal), to a Minister of the name of John Morrison, who had only Scotch orders.' The same pamphlet adds, 'Bishop Cosen, confessedly (as the phrase goes) a High Churchman, says, (Bishop Fleetwood also bearing the same testimony,) "We had many Ministers from Scotland, from France, and the Low Countries, who were ordained by Presbyters only, and not Bishops; and they were instituted into benefices with cure; and yet were never re-ordained, but only subscribed the Articles."' The present exclusiveness, which proceeds on the assumption that these good men were not Ministers, was never fully established until after the Restoration; and we are happy to find in these pamphlets vigorous members of the Church of England nobly repudiating this false step. In the quotation just made from Bishop Cosen, one phrase occurs which is contrary to the deliberate and oft-recorded sentiment of John Wesley,—'ordained by Presbyters only, and not by Bishops.' According to Wesley's view, they were ordained by Presbyters, and *therefore* by Bishops; he firmly holding, with the ancient Church, and according to the unbroken evidence of Scripture, that the Presbyter is really a Bishop; and, therefore, that constituting a triple order of Clergy by triple ordination is purely an ecclesiastical figment. This sentiment of his has been very ably stated by some of his ecclesiastical descendants; and among the arguments of Richard Watson, one deserves particular notice:—

'As for the argument from the succession of Bishops from the time of the Apostles, could the fact be made out, it would only trace diocesan Bishops to the Bishops of parishes; those, to the Bishops of single Churches; and Bishops of a supposed superior order, to Bishops who never thought themselves more than presiding Presbyters, *primi*

* 'Q.—In what age was the Divine right of Episcopacy first asserted in England?

'A.—About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Till then all the Bishops and Clergy in England continually allowed and joined in the ministrations of those who were not episcopally ordained.'—*Wesley's Early Minutes of the Conference.*

inter pares. This, therefore, would only show that an unscriptural assumption of distinct orders has been made, which that succession, if established, would refute. But the succession itself is imaginary.'—*Watson's Works*, vol. xii., pp. 179–80.

In fact, could the Bishop of Exeter, accompanied by the Methodist Superintendent of the same city, trace back a spiritual pedigree to a Bishop ordained by Titus or Timothy, in Crete or Ephesus, he would find to his horror that this first Bishop was the Bishop either of one congregation only, or at the most a Bishop with two or three colleagues under him, who were co-Presbyters, standing exactly in the same relation as the colleagues of his 'excommunicated' neighbour. The result of a clearly made-out chain of succession would be to land him in the presence of the Episcopacy represented in the person of the Superintendent, not of that represented in the person of the redoubtable Diocesan, who, we suspect, would have a very poor opinion of the apostolic Churches on making the discovery,—if, indeed, he would not condemn them as decidedly 'Low Church.'

To diocesan Episcopacy, when considered as an ecclesiastical arrangement, the Methodists have no conscientious objection; but in an *order of Clergy* higher by virtue of additional ordination than Presbyters, they do not at all believe. In the American branch of the Methodist Church, Episcopacy exists, not only in the form in which it does in every English Circuit,—which is the old parochial Episcopacy,—but by formally committing general oversight into the hands of Bishops, who have no other charge. These claim no superiority in order over their brethren, but exercise well-defined powers, simply as an arrangement of the Church for its own welfare,—an arrangement which has worked admirably; and it may be questioned whether any form of Church-government in the world has more of the elements of power and permanence than this, which expresses Wesley's own idea of a fully organized Church.

Instead, then, of the claims of episcopal ordination appearing so sacred in the eyes of the Methodists, that in order to meet them they are ready to discredit the rest of Christendom and modify their own usages, a very different state of mind exists with regard to it. The prevalent doctrine of the Church of England on the subject is looked upon as an unwholesome graft from an evil stock; or as an inoculation from the diseased body of Rome, poisoning the system of the English Establishment, and leaving it subject to periodical attacks of Romish fever, followed by cold fits of rationalism, as at this day. It is, in their view, the most glaring infraction of catholic unity existing in any part of the Reformed Church, the greatest permanent danger to our national Protestantism, the sorest cause of internal plagues in the Establishment, the only fulcrum,—but one

ever trustworthy,—on which Rome can rest her lever for disturbing the ecclesiastical mind of this country. Every Methodist who bows his head for re-ordination in deference to this doctrine, deliberately disowns all Christendom but the Church he is then adopting,—deliberately sanctions a divisive figment; and the day will never come when the Methodists, as a body, will be prepared for a proceeding so incompatible with fraternal respect for all the non-Anglican Churches in the world. We are far from saying that one who takes Anglican orders as his first and only ordination, deliberately casts such a reproach on other branches of the Church: his case is totally different from that of a Protestant Pastor who has, as such, preached the word and administered the sacraments, and yet permits a re-ordination which would not be imposed on a Priest of Rome.

The charge of schism falls very lightly on those who are conscious of being entirely catholic, both in their sentiments and their ecclesiastical laws. A schism is a rent among Christians. Those who are identical in every point of belief, both as to doctrine and Church order, are in schism one against another, if they indulge in bitter disputes, although the idea of ecclesiastical division may not enter their minds. Within the bosom of the Church of England schisms rankle. Within the limits of Methodism there lately was a lamentable schism. Those, again, who ecclesiastically differ are certainly not in schism one with another, if, holding the 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' readily acknowledging the same doctrine and the same sacraments, they proclaim and publish each other to be the Church of the living God, and maintain that testimony before the whole world. But where one body does deny that the baptism of the other is the 'one baptism,' a schism is avowed; the sacraments are not the same, or at least are alleged not to be the same. We suppose two brothers equally learned, devoted, and catholic in their feelings, one a Minister of the Established Church, and the other among the Methodists. The latter visits his brother, thankfully hears him preach, thankfully receives from his hand the Lord's Supper, thankfully invites him to baptize his child, and in every way possible acknowledges his faith, his Lord, his sacraments, as those which are his own. Surely, this man is not living in schism with his brother? That brother has a Missionary Association connected with his Church; in this he willingly assists him with his talents as far as he may be permitted. His brother dies; the family grave lies within the precincts of the Methodist burial-ground; and therefore his dust cannot be united to that of his kindred; for neither will his Church sanction one of her own Ministers officiating there, nor the perform-

ance of the service by one not of her fold. To a strange place the surviving brother follows the dead. But the case is altered. The Church of England Minister, when visiting his Methodist brother, almost fears that if he is found hearkening to his ministrations, it may somewhat compromise him in the eye of his own Church; to the Lord's table he dares not to go. Here is schism; but who is the schismatic? He has baptized his brother's child, but he dares not ask his brother to baptize *his* child. On whose part is the schism? His brother dies,—and in this case the family grave is in the churchyard,—and the men who had been his yokefellows, and whose ministry and grey hairs might well be called venerable, follow him to the grave; but, the moment that they touch what is called 'consecrated soil,' this brother—it may be, sorely against the feelings of his heart—is obliged openly to disown their ministry, and they may not there say *novissima verba*, but must leave that to some one to whom he was no 'dear brother' in life. On whose part is the schism? When a son in Anglican orders has a father himself a blameless and useful Minister, and is compelled to treat him in public as if his ministry was null, and shut him out from pulpit, font, and communion table, there is, we admit, a proclamation, a harsh proclamation of schism; and in the name of catholic Christianity we ask, On whose side is the schism?

If in the pulpits of England there is an enclosure which all but those of one section are forbidden to enter,—if the homes of the people are often disturbed by being told that their children have not received baptism,—if the interment of the dead is constantly witness that Ministers from whom in life spiritual food was sought are disowned; and sometimes, this assumption not being enough, even the disciple is insulted in his dead body by the refusal of Christian rites,—if walls of separation between the dead of one section of the Church and the dead of others cries 'schism' in our public cemeteries,—if missionary and other organizations which are used by many branches of the Church, as delightful means of bringing together the Ministers of other branches, and exhibiting their Christian unity, in some cases painfully demonstrate that such unity is not recognised,—we ask emphatically and solemnly, At the door of what dogma does all this evil lie? To those who are so enamoured of 'episcopal ordination' we leave the task of replying.

Among the difficulties which would act upon individual Wesleyans, the Committee recognise one to which the minds of the Methodists would at once turn; using the word 'class-meetings,' we presume, not merely to designate the meetings properly so called, but to represent a whole class of means of grace wherein the members of the Methodist Society, like those of the primitive Church, edify one another by prayer, and fellowship, and

various spiritual exercises, which, in that simple form, are offensive to the authorities of the Church of England. As to means of grace such as these, no shade of doubt rests upon the mind of any member of the Methodist body, that the exclusion of them is in a Christian sense unlawful. They do not object to the use of forms of prayer in public worship; but, whether it be John Wesley, or Thomas Jackson, or Richard Watson, or the humblest Methodist in the world, they all unite to regard the exclusion of extemporary prayer from the public worship of God, and the omitting to incorporate, into the regular constitution of the Church, meetings wherein this and other spiritual gifts are exercised by its members, not only as constituting a defect, but as being something fearfully wrong. Among the 'individual Ministers,' who are looked for to desert Methodism, are many who unite a profound admiration for most parts of the Liturgy, with a holy dread of ever pledging themselves to officiate within walls where no voice of a living man ever dare address the Divine Majesty, except in forms some centuries old,—where a meeting for simple, impromptu prayer would be an offence! And the Methodists have good reason to fear that, if once allegiance to episcopal authority were acknowledged on their part, their class-meetings, prayer-meetings, love-feasts, as well as their system of lay preaching, would all become matter of continual and most wearisome debate. Wesley himself over and over again averred, that he dare not disuse extemporary prayer,—that he could not, even in church, abstain from it without sin.

It is natural for the Methodists, when considering the question as to how they might return to the Established Church, to inquire how they came to be outside of it. The steps are thus traced by Wesley's own hand:—

'And what reproach is it which we bear? Is it the reproach of Christ, or not? It arose first while my brother and I were at Oxford, for our endeavouring to be real Christians. It was increased abundantly when we began to preach repentance and remission of sins, and insisted that we are justified by faith. *For this cause we were excluded from preaching in the churches.* (I say, for this: as yet there was no field preaching.) And this exclusion occasioned our preaching elsewhere, with the other irregularities that followed. Therefore, all the reproach consequent thereon, is no other than the reproach of Christ.

'And what are we worse for this? It is not pleasing to flesh and blood; but is it any hindrance to the work of God? Did He work more by us when we were honourable men? By no means. God never used us to any purpose till we were a proverb of reproach. Nor have we now a jot more of dishonour, of evil report, than we know is necessary, both for us and for the people, to balance that honour and good report which otherwise could not be borne.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., p. 173.

Among the 'irregularities' which are here alluded to, were those means of grace of which we have been speaking; or, as Wesley himself puts it,—

'As yet we have done neither,' [*i. e.*, renounced the doctrines of the Established Church, nor refused to join in her public worship;] 'nor have we taken one step further than we were convinced was our bounden duty. It is from a full conviction of this, that we have, (1.) Preached abroad: (2.) Prayed extempore: (3.) Formed societies: and, (4.) Permitted Preachers who were not episcopally ordained. And were we pushed on this side, were there no alternative allowed, we should judge it our bounden duty, rather wholly to separate from the Church, than to give up any one of these points. Therefore, if we cannot stop a separation without stopping Lay Preachers, the case is clear,—we cannot stop it at all.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., p. 165.

To this enumeration he adds, in several places, the holding of Conferences and the stationing of Preachers, calling all this 'varying' from the Establishment, not separating from it. In this state of things, however, difficulties arose day by day, the condition of the Church itself creating all those difficulties. Wesley, with true and loyal attachment, cleaved to the idea of a union with the Church; and we find him, as late in his life as 1788, at his native town of Epworth, speaking on this wise:—

'I fain would prevent the members here from leaving the Church; but I cannot do it. As Mr. G. is not a pious man, but rather an enemy to piety, who frequently preaches against the truth, and those that hold and love it, I cannot, with all my influence, persuade them either to hear him or to attend the sacrament administered by him. If I cannot carry this point even while I live, who, then, can do it when I die? And the case of Epworth is the case of every church where the Minister neither loves nor preaches the Gospel. The Methodists will not attend his ministrations. What, then, is to be done?'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. iv., p. 430.

This character of the Clergy was a difficulty constantly presenting itself; and he is forced to consider,—

'How far that command of our Lord, *Beware of false prophets*, obliges me to refrain from hearing such as put darkness for light, and light for darkness. I am still in doubt whether quietly attending them while they do this, be not, in effect, the bidding them God speed, the strengthening their hands in evil, and encouraging others to hear them, till they fall into hell together.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., p. 175.

Pressed, on the one hand, by the impossibility of making a dead Church move with a living one, and, on the other, of keeping a living one down to consort with a dead one, he gradually added to his 'irregularities,'—but still in exempt cases,—prayers in Church hours, sacraments in Methodist places of worship, ordination, and, finally, the full organization of an episcopal government for the American Methodists.

The Liturgy, considered not as a form recommended to be used at the option of Churches, but as binding on all Ministers and people, to the exclusion of simpler and authoritatively apostolic modes of worship, was also a matter of grave concern.

'Those Ministers who truly feared God near a hundred years ago, had undoubtedly much the same objections to the Liturgy which some (who never read their works) have now. And I myself so far allow the force of several of these objections, that I should not dare to declare my assent and consent to that book in the terms prescribed. Indeed, they are so strong, that I think they cannot safely be used with regard to any book but the Bible. *Neither dare I confine myself wholly to forms of prayer, not even in church.* I use, indeed, all the forms; but I frequently add extemporary prayer, either before or after sermon.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., p. 174.

This conscientious disability to conform on this point is one which no man can ever lose, while a spark of real Methodism is in his soul.

Pressed by various entreaties to conform, Wesley expresses himself very frankly to Mr. Walker, of Truro, as to objections against the English Church:—

'I will freely acknowledge that I cannot answer these arguments to my own satisfaction. So that my conclusion, which I cannot yet give up,—that it is lawful to continue in the Church,—stands, I know not how, almost without any premises that are to bear its weight. My difficulty is very much increased by one of your observations. I know the original doctrines of the Church are sound: I know her worship is, in the main, pure and scriptural. But if "the essence of the Church of England, considered as such, consists in her orders and laws," (many of which I can myself say nothing for.) "and not in her worship and doctrines," those who separate from her have a far stronger plea than I was ever sensible of.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., pp. 164, 165.

Here we see one strong point of difficulty. To most Churchmen, the essence of the Church *does* consist in her 'orders and laws;' to Wesley, the essence of the Church undoubtedly consisted in her worship and doctrines. From her 'orders and laws' he varied, but varied, as he avowed, only in obedience to the imperious necessity of following the primitive Christians; and when it was, by the gentleman just named and others, affectionately urged upon him to retrace his steps, his difficulty was great. It was plain that he and the Anglican Church did not stand in the same relation to primitive Christianity. He had moved off the ground occupied by her, and in doing so had either receded farther from Christianity, or approached nearer to it. His own profound conviction was, that he had not receded, but approached; that the spiritual gifts and exercises which had risen up in the 'Societies' were truly a part of the scriptural system of the Church of God. We do not know that

any man has ever made an effort seriously to prove that this was not the case. We doubt whether any gentleman of the Committee would undertake to show that the 'orders and laws' of the Church of England, on those points wherein she differs from Methodism, are more strictly in unison with the practice of the apostolic age; and, therefore, between the Methodists and the Established Church, the question was, Would the Methodists fall back from the advance they had made towards primitive Christianity, or would the Establishment advance to overtake them? We have already quoted one expression of Wesley's,—that 'if we cannot stop a separation without stopping Lay Preachers, the case is clear,—we cannot stop it at all.' And when his friend, Mr. Walker, put to him the following question,—

'If you believe Mr. V. to be a gracious person, and a Gospel Minister, why did you not, in justice to your people, leave them to him?'

His answer is very strong and conclusive:—

'J. H. assured me, that Mr. V. had also a clear conviction of his being reconciled to God. If so, I could not deny his being a gracious person; and I heard him preach the true, though not the whole, Gospel. But, had it been the whole, there are several reasons still, why I did not give up the people to him. (1.) No one mentioned or intimated any such thing, nor did it once enter into my thoughts. But if it had been the whole, (2.) I do not know that every one who preaches the truth has wisdom and experience to guide and govern a flock. I do not know that Mr. V. in particular has. He may, or he may not. (3.) I do not know whether he would or could give that flock all the advantages for holiness which they now enjoy; *and to leave them to him before I was assured of this, would be neither justice nor mercy.* (4.) Unless they were also assured of this, *they could not in conscience give up themselves to him; and I have neither right nor power to dispose of them contrary to their conscience.*

"But they are already his by legal establishment." If they receive the sacrament from him thrice a year, and attend his ministrations on the Lord's day, I see no more which *the law* requires. But to go a little deeper into this matter of legal establishment: Does Mr. Conon, or you, think that the King and Parliament have a right to prescribe to me what Pastor I shall use? If they prescribe one whom I know God never sent, am I obliged to receive him? If he be sent of God, can I receive him with a clear conscience till I know he is? And even when I do, if I believe my former Pastor is more profitable to my soul, *can I leave him without sin?* Or has any man in England a right to require this of me?

'I "extend this to every Gospel Minister in England." *Before I could with a clear conscience leave the Methodist Society even to such an one,* all these considerations must come in. And with regard to the people: Far from thinking that "the withdrawing our Preachers" from such a Society, without their consent, would prevent a separation from the Church, I think it would be the direct way to cause it. While we

are with them, our advice has weight, and keeps them to the Church ; but were we totally to withdraw, it would be of little or no weight. Nay, perhaps resentment of our unkindness (as it would appear to them) would prompt them to act in flat opposition to it. "And will it not be the same at your death?" I believe not ; for I believe there will be no resentment in this case ; and the last advice of a dying friend is not likely to be so soon forgotten.'—*Wesley's Works*, vol. xiii., pp. 170, 171.

This is the line of reasoning adopted both by Mr. Watson, and by Mr. Jackson, on the same subject. The difficulties between Methodism and the Church have been substantially the same from the beginning. Mr. Jackson puts the case, not of an organic union of the Methodist body with the Establishment, but of an individual Methodist having sacrificed all the peculiar spiritual privileges which he enjoyed in his own branch of the Church, and become simply a member of the Establishment, on the principle of exclusion.

'In becoming a Churchman, according to the modern doctrine, I must entirely and for ever renounce all connexion with the institutions of Methodism. I must forsake that Ministry by which I was first turned to God, and under which I have been edified, quickened in my Christian course, strengthened, and encouraged a thousand times. I must never again unite in acts of devotion with my Wesleyan friends, whom I love as my own soul, and who I believe will be my fellow-worshippers in heaven for ever. I must never more enter a Methodist class-meeting, nor a prayer-meeting, nor a watch-night service, nor a covenant-meeting, nor a Missionary Meeting, nor a Sunday-school ; nor must I distribute another Methodist tract, nor collect a penny for the Wesleyan Missions, either in cannibal Feejee, or in any other part of the world, however wretched and destitute. The Missionaries and their families, toiling and exposing their lives among savage men, may perish for me. The heathen children, collected together in Christian schools, may all be scattered, and these young disciples abandoned to abominable idolatries ; the converted Pagans, happily united in Christian fellowship, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, may all relapse into their old superstitions, and perish for ever, so far as I am concerned. I must treat my Wesleyan brethren as heathen men and publicans ; not only denying their Christianity, but also withholding from them acts of common humanity. Should I ever be officially connected with any public funds, designed for the casual relief of the destitute, I must be particularly careful that such widows and aged men as attend Methodist chapels shall be "neglected in the ministration ;" so that, if they will not violate their consciences, they shall, as much as possible, be denied the necessities of life ; for this is a practice now somewhat extensively adopted. If the public prints are to be credited, a gentleman of unexceptionable morals and respectability has been repelled from the Lord's table for attending a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting ; * and a poor blind girl has been denied a clerical certificate

* At Hungerford, in Berkshire.

of admission into a hospital, (where she hoped to recover her sight,) because her father attends the Wesleyan Ministry.* The remains of a venerable old man, who had maintained through life a pure and upright character, were lately refused admission into the church which he had assisted to build, because he was a member of the Methodist Society; and the feelings of his numerous family were thus outraged at his funeral. Nor was this the only instance of the kind which has occurred at the same place.† It is required of me to enter into the spirit of these acts.

‘While all these sacrifices are required, and I am commanded to incur all this fearful responsibility, what is offered to me as an equivalent? Why, simply, that I shall attend the service of the parish church; for nothing more is proposed. Very well. We will assume, that the officiating Clergyman is as wise and holy as the seraphic Fletcher of Madeley. He reads the Prayers with a holy ardour, in which it is a privilege to join; and he preaches the truth with the zeal and energy of an Apostle. Yet even these advantages do not compensate for the loss of those other various means of edification, in the use of which I have long realized the communion of saints, and often felt the powers of the world to come. In receiving the Lord’s supper, too, I must kneel by the side of men who utter profane oaths, who get drunk, and whose conduct in many respects is a scandal to the very name of religion. With the spirits of such men I can have no Christian sympathy in that most sacred ordinance.

‘But the lives of even the best of men are uncertain; and for any thing I know to the contrary, the Clergyman to whom I surrender myself will die the next month. Perhaps the patron of the living is a Right Honourable advocate of what are called “Church principles.” He presents the benefice to a youthful disciple of the same school, who is far more conversant with the “Tracts for the Times,” and the Sermons and Lectures of Mr. Newman, than with the Epistles of St. Paul, and the writings of the Reformers. His very gait and manner indicate concealment and reserve,—the absence of that frankness and honesty, which mark the character of a genuine Englishman. He walks with downcast eyes, a measured step, his arms crossed upon his breast; and he bows to the Lord’s table whenever he passes it. What is the doctrine that he teaches? Absolutely “another Gospel!” He boldly denies the great truth of Christianity, the most prominent subject of St. Paul’s Epistles, and of all Protestant Churches,—gratuitous justification by faith in Christ; he denies the sufficiency of Scripture, extols tradition, condemns the Reformers, praises Papal Rome, censures the Bible Society, anathematizes all Protestant Churches that hold not Episcopacy, and preaches “the Church,” rather than its Divine Head, as “full of grace and truth.” Such is the shape of his theology,—

“If shape it might be call’d, that shape has none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call’d, that shadow seems.”

To complete the injury, he turns his face to the “altar,” as he is pleased to call “the table of the Lord,” and his back upon the congregation, when reading the Liturgy, so as to be very indistinctly

* At Bideford.

† At Hungerford.

heard, if heard at all, by the people who have come to worship the God of their fathers with the spirit and the understanding. Thus deprived of the Prayers, when the sermon commences,—

“The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll’n with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.”

‘I confess that I could not, with a due regard for my own salvation, place myself under a ministry consisting of such “weak and beggarly elements,” when I might, in the Wesleyan chapel, hear the unadulterated Gospel of the Lord Jesus. Nor could I answer it to God, publicly, and of set purpose, to countenance such a perversion of His truth and worship.’

‘Besides,’ adds this venerable man, in words which every individual Methodist, whether Minister or layman, will feel to possess a sacred power,—

‘Besides, if I renounce my connexion with the Wesleyan body, in compliance with the clamours of certain clerical agitators, I countenance principles which require every other man to follow my example, and which would close the door of every Methodist chapel in the world.....To do violence to the religious feelings and habits of large bodies of sincere and devout people, is a hazardous experiment, and one upon which a wise man would not hastily venture. It would be a sure means of turning many of them out of the way of righteousness.....It often happens, when one of the misguided men alluded to above (Tractarians) is intrusted with the care of a parish, especially in the agricultural districts, that there are no means of counteracting the corrupt leaven but such as Methodism supplies. Withdraw its influence, and the unsuspecting peasantry are gradually prepared for the future emissaries of Rome, and a return to her diabolical apostasy.’

We believe that, at the present day, the solemn persuasion of all those in the Methodist body who have most earnestly pondered what is required in our own time to revive true religion in the country, and give it such another impulse as that which it received a century ago, is, that so far from seeking respectability under the shelter of an exclusive Episcopacy, or in the graces of an exact ritualism, it becomes pre-eminently the duty of every man to adhere more earnestly than ever to the principles and practice of the founders of Methodism; to develop all the energies of Christianity in every one of its members, both lay and clerical; to *covet earnestly the best gifts*; and to give themselves not so much to magnifying ecclesiastical disputes as to the converting sinners from their sins, reforming the vices that disgrace the human family, and leading on Christians to walk worthy of their high calling. To them, the invitation to sanction by their solemn adherence the assumption of Apostolical Succession, and to entangle themselves with ecclesiastical traditions and ritualistic ties, if it came with authority from the Church of England, would have all the attraction of an amicable

overture, but at the same time all the aspect of a temptation to fall back again from the scriptural standing-ground which their fathers dearly won. The temptation would certainly fall powerless upon them as a body; and, as to individuals, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that, whether from among Ministers or members, those to whom we might look for proselytes, would not be either the most strong-minded, or those most deeply imbued with spiritual feeling.

We shall now very briefly consider the question whether, if the projected union could be carried out, it would really serve the public interests of Christianity. We conceive it possible that the whole power of religion in the country might be increased, if those in the Church of England who are earnest Protestants and practical Christian philanthropists, were reinforced by the whole body of the Methodists, and were able to join in their modes of operation without bringing upon themselves the censures of their Church. It is probable that they might be greatly strengthened, both in their opposition to anti-Protestant principles within the Establishment, and in their aggressions upon prevalent ungodliness in the world. This increase of strength, however, could only be looked for on the condition that the Methodists entered the Church of England *with their Methodism*,—not as those who had lost their strength by surrendering their convictions, but as those who had maintained at great cost and suffering a testimony for Christian principle, and found at last the justice of their claims conceded. This being granted, we repeat that we consider it quite possible that there might be great advantage to the cause of religion in the country.

It is, however, by no means certain that such advantages would result. The new position of things would naturally tend to another slumber on the part of both of the united bodies. The Methodists, under the wing of the Establishment, would have many things to lure them into new interests and feelings little consonant with their great mission. They would naturally wish to avoid giving unnecessary offence to those of their new friends who were jealous for 'order' and in dread of zeal that passes bounds. The old members of the Establishment, on the other hand, no longer acted upon by that which had been to them the most powerful stimulus they ever knew,—the labours of the Methodists, and the dread of being distanced by them,—would be under the strongest temptation to go comfortably to sleep again; for, during the last hundred years, the voice of the Methodist Preacher has been the only trumpet that could arouse, by its appeal to their jealousy, the drowsy part of the Clergy; and it is for every thoughtful man in charity to form his own opinions as to which of the two issues is the more likely,—that the union would result in an era fresh of vigour for pure religion,

or in a relapse of the whole country into the slumber from which Methodism awoke it in the last century.

Whether union itself would really be advanced, may also admit of serious doubt. No one proposes that, in uniting Methodism to the Establishment, you should unite the Establishment within itself. It is to consist, as a matter of course, of the same hostile elements which we see to-day,—Romanism, Rationalism, Puritanism, Methodism, and Anglicanism, (if such a thing really has a distinct existence,) all curtailed of their fair proportions, but retaining their spirit, holding on their way, and promoting their several parties as they can. More than one element within the Church would regard the Methodists with extreme jealousy. To all who are under the influence of the Tractarian movement, they would be an abomination. To many whose Calvinism is of the Puritan cast, they would be little less so. Methodism presenting in itself a creed which, unlike that of the Church of England, is a creed of combination by conviction, not of combination by compromise, it would ally itself at once with those who were neither high Calvinists, nor Pelagians, nor wild prophets, nor Tractarians, and would undoubtedly become the object of more jealousy and bitterness than it provokes even now, although at present it is favoured with as large a share of both as its friends have any reason to desire.

Beside increasing the internal discord of the Church of England, the movement would create for her another enemy outside. By no possibility could the whole Methodist body be brought within the enclosure of the Establishment. If every Minister in the Conference could be inoculated with a passion for episcopal orders, and all went over in a body, thousands and tens of thousands of their people would deliberately say, 'You are not walking in the steps of your fathers. They broke free from the trammels of that imperfectly reformed Church, and moved forward towards the Christianity of the apostolic age; you are moving backward, and retracing their steps.' Those who refused to have any part in such a retreat would be neither the smallest nor the least energetic sections of the Methodists; and after such a bereavement as they would then have suffered at the hands of the Church of England, it is not to be supposed that they would retain that position of patient forbearance, in which they have hitherto received all the injury which her Ministers and people have thought fit to offer them. What then remained of Methodism would undoubtedly become animated by hostility to the Established Church, and in that very act would cease to be Methodism; for the moment they became a party bent upon waging war against anything but sin, be it Church or be it Dissent, the spirit of Methodism would depart from them, and, while the Establishment would have another enemy, the country would have to

mourn the departure of a peaceable, religious power from the midst of it.

As to the amount of union between Methodism and the Establishment, it depends entirely on the latter what it shall be. The Methodists do not reject the doctrines of the Establishment, do not deny her orders, do not league themselves with others to destroy her privileges. By 'varying' from her in many points of ecclesiastical and spiritual usage—but only where they believe that by varying from her they approach nearer to the model of the Church of Christ—they are in schism with the Act of Uniformity, and with the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. Neither of these are essential to the Church of England, but the maintenance of either necessarily excludes Methodism from her pale.

In early days, Wesley and his coadjutors were driven from the pulpits of the Establishment, the Methodist people were frequently driven away from the communion table, mobs were often headed by Clergymen to attack their Preachers. In our day such violence could not be exercised, but Methodism has still much to endure. Her Ministers are often denounced as usurpers; the dead bodies of her people are refused Christian burial, after their own Pastors have been first denied the privilege of giving it to them in consecrated ground; parents are often told that their baptized children are unbaptized; even wives are sometimes insulted by the assertion that they are living in concubinage; proprietors often refuse permission to build places of worship on their lands,—a course which the present Bishop of London does not blush to follow; men who retire from the Methodist Ministry with questioned character are admitted to orders in the Establishment, without even an inquiry from those who know them best; in the Colonies, Missionaries, on whom have been expended hundreds of pounds in training and conveying them to their posts, are proselytized by Bishops without one word of apology, or one offer to pay the pecuniary loss; in schools, children are driven away on the week-day because they go the Methodist chapel on the Sabbath; the poor are often refused the charities of their own parish, because they commit the same crime; the rich are sedulously wooed, and reminded of the greater respectability of the Establishment; and, while many of the Clergy, and yet more of the people belonging to the Establishment, are willing to meet the Methodists as fellow-Christians, and treat them with the respect due to such, nothing is to the latter more familiar than the cold and repulsive air of men who hold them at a distance, as if they were something unclean. Their very name is often unmentioned, as if a shame lay in it. The biographer of Henry Martyn, in telling how he was converted through the influence of his sister Esther, takes care not to mention that she was a Methodist. In the life of his devoted friend

Thomason, (to whom England and India owed that eminent son, who so honoured the one and served the other,) where his early connexion with the Methodists cannot be concealed, it is acknowledged with a sneer. In the sweet story of 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' her Methodism is carefully concealed; and in many cases less known to the public similar treatment is common.

The Methodists know these things; they know the names by which they might justly be called; but do they apply them? They feel wronged; but do they revenge themselves? Have they in any day of the Church of England's difficulty thrown themselves into a hostile agitation? Have they used their access to the working classes to raise them against the hierarchy,—a course whereby they might have made themselves the political leaders of the populace of the country, and gratified to their heart's content the passion of retaliation; had such unhappily possessed them? Have they made common cause with the Dissenters in their organized efforts to destroy the Establishment? Or have they not steadily resisted allurements tending in that direction, thereby securing for themselves a rancorous enmity, which breaks out in the press commanded by this party on every possible pretext; so that no anti-Methodist brawler is too low to be loudly re-echoed, and no misrepresentation too absurd to be soberly repeated? In spite of insult, in spite of downright wrong, in spite of proselytism, in spite of reproach and coldness, the Methodists have chosen to occupy a position towards the Establishment which costs them bitter enmity from her opponents. For this they claim no credit. They do it not with a view to create a claim upon the Church of England,—for they have not the slightest idea that any such claim would be heeded,—but simply because it is right. The moment they became grievance-mongers, they would cease to be Methodists. Their business on the earth is to spread scriptural holiness. They have seen enough to know that, once embarked in a career of Church politics, the spirit necessary to sustain their mission must die. They have counted the cost; they cannot hold on their present course without receiving blows on both sides; but, if the price of being 'the friends of all and the enemies of none' be, that they must expect enemies in all and friends in none,—upon which result every man who knows human nature as developed in parties will count,—their minds are made up, the price is to be paid; and to Him for whose sake, and under the influence of whose Spirit, they determine that it shall be paid, they look to adjust the whole.

Among their founders, there is no one feature which more commends itself to the conscience of the Methodists than this,—that while borne by the force of a living Christianity every year farther and farther away from conformity to the Church of England, while every development of New-Testament

life and principles seemed to increase the distance between them and her; while even Wesley himself acknowledged that his adherence to her seemed to be a conclusion not supported upon any adequate premises, rather a filial instinct of his nature than a dictate of his logical reason; while provocations were heaped upon them, such as no other party leaders ever bore without retaliating; they clung to her with filial veneration, and sought only to do her good; thus manifesting the spirit not of partisans, but of men of God. To their dying hour they blessed her, and cursed her not, and left to their spiritual children the most precious legacy of a forbearing and a loving heart. Nor has that legacy been in vain. In all the years that have gone since their fathers departed, the Methodists have continued to bear such provocations as we have alluded to, are bearing them at this day, are deliberately expecting them for the future; and though they know that in this country the power and influence of the Establishment impede their progress more than all other causes put together, and that, did it rest with the majority of her Clergy to fix the term of their labours, this present year would stand in the history of England as the last year of Methodism; yet, with all this, they are determined to maintain their amity, to go on their way spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land, and leaving Churchmen and Dissenter to fight out, between them, the battle of Dissent and Church.

We put it to those who speak of the Methodists as separatists and schismatics, whether there ever has occurred in the history of Christianity any case in which a body so powerful has existed so long, borne so much, and had so many temptations to assume a hostile attitude, and yet maintained a posture of friendly forbearance? We appeal to the consciences of Churchmen, whether they ever find Methodist Ministers seeking to unsettle and draw away those who are really godly from their congregations? and to all other Christians we make the same appeal. Perhaps if all that their maintenance of such a posture has cost the Methodists had been more considered or was better understood by Churchmen, they would think them worthy of being treated with greater delicacy, and would take care how they added to their many injuries fresh attempts to dismember and to irritate, fresh incentives to an active course of opposition.

This, however, is not a day in which the Methodists can afford to spend their time about projects and trifles. To them questions of 'orders' and rites are miserably little, the pastime of ecclesiastical children; and whenever we have to spend an hour on such topics, we feel brought down from the man-worthy works of Christianity. Within the Establishment, Tractarianism and Rationalism are, at this moment, both struggling for the ascend-

ancy; in the press ungodliness and infidelity are rife; in the population of our country crime is running high; among professing Christians form, and doctrine, and party are exciting much attention: and it is for the Methodists, now recovering from their late troubles, to betake themselves with a sevenfold energy to the old paths, to seek again the very same spirit and power, the same contempt of the world, the same calm indifference to the opinion of formalists, the same happy superiority to the miserable trifles of ecclesiastical Precisians, the same unquenchable passion for the recovery of sinful men from their evil ways, which made the early Methodists a light in the earth; and then, as they go on from year to year spreading truth and holy living, it may well be left to the great Head of the Church to order how the example of charity which they give shall issue in the union of the various branches of the Catholic Church.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Works of Goethe: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished Sources.
By G. H. Lewes. Two Vols. London. 1855.

THE title of this book is quite inaccurate enough to mislead the purchaser, who would probably expect to find the writings of the German poet and philosopher included in its ample pages. More properly described as a *Critical Memoir* of the life and works of Goethe, it would still have proved powerful in the attraction of its subject, and high enough in pretension as well as promise. Its peculiar merit is indicated by the fact mentioned in the Preface, that it supplies a *desideratum* in the literary annals of modern Europe. When Mr. Lewes proposed to himself the task accomplished in these pages, there was no complete biography of the great German sage even in the land of his birth; and though this hiatus has been since filled up by the voluminous work of Herr Viehoff, our author has some advantages over his predecessor, in access of fresh materials, and in a personal acquaintance with the capital of Saxe Weimar, where Goethe for so long a time resided,—while to English readers he makes the life of his illustrious subject for the first time fully known.

We have intimated that the work of Mr. Lewes is valuable chiefly as the first consecutive and complete biography of the German poet. Though evincing much critical acumen, it is not very pleasing as a whole; and we fear it is not destined to survive the present generation by virtue of its literary merits. It is deficient in style; it is wanting in evenness of tone, in harmony, consistency, and breadth. The several chapters and books are so many independent studies, not very highly finished in themselves, nor growing very naturally out of each other. It is the portfolio of a critic, and not the composition of an artist. In these respects how different from the record which Goethe has left us of himself! Mr. Lewes has thought well to depreciate that exquisite production. It is imperfect, as relating only to the poet's youth; it is unfaithful, as dictated in long after years by the treacherous memory

of age; it is deficient, as omitting the more literal and unfavourable circumstances; it is misleading, as not distinctly separating the 'Truth' from the 'Poetry' of the author's life. There is something in each of these counts; but there is something also to abate the force of each. It is not a fragment, as it elaborately sets forth the whole of a most interesting period. The dates and facts are not, indeed, all accurately given; but all that is essential is related, and something more is often seen to be implied. The omission of unfavourable points may be distinctly calculated for, if they be not virtually supplied out of the poet's narrative. There is no absolute confounding of the 'Truth and Poetry' in his early record, since the 'poetry' is not absolute fiction, but the sunnier and more romantic aspect of a poet's youth. But it is useless to object to the literal inaccuracy of this fascinating memoir. There is so much of thought, and beauty, and ideal truth in it, that the reader is carried on as by enchantment; he recurs to favourite passages, and then starts once more from the beginning with a novel and delighted interest. The same charm attends all the autobiographical fragments of Goethe. His Letters from Italy and Switzerland are models of elegant and familiar composition. From the scenes of nature and the galleries of art his pen seems ever to select the most significant details; he touches upon art with the familiar grace of youth and genius,—he opens up the wildest of natural scenery with a finished and artistic skill.

Yet we would not underrate the value of a literal and connected memoir; and the pages of Mr. Lewes will not merely serve to gratify a natural curiosity, but to correct in some particulars, and confirm in others, the received opinion of the character of Goethe. But the effect is disenchantment. Only a genius like his own could throw a spell around a personage so essentially unamiable. We are bound to say, that the object which Mr. Lewes has chiefly proposed to himself is more clearly intimated than attained. His volumes bear the motto, 'The heart of Goethe, which few knew, was great as the intellect of Goethe, which all knew,'—a sentiment of Jung Stilling, which our author has cordially adopted, and for the truth of which he strenuously pleads. Of true, and deep, and disinterested affection, we find no proofs in his elaborate *éloge* of the German savant. Of passion in regard to one sex, and of admiration in regard to the other, Goethe gave many proofs; but his heart was not eminently pure, and he was quite incapable of the highest strain of love or friendship. His conduct to women was marked by extreme selfishness. He lacked that moral feeling which appreciates the sanctity of genuine love. But morality had an ultimate and signal revenge, when the proud old man led his now-faded mistress to the altar, and repaired so far as might be the error and wrong-doing of five-and-twenty years. Of course we must admire the act of reparation; but a flaw in the virtue of his wisdom, and a tribute to the wisdom of virtue, were both admitted then.

Mr. Lewes does justice, in the main, to Goethe's intellectual character; but if it consisted with the object or the limits of this notice, we should be disposed to challenge certain items of his estimate, and to qualify many of his conclusions. As it is, we must restrict ourselves to a few general remarks. One of the most

interesting chapters of the work is that in which the scientific pretensions of Goethe are canvassed; his claims to the honours of a discoverer are very fairly stated and adjusted; our critic deciding that his author did eminent service to natural philosophy in two out of the three great instances adduced. His famous theory of colours is rightly pronounced a failure; but his studies in anatomy and morphological botany are proved to have had substantial merit. They all evince the philosophic spirit; but his power of generalization was much greater than his mastery of scientific details. His treatise on the Metamorphoses of Plants is, indeed, an 'exquisite' production, and shows how lovely, on one side at least, are 'cold material laws.'

Of Goethe as a poet, Mr. Lewes speaks with greater fulness than success, and with a praise more evidently careful than consistent. We admit that great difficulties beset the subject on every side. If there is an inevitable charm about the great German's poetry, there is a something quite inexplicable about his poetic character. The latter defies analysis, like his own 'Faust,' which Mr. Lewes elaborately analyses notwithstanding. Goethe was of no school, or nation, or party, or sect; yet neither was he of the few great poets of the world. He was not essentially either classical or romantic in his tastes. Mr. Lewes believes the native bias of his mind to have been *objective*, and couples his name with that of the mighty realist, Shakspeare. We think an opposite assertion might be maintained with far less cost of ingenuity, and with far more positive success. The fact would seem to be that Goethe was *objective* in his *study*, but *subjective* in his *treatment* of nature and humanity. He was a close observer only by determination; a certain profound musing was probably the original habit of his mind. Gradually the instincts of his poetic nature were subdued by philosophic thought; but they were never clouded by metaphysical inquiry. Hence he could say with equal truth and point, 'I have never thought about thought.' It was impossible that a man so cultivated in every faculty of his mind, should retain the poetic character in its simplicity and power; but the perfections of art came ultimately to supply the forfeited intuitions of genius, when he had toiled to that height of wisdom, where heaven-born inspiration so easily alights. The distinction pointed to is seen in the two parts of 'Faust.' The first 'rose like an exhalation' in his mind; the last was written with severe deliberate effort. Mr. Lewes has the highest admiration for the former, but thinks the latter much inferior. We have always felt the beauty of the second part of Faust as something weird and unearthly, and cannot think that Mr. Carlyle has rated it too highly, though he has very likely failed in its categorical defence. To us it has the mysterious beauty of a sphinx.

Many exceptions might be taken to the views and principles embodied in these volumes; but we must content ourselves with putting the reader on his guard against the most injurious and misleading. It is in the ethics of art that the critical canons of Mr. Lewes are fatally defective. Thus, in speaking of the 'Wilhelm Meister' and other prose fictions of his author, he endeavours to

rebut the objection founded on their immoral tone and tendency, by a maxim of the most unworthy kind. It appears, forsooth, that these tales are faithful transcripts of human character and manners, which their author justly left to carry their own moral. Does Mr. Lewes consider, that the greatest abominations in literature may plead the same defence? or is he content to say that on behalf of John Wolfgang von Goethe, which would equally avail to prove the literary purity of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds? But the maxim is as false as it is pernicious. Mr. Lewes should know by this time—or he has much mistaken his calling—that no true work of art is a literal *fac-simile* of nature or of life; or why do we give to the poet and the painter those honours which belong rather to the faithful annalist and the dexterous photographer? It is from the imagination, and not from the simple memory, that such works proceed; and the imagination is far more a moral than an intellectual faculty. And hence their moral soundness is invariably dependent upon the healthy moral nature of the artist. These truths are so trite and obvious, that we are almost ashamed to repeat them; yet they may be usefully adduced in condemnation both of Goethe and his advocate. One other caution, and we dismiss the work of Mr. Lewes. His readers must be prepared to meet with frequent scoffs at the Christian religion and its professors. These scoffs are thrown out *à propos* of nothing, and are generally pure impertinences. If they cannot be sustained in the text, they sink at once into a foot-note; but the difference is only that of scum and sediment. An instance of this kind occurs in the second volume, (p. 396,) where we are told how Mr. Carlyle silenced ‘the nauseous cant about Goethe’s want of religion.’ It seems that this genius was patient for awhile; he sat, we are told, ‘grim and ominously silent.’ But the sage at last broke silence, and said, ‘*Meine Herren*, did you never hear the story of that man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?’ Mr. Lewes continues: ‘This bombshell completely silenced the enemy’s fire. *I could have kissed him!*’ exclaimed the enthusiastic artist who narrated the anecdote to me.’ It is certainly a very good story. We suppose that Christianity was the dead cigar, and Goethe the glorious far-off sun. But could the ‘enthusiastic artist’ find no purer lips to kiss? or did he really take such malignant blasphemy to be the fire of wit and genius? It is clear, at least, that what is blasphemy in the ears of most men, is very good wit in those of Mr. Lewes.

The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, sometime King of Spain. Selected and Translated, with Explanatory Notes, from the ‘*Mémoires du Roi Joseph*.’ Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1855.

THERE is seemingly no end to the literary illustrations of Napoleon’s life; nor is there yet any perceptible diminution of their interest and importance. These new volumes have considerable value, not only from the intrinsic merit of certain parts which contain the results of the great soldier’s vast military experience, but especially because they

exhibit the inmost workings of his mind, and discover both the basis and development of his character. It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of such secret revelations, which enable us to correct the judgments that have been too often hastily drawn, from enthusiastic preference, on the one side, and from prejudice, on the other. And we think that no other work of equal extent affords a better insight into the vast political combinations and daring personal schemes of Napoleon than the present.

The limited space at command will not permit us to attempt any analysis of the contents of these volumes; and we think we shall best consult the interest of our readers by giving a few samples which will exhibit somewhat of the unscrupulous daring of the imperial correspondent,—his indifference to truth when deception would serve his purpose,—his ceaseless attention to the details of business,—and his summary treatment of conquered countries. Having determined to seize upon the kingdom of Naples, and having coined a proclamation to that effect, he thus instructs his relative:—

‘MY BROTHER,—I wish you to enter the kingdom of Naples in the first days of February, and I wish to hear from you, in the course of February, that our flag is flying on the walls of that capital. You will make no truce, you will hear of no capitulation: my will is, that the Bourbons shall have ceased to reign at Naples. I intend to seat on that throne a Prince of my own house.

‘The country must find provisions, clothes, remounts, and all that is necessary for your army, so that it may not cost me a farthing.’

A few days after, determined not to be balked of his prey by any concessions on the part of his victim, he writes,—

‘I hear that the Court of Naples sends Cardinal Ruffo to me with propositions of peace. My orders are, that he be not allowed to come to Paris. You must immediately commence hostilities, and make all your arrangements for taking immediate possession of the kingdom of Naples, without listening to any proposition for peace, armistice, or suspension of arms; reject them all indiscriminately.’

‘If any of the great people and others are troublesome, send them to France, and say that you do it by my order. No half measures, no weakness. I intend my blood to reign in Naples as long as it does in France: the kingdom of Naples is necessary to me.’

‘I ask of you only one thing,—be master.’

‘Disarm Naples, and levy a contribution of ten millions upon the town; it will be easily paid. You may safely resort to the expedient of confiscating all the English merchandise.....Make your army rich, but do not let them rob.’

‘I am glad to see that a village of the insurgents has been burnt. Severe examples are necessary. I presume that the soldiers have been allowed to plunder this village. This is the way to treat villages which revolt. It is one of the rights of war; but it is also a duty prescribed by policy.’

The following extracts will speak for themselves:—

‘You will insert, as news from Vienna, “Negotiations have begun. It is said that the Emperor of the French is going to Italy. It is also said that he intends to appear in Paris when least expected there. We have not yet seen him.”’—Vol. i., p. 63.

'Announce my speedy arrival at Naples. It is so far off, that I do not dare to promise you that I shall go, but there is no harm in announcing it, both for the sake of the army and of the people.'—Vol. i., p. 86.

'Have some little pamphlets written which may make them feel the advantage of belonging to a French Prince, who will protect them from the insults of the Moors, and will give them tranquillity and a Mediterranean trade.'—Vol. i., p. 109.

'Pray send me every day the returns of the numbers and positions of your troops.'

'I am impatient for a return of the numbers and position of all our third and fourth battalions.'

'The return which you have sent me is not clear. I do not see the position of General Gardanne's division, nor his force. Let Cæsar Berthier take the trouble to give me regular returns, with the artillery, the horses, &c., &c., and not mere results, which tell nothing. The returns of my armies form the most agreeable portion of my library. They are the volumes which I read with the greatest pleasure in my moments of relaxation.'

'I have directed the 2,900,000 francs for which you told me a month ago that you had drawn on me, to be paid. But take care that all is regularly passed through the Treasury. There are forms from which I myself am not exempted. The safety of the State depends on them.'

'In war nothing is to be done but by calculation. Whatever is not profoundly considered in its details produces no good result.'

'Take care to inform me of the arrival of each consignment of biscuit and shoes, that I may make sure of not being cheated in my accounts. Count the biscuits one by one; their quality should be good. The shoes ought to be made of stout leather, not pasteboard; they cost me five and a half francs a pair.'

'You must not be surprised at the details into which I enter. I must think of everything, so as never to be taken unawares.'

'Your first care should be to keep together the battalions, otherwise you will have no army. You should attend to this every day; I do so myself every morning.'

We conclude with a few extracts which will show Napoleon's discrimination of the men with whom he had to do, and exhibit some of his principles of policy.

'He is cold,' (General Reynier,) 'but of the three he is the best able to make a good plan of campaign, and to give you good advice.'

'Sir Sidney Smith is a man whom it is easy to deceive. I have often laid traps for him, and he has always fallen into them; when he has suffered three or four times, he will get tired.'

'In war, as in literature, each man has his own style. For sharp and prolonged attacks requiring great boldness, Masséna would do better than Reynier. To protect the kingdom against invasion in your absence, Jourdan is preferable to Masséna.'

'In your position the secret is to make each of the three (Masséna, St. Cyr, and Reynier) believe that he has your confidence.'

'In all calculations assume this: that a fortnight sooner, or a fortnight later, you will have an insurrection. It is an event of uniform occurrence in a conquered country.'

'I presume that you have cannon in your palaces, and take all proper precautions for your safety. You cannot watch too narrowly those about you.'

'All the art of war consists in a well arranged and extremely circumspect defensive, and a bold and rapid offensive.'

'Besides this, you should order two or three of the large villages that have behaved the worst to be pillaged; it will be an example, and will restore the gaiety and the desire for action of your soldiers.'

'I am waiting to hear how many estates you have confiscated in Calabria, and how many rebels you have executed. You should shoot in every village three of the ringleaders. Do not spare the Priests more than the others.'

'The art of distributing troops is the great art of war. Place them always in such a manner, that whatever the enemy may do, you may be able to have your forces united within a few days.'

We have made these liberal extracts under the persuasion that they will best impress the reader with the nature and value of this correspondence. Such personal revelations are the very marrow of modern history. Some points of the usurper's character are illustrated in these volumes in a very striking manner. His imperious bearing, for example, even towards his own family, is well shown. To his elder brother, Joseph, who possessed considerable intellectual power, great mildness of character, a strong sense of justice, and an inconveniently tender conscience, he writes in tones sometimes of extreme harshness, sometimes of undisguised contempt. In numerous letters, his tenderness to his subjects both at Naples and in Spain is met by a bitter sneer or a hot rebuke. Family arrangements, such as marriages, are announced without previous consultation, and, where thought likely to be objected to, are accompanied by threats. Agents are made responsible for all failures in carrying out the orders given, whilst the credit of all successes is quietly taken by the great monopolist of praise. In a word, the strength and feebleness of the mind and character of one who, by Divine permission, has so largely influenced the fortunes of mankind, are depicted with all the lines of truth, and under circumstances which preclude the possibility of wilful or unwitting error. We have only, in conclusion, to speak in the highest terms of the judgment displayed by the editor of these volumes, who never interposes his own remarks, except when absolutely required for the purpose of elucidation.

Jordano Bruno. Par Christian Bartholmæss. Two Vols. Paris: Meyrueis.

THE literary history of the sixteenth century is one of those topics which become the more interesting in proportion as we dive into them. How pleasant to shut one's-self up in a comfortable study, and, during the live-long day,—nay, during the silent watches of the night,—to pore over the old worm-eaten volumes of Campanella, Ramus, Cardan, Cornelius Agrippa, or even of Master Alcofribas Nasier, *abstracteur de quinte-essence*, and *Caloyer des îles d'Hyères*! We have just quoted the writer, whose broad grins typify the scepticism of a revolutionary era: it was not all fun, however, in that eventful period; and the

name of Jordano Bruno, which prefaces the present article, brings back to our recollection all the horrors of an *auto-da-fé*.

The first part of the book before us comprises a biographical sketch, derived from curious sources, and which illustrates not only Bruno's own career, but the whole literary history of Europe during the sixteenth century. For we must follow the philosopher of Nola from country to country, from university to university. At one time we find him in Rome, then at Wittenberg, of which he says, *Santâ Universitate, in amplissimâ, augustâ, potentissimâque Germaniâ, principe*; then at Oxford, at Geneva, at Paris. Born about the year 1550, that is to say, ten years after the death of Copernicus, and ten years before the birth of the great Lord Bacon, Jordano Bruno is a sort of connecting link between scholasticism and modern philosophy; he forms one of that band of independent minds who, after having found out the hollowness of the metaphysical teaching engrafted by the schoolmen on the works of Aristotle, tried to arrive at the truth, according to a method which unfortunately clashed with the ideas of the times in which he lived. He was one of the warriors in an ever memorable struggle; and no one asserted with more power or greater eloquence the indestructible rights of conscience.

M. Bartholmæss, in describing the life and works of Jordano Bruno, has had occasion to analyse the intellectual state of Italy during the sixteenth century. Together with a revival of the fine arts, an interesting movement was taking place in the sphere of literature and moral philosophy. The University of Padua, more especially, had risen to an extraordinary degree of celebrity from the writings and teaching of masters such as Pomponazzo, Achillini, Nifo, Zabarella, and Cremonini. But still the Stagyrite was there, as well as elsewhere, the great authority; and the Inquisition kept an anxious watch over the doctrines of those who manifested any degree of opposition to the recognised teaching of scholasticism. It is not so much to be wondered at, therefore, if Jordano Bruno, after having made himself conspicuous by opinions of the boldest description, was seized, and summoned to justify his tenets before an ecclesiastical board, as soon as, after a prolonged absence, he set his foot again on Italian ground. The only reason for surprise is, that, knowing the state of things in his native country, he should ever have thought of returning there. When the philosopher Valens Acidalius heard the news, he could hardly credit it. *Miror, says he, Miror, nec rumori adhuc fidem habeo, etsi ipsam a fide dignissimis.*

Some writers have also expressed astonishment at the condemnation of Jordano Bruno; but it requires a very trifling acquaintance either with the philosopher's works, or with the spirit which has always animated the Court of Rome, to find out the motives of this tragical deed. What could consistent Inquisitors do but send to the stake a man who was bold enough to declare that we are not bound to admit the explanations which the Church gives of the phenomena of nature? The reader cannot do better than study the chapter of M. Bartholmæss's work referring to Jordano Bruno's trial and death; he will find there both a forcible description of ecclesiastical doings three hundred years ago, and also, *ipso facto*, an excellent idea of what we must expect, should the good old times, so ardently longed for by

M. Louis Veuillot, visit again this sublunary world. Without wearying our friends with quotations from Scioppius and other worthies, we shall just say that the philosopher of Nola, after a tedious eight years' imprisonment, first at Venice, and then at Rome, was given up by the Church to the secular authorities as an incorrigible heretic, *ut quàm clementissimè et citra sanguinis effusionem puniretur*,—a mild expression always applied to those unfortunate victims doomed to perish at the stake. Bruno was burnt on February 17th, 1600.

The very imperfect summary we have just been giving, leaves yet unnoticed the second volume of the monograph before us, which is, perhaps, the more important of the two. We shall now describe it as briefly as we can, and state, in a few words, the view which M. Bartholmèss takes of the doctrines and writings of Jordano Bruno.

M. Bartholmèss has classed Bruno's writings under two different heads, according to the idiom employed by the author in their composition. It is rather remarkable that the Italian works (*Spaccio de la Bestia trionfante, Cabala del Cavallo, Eroici Furori, &c.*) should be those in which metaphysical questions are discussed with the greatest completeness, and the most thorough absence of all restraint. We say that this is a remarkable fact, because, even long after Jordano Bruno's death, Latin was considered as the only appropriate medium for the exposition of scientific doctrines; and, when compiling his great historical work, Thuanus, for instance, disdained the use of his own mother-tongue, the French language.

The Latin works of Jordano Bruno exhibit him to us as a disciple and commentator of Raymond Lulli: there was, however, in him more than that; and his views of the *ars magna* are characterized by an originality and a depth of conception which seem to us worthy of special notice. Raymond Lulli's plan was merely to arrange all the objects of human knowledge in a methodical series, and thus enable the memory to seize more readily the leading ideas which form the basis of all that we do know. The philosopher's great mistake consisted in his fancying that, by the help of his table, the mind of man was for the future to solve almost spontaneously the abstrusest questions. Jordano Bruno did not thus understand Lullyism. What he aimed at was to establish the identity between the laws of the mind and those which govern the physical world; and the nature of his development of the *ars magna* reminds us constantly of Kant's categories, and of the intricate system of logic to which Hegel has affixed his name.

Another important fact which should be taken into account whilst studying the works of Jordano Bruno, is the influence produced upon him by the discoveries in astronomy made during his time. Seeing how much the heavens now, so to say, enlarged, what new worlds were opening before the view of mankind, he concluded that these worlds are multiplied *ad infinitum*; and maintained that unless we take this position, we must acknowledge God to be either idle or powerless. It was when attempting to define the universe, that Jordano Bruno was led to adopt tenets which certainly savour very much of Pantheism, although there is a wide difference between him, in that respect, and such men as either Spinoza or Hegel. The fault committed by the philosopher of Nola was when he asserted that the effect *must* always

be in direct *ratio* of the cause, *viz.*, that the cause must always act in all its fulness, and *cannot* act otherwise.

A sort of semi-panteistic philosophy, derived from the works of Plotinus, Lullii, and Nicolas Cusanus,—such, then, is the system of Jordano Bruno, viewed *as a system*. If we now consider the form or garb under which he clothed his ideas, we must acknowledge that in the philosopher there was more of the poet, the enthusiast, than the strict scientific inquirer. He had also a keen sense of the ridiculous, and *Les Dialogues* (most of his works are written in that style) remind us more, as M. Bartholmæss truly says, of the plays of Aristophanes than of Plato's immortal compositions. Erasmus was one of Bruno's favourite authors; and in the *Encomium Morie* he found a model which he imitated *con amore*.

Before closing the valuable volume which we have endeavoured briefly to notice in the above remarks, we feel bound to express once more, in the strongest language, our admiration of the monument which M. Bartholmæss has raised to the memory of Jordano Bruno. One of the noblest tasks which a writer can undertake is certainly that of leading us to appreciate with impartiality those who have too long been the victims of fanaticism and prejudice.

Histoire du Christianisme et de la Société Chrétienne. Par M. J. Matter, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut, etc. Seconde Edition. Four vols. 8vo. Paris: Firmin Didot.

THERE is certainly no lack of works on ecclesiastical history at the present time, and it may be affirmed that very few nooks in the field of literature have been lately cultivated by a greater number of diligent labourers; but the subject, hackneyed as it may appear to some, always suggests fresh thoughts, and is fraught with never-fading interest: it is one, besides, which may be surveyed from a variety of points of view, and most of the questions which it embraces are still *sub judice*. For this reason we believe it possible that, notwithstanding the publications of Gieseler, Neander, Burton, Milman, and others, the history of the Christian Church will long continue to engage the minds of philosophers, and that M. Matter's name will not be the last on the catalogue of the literati who are treading in the footsteps of Tillemont, Du Pin, and Fleury.

The first edition of the present work was published in 1838, and the author's avowed intention was to direct into the paths of Christianity a society corrupted by materialistic notions, and endeavouring to draw water from the broken cisterns of Saint-Simonism, Fourierism, or Humanitarianism.

'Some centuries,' says M. Matter, in his Preface, 'of violent discussions and of immense progress..... have been able to alter a system of religion, of metaphysics, of politics; but they have not succeeded in substituting for those another system of politics, of metaphysics, of religion.'

'Now, this is precisely what our own age requires; we want principles, we want faith; for our age has, over the one just elapsed, the immense advantage that it feels its moral want, it knows that it is dead, and deprived of all the elements which constitute the strength

and the happiness of the soul; in short, it aspires with deeply rooted energy after all the religious convictions, all the moral habits, all the heaven-born inspirations and consolations which stamp with the impress of true greatness an era, a nation, a man. Such gifts have marked the golden age of Christian society; they have in all times raised that society above every other community. If the last century, with that singular mixture of frivolity and anger which distinguished it, was bent upon casting those gifts away, can it also deprive us of them?

'The feelings which unite God with the soul are as imperishable as God and the soul. No generation of men may break this sacred bond of union. The present age feels the need of re-establishing that bond in all its force and in all its purity; it does not accept the letter and the *formula* of the ancient faith; but, a prey to the despair which possessed the prodigal son, it longs to be reinstated into the house of God.

'Such is our situation; nothing more, nothing less. For, let us not deceive ourselves, we are marching towards victory, but we have not yet conquered. People speak of an immense reaction; our wants and our desires are the only immense facts that we can notice; no doubt, a powerful impulse has been given, but the minds of men are marching *towards* religion, they are not marching *in* it.'

This quotation will explain sufficiently the purpose M. Matter had in view whilst writing his work; it is a History of Christianity, compiled for the benefit of French unbelievers, and destined to lead them back to the Bible by the sight of the errors into which the human mind must unavoidably fall, when it strays from the narrow path. It would be impossible for us to determine how far the author's excellent intentions have been successful; but as infidelity, under whatever shape it presents itself, is to be found in all the countries of the globe, we must say that M. Matter's *Histoire du Christianisme* will be read as profitably on this as on the other side of the Channel. With a subject so important, we cannot expect, in the short compass of four octavo volumes, to find all the details which Baronius or the Magdeburg Centuriators have accumulated in their laborious compilations; but the French historian possesses the valuable talent of bringing together, under the shape of a clear and elegant narrative, the chief features of the question he discusses; and if his extensive reading enables him to omit nothing that can illustrate a point of doctrine, or help us to understand a remarkable character, his consummate taste, as a writer, prevents him from being dull, dry, and unnecessarily abstruse. The *Histoire du Christianisme* is pre-eminently a readable book.

Artistic finish, however, cannot be considered as the chief requisite in a work on Church history; impartiality is a still greater desideratum. We are tired of meeting with a pamphlet where we expected to find a plain statement of truths, and of having to wade through pages of abuse and foul language for the purpose of verifying a quotation or a date. Who would, for instance, form his judgment of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism merely from the quartos of l'Abbé Racine, or adopt, without further inquiry, Southey's views of Wesley?

M. Matter has carefully avoided in his volumes every thing which would make him liable to be tried on a charge of misrepresentation; he is the very embodiment of calmness, and his thorough knowledge of the facts he undertakes to relate enables him to give every one his due. We do not mean our readers to conclude from what we have just now been saying, that the *Histoire du Christianisme* would find favour at the Vatican, and that the Pope has allowed it to pass untouched by the Congregation of the Index. No; M. Matter is a thorough Protestant; he fearlessly exposes the errors of a system which has aimed at substituting man's imaginations for the Gospel of Christ, but he does that with fairness and tact.

The character of a *résumé* must, of course, preclude those historic portraits and scenes which give so much effect to the narrative, and go so far towards insuring the author's popularity; but M. Matter's strong point is to be found more especially in the power with which he gives in a few paragraphs the features of a whole epoch; he is, *par excellence*, a philosophic writer, and the present work afforded the best possible opportunity for that style of composition. The first and fourth volumes are extremely remarkable, judged from this point of view; and, in the latter, we would recommend, above all, to the intelligent reader chapter xxiv., containing a short, but complete, sketch of the history of European metaphysics from the *Renaissance* period down to Leibnitz. By way of conclusion, our author draws a kind of parallel between the respective claims of reason and of revelation; and he explains in his usual clear manner why philosophy is not destined, as some would fain believe, to supplant Christianity in the moral government of the world. 'Religion,' says he, 'cannot be judged, it is not amenable to the tribunal of public opinion; it has taken its position here unsought, and no power can effect its expulsion. Religion is here by the authority of Him whose will created the world and man.'

'If we wish to explain man and his moral faculties, to teach the rights which these faculties confer, and the duties springing from them; if we wish to lay down the rules of life, both public and private, and assign principles for carrying out all the business of this world; we have philosophy.'

"But, if we would explain the next world, lead man towards it, and fix his position in the scale of intelligent beings, destined, as he is, to immortality; if we would impart unto him that degree of heavenly light and of Divine strength which will render him capable of soaring towards those regions to which his faith aspires; if we would support him through his struggles with sin, with the world, and with his own nature; if we would comfort him in all his trials, soften all his woes, even the shame which he has brought upon himself and the wretchedness which is his work; if we would discover to him a motive for joy and for exultation in the most painful, the most humiliating circumstances, we must fly to *religion*."

'Nothing, it will be seen, can take the place of religion; nothing can claim to act as its substitute in the smallest degree.'

'Now, the religion of modern society is Christianity; if it be not Christianity, what is it?'

'Christianity maintains that it will preserve its sway as long as the

nature of the human soul remains unaltered. This pretension constitutes its *perpetuity*.

'Christianity has for its followers all those who understand what religion is. Such is its *universality*.'

M. Matter believes, as we do, that if the substance of our religion is the same, its form must vary according to times and places. Many of the useless and painful controversies which are still dividing the Church of Christ may be traced to the ignorance or wickedness of those who will not heed or entertain this just distinction.

The Difficulties of Belief, in Connexion with the Creation and the Fall. By Thomas Rawson Birks, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

MR. BIRKS is a writer of great earnestness of purpose. Vigour of thought, beauty of illustration, freshness of style, combined with a devout and fervent spirit, characterize the productions of his pen. Even when we cannot subscribe to his sentiments, we are compelled to admire his genius; he pleases where he fails to convince. The present work, though limited in size, is one of sterling value. It consists of an introduction on the knowledge of God, and nine chapters on the following topics:—The Power of God—The Nature of Evil—The Creation of Free Agents—Temptation in Free Agents—The Creation and Fall of Angels—The Creation and Fall of Man—The Permission of Satanic Temptation—Original Sin.

Within the limits of two hundred pages these topics cannot be fully discussed; yet the author has treated them with considerable ability, and rendered essential service to the cause of truth. His object professedly is, 'to remove some of those difficulties which have often haunted thoughtful and inquiring minds when they reflect on the deeper and more solemn aspects of religion, both natural and revealed.' In the attainment of his object he has largely succeeded; and effectually disarmed the sceptic and the infidel. The several themes discussed resolve themselves into the one great question: 'How does it comport with the perfections of the Infinite One that moral evil should exist in the universe?' EVIL EXISTS; that is a fact patent to every mind, and felt in the depths of man's moral nature. It surrounds his inward, as certainly as the atmosphere surrounds his outward, being. How came it? It is simply and fairly answered, By the creature's abuse of the liberty with which he was endowed. Why was the creature's liberty suffered of God to be abused? This is the question which our author ably discusses: indeed, it is the one main subject which is ever present to his mind. We cannot refrain from giving the following extract: it is admirable in itself, and furnishes a sort of key to the whole book:—

'To meet the exigency, then, of that great problem, which forces itself on our notice, in spite of ourselves, in a thousand forms, and has exercised thoughtful minds in all ages, we must advance, I conceive, a step further than Leibnitz has ventured to do, in the recognition of the unchangeable laws of being. We must enlarge still further the sphere of Omniscient Wisdom, even at the price of seeming (and it is an appearance only) to contract the range of Omnipotence. We must

transfer to one Divine perfection what the darkened mind of man, seeking an excuse or palliation for his own guiltiness, has falsely referred to another, and thereby confused his own conscience, and thrown a veil of night around the ways of an all-wise Providence. We must maintain—and show the truth and consistency of the doctrine—that moral evil has neither been positively decreed nor negatively permitted, but simply foreseen, by the God of infinite holiness, who cannot behold it without an intense abhorrence; that its entrance is an inseparable result of the creation of free moral agents, and is the object of foresight to the Omniscient Wisdom, but not of prevention even by Almighty Power; but that, having been foreseen, Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love, have conspired to provide a wonderful remedy; so that where sin hath abounded grace will much more abound, and death shall at last be swallowed up in a glorious victory. Two main principles have thus to be established. First, that the entrance of moral evil is due entirely to the mutable will of the creature, and in no respect to the decree of the Almighty, or even to that active permission which consists in the voluntary withholding of some needful and possible succour. And, Secondly, that the foresight of its first entrance, and all the lawful results that have followed, are no sufficient reason why God should have forborne the highest and noblest exercise of His creative power; since evil would then have achieved a more fatal triumph, in the bare contemplation of it as possible, than now in its actual entrance and reign. The uncreated life would have been sealed up perpetually within its hidden fountain. God would have been defrauded of His glory, and the universe of its being.

‘The way is left entirely open, so far as the authority of Scripture is concerned, for the supposition here advanced, that the prevention of all evil, in a world of created free agents, may be strictly impossible in its own nature. We have even, perhaps, a partial presumption in its favour, since, in the two only races of moral agents whose existence is known to us, the presence and wide prevalence of moral evil is a revealed and certain truth.’—Pp. 49–51, 53.

The Inspiration of Holy Scripture: Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in the Month of December, 1855. By the Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, M.A., Rector of Ickworth with Horringer. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

SERMONS preached before the Universities assume in these days an unwonted significance. They are, and will be yet more and more, signs of the times; being, to some considerable extent, indications of the kind and tone of religious teaching in which the rising Clergy of the Establishment are trained. The Cambridge University Preachers have been long distinguished, as a whole, for orthodoxy and piety; and these Sermons of Lord Arthur Hervey are not an exception. Their subject is one of unparalleled importance in the present day. Men of higher and lower mark in the English Church have been heard publicly renouncing their belief in the Divine authority of the Bible, and rejoicing that they are delivered from the restraints of Divine guidance in dealing with the doctrines of Christianity. We

have no great fear that their licentiousness will spread, or be long tolerated in the land; but neither have we any expectation that God will vindicate His word without human instrumentality; and we look, therefore, earnestly for defences, both critical and popular, of the true doctrine of inspiration.

This series of Sermons is excellent as far as it goes. It aims to be little more than an appeal and a warning to 'a Christian congregation,—to those who possess, who study, who believe and love the Scriptures as the word of God,—intended in the way of brotherly caution to some who might, perhaps, encounter arguments of a very opposite tendency, and be in danger of coming to too hasty a conclusion, from not remembering the mass of positive evidence in favour of that which has been the belief of the Church in all ages as to the inspiration of Scripture.' As it regards the great question itself, the tone is thus negative throughout; and not likely, therefore, to exert much influence upon those—and they are legion—whose minds are beginning to be restlessly anxious for some precise definition and satisfactory proofs of this important dogma. The great cumulative evidence of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures which the inductive method supplies, is exhibited in a very masterly way, and, as far as a rapid sketch would allow, exhaustively: and, similarly, the objections to their inspiration are marshalled in a very striking and novel manner, though the replies which are provided are summary and feeble.

The Preacher regards with great aversion the attempts which have been made to form precise theories on the subject. The nearest approach which he makes to any thing formal of his own, is in the following passage: 'Here, then, again, we perceive that the difficulty in question is one which arises solely from our affixing to the assertion, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," an interpretation of the nature and extent of inspiration, which involves the proposition that every word purporting to be the word of one of the sacred writers, is the utterance of God's Holy Spirit, compromising the omniscience, the holiness, the intuition, the truthfulness, of God Himself. If inspiration does not, in all cases, extend beyond the gift of supernatural wisdom to record revelations, and memory, and such other mental endowments as were requisite to make the inspired men faithful witnesses of Christ, there is no difficulty whatever; because, in all matters of faith and doctrine, there is absolute agreement amongst the sacred writers. The disagreement, if such it can be called, only commences at the minutiae before named. Is not the conclusion naturally resulting from this, that the direct inspiration did not extend to such minutiae, but that in them the writers expressed in their own words the thoughts of their own hearts? And these observations apply equally to the Old and New Testaments. From all which examples we may gather these two general laws in regard to supernatural spiritual agency: 1. That it does not supersede the ordinary application of man's natural powers, nor the necessity for the diligent use of the resources at their disposal, in those who are inspired. 2. That inspiration is not so uniform in its action that we can determine beforehand what its direction or extent will be on any occasion.'

However much we may agree with the principles which these

extracts dimly define, we think them very unsatisfactory as preached to young and inquiring minds. It is comparatively easy to exhibit the anomalies and inconsistencies which beset the rigid theory of verbal inspiration; and the great mass of students in the present age are exceedingly ready to renounce the theory, and shake off all its restrictions. But it is vastly important that the reaction from the harsh bondage of that theory should be guarded against by something far more tangible and real than we find in these Sermons. Their whole apparent scope, however, is such, that the rationalist who might take them up, would immediately throw them aside; but the humble, pious, and orthodox young divine cannot read them without great profit.

The critical exposition of the classical text, 2 Tim. iii. 14-17, is very skilfully conducted in the first Sermon, and St. Paul's line of thought very finely traced. The commencing strain, on the 'man of God,' is so apt and forcible, as to make us regret the Preacher's too sparing use of the elements of exhortation and appeal to the young contained in the aged Apostle's dying vindication of the supremacy of Scripture.

Prophecy viewed in respect to its distinctive Nature, its special Function, and proper Interpretation. By Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1856.

DR. FAIRBAIRN has done important service to scientific theology in thus collecting and enlarging his dissertations on prophecy. So sober and moderate a writer, who carefully examines the whole ground on which he treads, demands, and will reward, a very careful reading; and we must say, that we have been highly gratified and instructed by this volume as a whole. Yet we cannot agree with the respected author on all points; as where, in the third chapter, he limits the sphere of prophecy to the Church. We are disposed to retain the old opinion, that the use and intent of prophecy is as really to convince the world of a Divine prescience and government, as to comfort and sustain the Church in times of darkness and suffering. As Dr. Fairbairn says, 'The problem to be solved by prophecy was to speak of the future in such a way as to admit of its being fulfilled, before its import was distinctly perceived by the persons taking part in the fulfilling of it; and yet to leave no proper room to doubt, that the things they did constituted the actual future pointed to in the prophecy.'—Page 98. In the case adduced,—the personal appearance and history of Christ,—prophecy is the moiety of proof to the world without, in which they are required to believe that Jesus is the Christ. *The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy.* Many of the predictions concern the world; many are not predictions of good to the Church; and the exact fulfilment of many is the great weapon against the unbelief of the world. It is, as Lord Bacon observes, 'a cumulative argument;' and has yet an important use in the overthrow of infidelity. We are speaking, as Dr. Fairbairn does, not of prophecy in general, as the announcement of the Divine mind and will; but of prophecy as the revelation of things to come. Undoubtedly the character of many of the predictions of the sacred writings limits them to the Church, as

promises of good things to come; but as they were always more or less ambiguous,—necessarily so, in their terms,—they could only partially answer the end of the Church's 'patience of hope;' and a higher end is secured when they are interpreted by fact. We admire the care and caution displayed in this volume, to exhibit the moral element of prophecy, and to vindicate its superiority to mere literal significance and interpretation. 'It is the weakness of the human mind to desire to pry into futurity without a moral aim. God's aim, on the contrary, is to raise us above the whirl of passing events, and to fix our attentive gaze on the Divine hand, which is moving all the complicated wheels of Divine Providence.' (Douglas 'On the Structure of Prophecy.') 'And moving them,' continues Dr. F., 'for the great end of displaying His moral attributes, and accomplishing the purposes of His grace in behalf of His Church and people;' and, we may add, for the instruction and conviction of the world, that they may wisely consider of His doings. We think that our author rather restrains the intent and use of prophecy. The sacred writings have been providentially diffused, that a witness might be set up for God among other nations besides the Jews; and well have they accomplished the design, and will do to the end of time. Prophecy is vindictory, aggressive, and illustrative; and reveals God to man universally.

We greatly admire the sobriety and sound argument contained in this volume in reference to the body of unfulfilled prophecy; and think that the literal interpreters will find no little difficulty in disposing of the arguments by which Dr. Fairbairn shows the error of the principle of prophetic literalism; and that, in reference, for instance, to the prophetic future of the Jewish people, 'consistency will oblige them, either to abandon their Judaism, or renounce their evangelism.' Such and similar dealing with Scripture meets with a severe rebuke. The latter portion of the volume contains a well-digested exposition of the predicted future of the Church and kingdom of Christ, including, of course, the vexed question of the Millennium, which he shows to be a reign of righteousness, and truth, and peace,—a dominion of principles; but yet not without a wonderful change in the instruments of empire, the righteous obtaining political power, and becoming the agents of the reign of peace and quietness.

But we must recommend our readers to give a candid and careful reading to the volume; and we think they will judge with us, that it is a book of permanent value.

Sermons on Special and Ordinary Occasions. By the late Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. Edited, with a Preface, by the Rev. James H. Rigg. Published with the Sanction and under the Supervision of the Family. London: Alexander Heylin, 28, Paternoster Row.

THIS volume contains sixteen Sermons, most of them familiar to those who were acquainted with the late Dr. Newton's preaching. They will be found fully to sustain the reputation of that extraordinary Minister. It may surprise some to find that, even when separated from all those personal adjuncts which invested them in their delivery with a peculiar charm, they will yet bear the closest

critical scrutiny; and that, regarded simply as pulpit compositions, they are entitled to rank with the best published discourses which this generation has produced.

It has always seemed to us that the great popularity of Dr. Newton was very inadequately explained by referring it to those rare physical characteristics, and to that sympathy and depth of feeling, which contribute mainly to the constitution of one of 'nature's orators,' and which were found pre-eminently in him. Such qualities may for a time give distinction to those who are otherwise slenderly endowed, but their conjunction with intellectual powers of a high order is required to maintain permanently a wide-spread influence and reputation. That Dr. Newton possessed, with other essential but inferior qualifications, great mental vigour, we find ample evidence in nearly every page of this volume; and we are at no loss to comprehend the causes which enabled him, for nearly half a century, to gather around him, wherever he went, listening and admiring crowds, and which made him the greatest Preacher among a body of Ministers unequalled for the power and success of their ministry in any period of the Christian Church. Clergymen and Nonconformist Ministers, who marvel at the extraordinary results of Methodist preaching, may find in these Sermons some of its best examples, which they may ponder with advantage at a period when intellectual speculation threatens to take the place of the exposition of the simple truths of the Gospel.

The soul-converting doctrines and hallowing precepts of a pure Christianity are explained and enforced with the utmost lucidity of thought and simplicity of language. A manly freshness and vigour is felt throughout, and, by an apparently easy exertion of a clear intellect, whatever is touched is rendered simple and obvious; no subtle disquisition spreads a mist of doubt round the path of the inquirer; but Scripture truth appears in all its simplicity and authority.

As an *expositor* of Scripture, Dr. Newton asserts his place to a high rank; and if *oratory* be, as it has been defined, 'impassioned and persuasive reasoning,' he may be regarded as one of the most illustrious among orators. As specimens of close and vigorous statement, involving the most conclusive reasoning, we could quote passages of unsurpassed excellence, and would especially commend to the attention of our readers the Sermon on Luke xxiv. 46, 47, preached, if we mistake not, before the London Missionary Society, in 1844, as illustrating the peculiar characteristics of Dr. Newton's style.

Notwithstanding the remarkable character of these Sermons, it appears the author did not commit them to paper: they were thought out, and then delivered with the freedom of language suggested by the occasion. Vivid as were the impressions they excited, they would have been at any time but imperfectly remembered; and when this generation had passed away, nothing would have remained of the preaching of Dr. Newton, but the record of the wonderful influence it exerted. Happily accurate reports of his principal Discourses have been preserved; and whatever objections may lie against the practice of unauthorized Sermon-reporting, the practice has in this volume covered many offences. We are not surprised, that the Rev. W. M. Bunting regarded them as worthy of being published in a

complete form; and we think a pious and reverent care for the memory of Dr. Newton has been exhibited. Various reports have been collated, verbal errors and occasional repetitions have been removed, and the whole has evidently undergone that careful oversight which it might be supposed the author would have given, had the volume been published under his own supervision.

Mr. Bunting undertook the work of editing this volume, but was soon obliged by illness to resign his task into the hands of the Rev. James H. Rigg, who has most judiciously completed it. In an exceedingly able Preface, Mr. Rigg describes the origin of the volume, and gives a brief and eloquent estimate of Dr. Newton's pulpit character. Thus carefully prepared, and published with the approval of the family, we regard these Sermons as the noblest monument which could be reared to the memory of their revered author, and as a necessary companion to the admirable record of his life and labours by Mr. Jackson. They will be read with unceasing delight and profit by future generations, and be associated honourably with that Methodism which the author so much loved and served.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Beaumont, M.D. By his Son, Joseph Beaumont, Esq. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1856.

THE subject of this Memoir, like the author of the Sermons just considered, was well known to a large proportion of our readers as a popular and successful Preacher of the Gospel. If he did not command an equal sphere, at least he often exercised as powerful an attraction, as Dr. Newton himself. We do not, however, wish to indicate a parallel which does not really exist. In all other features of character, both personal and ministerial, these eminent men were wide indeed apart; and even in the single point of pulpit eloquence, the comparison is rather one of contrast than of kindred. The irregular force and genius of the one was strikingly opposed to the harmonious nature, with all its balanced and well-ordered powers, which makes the very memory of the other musical.

We have no intention of offering more than a few cursory remarks on the degree of judgment or ability displayed in this memorial. Perhaps Mr. Beaumont was not the person most proper or most qualified for the undertaking; and yet we admit that circumstances may have made it otherwise. The objection that he stood too near to the departed, may be balanced by considerations arising out of that very fact. Accepting, then, the Memoir as it is, we must say that we have read it with interest. It is not well written in respect of style; but Mr. Beaumont lacks rather experience than ability; and in the course of this Memoir he has encountered topics of difficulty with a boldness which deserves a larger measure of success. Besides, it is no easy matter to draw a full-length portrait from the life, though it may not be difficult to furnish a reduced copy of one already taken; and, on the whole, we are disposed to think the literary merit of this book not without promise as a first performance. But we must also speak of it distinctly as it is,—not relatively, but absolutely. As a biographical eulogy, then, it has two prime faults: it is too long and

too strong. Unfortunately each of these is the occasion of many others. Thus the length to which the work has grown has very naturally affected the cost of the volume, and many of Dr. Beaumont's warmest admirers will be prevented from securing so expensive a memorial. Perhaps the size and price of Goldsmith's *History of England*, or Southey's *Life of Nelson*, would not have been thought too limited for a memoir of this popular Preacher. But we must notice another disadvantage resulting from the amplitude of Mr. Beaumont's plan. It has led him to introduce details and reflections, both in his own narrative and in the letters of his father, which might have been both honestly and prudently avoided. As a whole, the correspondence of Dr. Beaumont does him credit; it shows him in a most favourable light as a father, husband, friend, and master; it gives some intimation of the variety, if not the depth, of his studies, and evinces the enthusiastic love of knowledge which possessed him. But the publication of familiar letters is sometimes a very perilous trial: they commonly exhibit the whole man; Dr. Beaumont, to say the least, had his less amiable side. It is painful to read some of the personal reflections of this departed Minister, still sharp with recent acrimony and ill-will, when we would rather associate with his memory nothing but undoubted gifts and gradually maturing graces.

Mr. Beaumont dwells at considerable length upon the intellectual features of his father's character. A long chapter is devoted to an inquiry into his oratorical position. It is painfully elaborate, and full of inconsistencies; but great names are not spared. Massillon, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Hall,—the author hardly knows which of those Christian worthies was most like his parent. In heathen and lay oratory we have all summoned, from Demosthenes to Burke, and the reader may take his choice, or (what is better) select the best qualities of each; but if he has never had the good fortune of hearing Dr. Beaumont, we fear the reader will acquire a very vague conception, either of his power or presence, from this intemperate and unskilful eulogy. The features are entirely overlaid; while a few judicious strokes might have set the Preacher vividly before us. There are some quotations in this chapter from Dr. Beaumont's sermons and speeches; but the biographer announces his intention of publishing a volume supplementary to the present, to consist of his late father's sermons and miscellaneous writings,—and, looking to that occasion, we forbear at present from offering any strictures on the style and genius of their author.

Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy. By the late William Archer Butler, M.A. Edited from the Author's MSS. with Notes by William Hepworth Thompson, M.A. Two vols. Cambridge: Macmillan.

THOSE who are capable of estimating the works, both theological and philosophical, which Mr. Archer Butler has left behind him, will deplore his early decease as a national calamity. The volumes before us are a series of *Dissertations on Ancient Philosophy*, which were commenced by a young man scarcely twenty-six years of age, and brought to a conclusion by his death eleven years afterwards. They are therefore

very different from what he would have made them, if longer spared: but unequal as they are, we do not know where to look for any thing so suggestive, so worthy of the dignity of the subject, and so thoroughly sound, as this Review of the Ancient Systems of Philosophy.

We have sometimes been tempted to think that Metaphysics would sooner or later become one of the recognised physical sciences in Great Britain. A similar apprehension seems to have harassed the Professor, and checked his aspirations;—at least the introductory series of Lectures which deal with the science of mind generally, give but faint promise of the vigour, and the insight, and the intense sympathy with the genuine transcendental element in the science of mind. It is high time to cease writing apologetically, when the dignity of the spirit in man is vindicated from the grovelling materialism which was bequeathed to this century from the last, and which the expiring generation of mental philosophers has given all diligence to improve upon. We should have been much better pleased if these introductory Lectures had been written in the spirit of the analysis of Platonism which we find in the Third Series. It is upon this, indeed, that the author's whole strength is put forth. The *Dialectics*, *Physics*, and *Ethics* of Plato are nowhere more elaborately treated and exhausted within the compass of the English language; nor more enthusiastically; for, with all the lecturer's cautious reserve and philosophical, passionless suggestion, there is no doubt that a thorough Platonist is speaking.

We are sorry that the lecturer exhausted himself upon Plato, and dealt so lightly with Plotinus and Proclus. Coming down the stream, he might well think them insignificant. But, tracing it backwards, and marking the influence which not Plato, but Plato diluted, exerted upon Christianity, we would fain have seen the point of junction between Neo-Platonism and pure Christianity, and their mystical product, more worthily, or at least more amply, treated.

It would be unjust to this work, however, if we did not add that in the less abstract and more simply historical domain of his subject, Mr. Butler's volumes have the highest charm of descriptiveness. In short, the entire work leaves a profound impression of mingled thankfulness and regret: the thankfulness we have already explained; but our regret is, that we cannot have these volumes in the shape which twenty years more of thought and elaboration would have given them.

The Works of Thomas M'Crie, D.D. A New Edition. Edited by his Son, Thomas M'Crie, D.D. and LL.D. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood. 1855.

WHATEVER question may arise as to the need for collecting the works of certain authors, there will scarcely be any difference of opinion as to the propriety of so doing in the case of the late Dr. M'Crie. His works have both sufficient of intrinsic merit, and have had so much success as to justify this mark of honourable fame. The 'Life of Knox' has claims to stand first in this new and uniform edition. It was the work which first established the writer's reputation as an historian, and has hitherto been, as it will probably

continue to be, the most popular of his works. It has, indeed, long held its place among the standard histories of the land. Under the engaging form of biography it embraces the whole ecclesiastical history of the period to which it relates.

The *Life of the Scottish Reformer* is, in fact, the history of the Scottish Reformation. As the editor remarks, 'In no other historical work will the facts of that period be found more clearly stated, or more fully authenticated. It would be equally superfluous to speak of the complete success which has crowned this first acknowledged effort of the author in the field of history; its triumphant refutation of the calumnies which had gathered around the name, and darkened the memory, of John Knox; its almost immediate effect in placing him in the foremost rank amongst the patriots and benefactors of his country; its gradual and growing influence in moulding the sentiments of thousands of readers, and in resuscitating the spirit and principles of the Reformation. To this distinguished success the character of the author contributed fully as much as his talents. If the poet, the painter, or the musician, succeeds in proportion as he throws his whole soul into his composition, and catches the spirit of the theme which his genius aims to illustrate, it is not easy to see why the historian should be exempted from this rule, or what good reason there can be for supposing that impartiality in the statement of truth should be inconsistent with that enthusiasm which, in congenial minds, the love of the pure, the noble, and the great, must always inspire. This qualification Dr. M'Crie possessed in no ordinary degree; but, while his heart beat in lofty sympathy with the hero whom he portrayed, and while his spirit rose with the subject before him, his high sense of integrity rendered him incapable of giving currency to falsehood, whether in the shape of hasty assertion, fraudulent concealment, or wilful exaggeration. His mind, narrowed by no sectarian prejudices, was prepared to admire whatsoever was good and true in all parties and denominations. With the stern conscientiousness of the Bench, he scanned the evidence placed before him on every side, and never ventured on a statement without satisfying himself that it rested on genuine and well-supported authority. The consequence has been, that not one of the leading facts in "*the Life of Knox*" has been disproved, or called in question, even by those who find it convenient to repeat the old exploded fabrications, as if no such *Life* had been written.'

We believe the value of the work has not been exaggerated in these remarks, nor the character of the writer painted in too flattering colours. It is pleasing to think that this admirable book, hitherto almost confined to the moneyed classes of society, will now be accessible to the general public. That it will become more popular in consequence, we have no doubt; for, as has been well remarked, '*John Knox was a type of the more high-souled, deep-thinking, and God-fearing, of his countrymen in the middle class of society.*'

To many readers the '*Life of Melville*,' which occupies the second volume of this important series, will be yet more welcome than its predecessor. The hero and the period stand so much nearer to ourselves; and the interest which pertains to them is so much stronger. The features of Melville's character are more genial than those of

Knox, and the events of his life more pleasantly diversified. But the difference betwixt these two narratives is well summed up in the words of one who happily described them as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of the Scottish Church.

The Book of Solomon called *Ecclesiastes*, or the Preacher, metrically paraphrased, and accompanied with an Analysis of the Argument; being a Re-translation of the original Hebrew, according to the Interpretation of the Rabbinical Commentary of Mendelssohn, the Criticisms of Preston and other Annotators; the Subject newly arranged, with Analytical Headings to the Sections. By the Rev. Aaron Augustus Morgan, M.A., &c. With Illustrations by George Thomas. Bosworth. 1856.

Metrical Meditations on the Sacred Book of Canticles. Second Edition. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1856.

THESE are widely different books, but both of them belong to the class of misdirected and unadvised efforts. All the metrical paraphrases of the holy word of God at present existing, might be swept out of literature, and leave no chasm which we should be disposed to deplore. The former of these books professes to be a re-translation in verse of the original Hebrew; but it is a mystery to us how any man, with the slightest pretension to learning or taste, could persuade himself to impose the fetters of unpoetical rhythm upon his rendering of the holy sayings of God. The latter does not lie under this imputation. It deserves credit, indeed, for its evangelical vindication of the Canticles, as being an utterance of the deep things of God: the ingenuity with which the entire Scriptures are developed from, or rather inlaid into, the mystical Song of Solomon, is unparalleled in sacred literature. But there is something in the principle of subjecting the Bible to such mechanical artifices which repels our sympathy.

Studies from History. Vol. II. Savonarola and the Dawn of the Reformation—Melancthon and the Spirit of the Reformation. Mason. 1856.

WE are thankful that the second volume of this series is now completed, and hope that nothing will prevent the indefatigable author from pursuing his scheme as it first shaped itself to his mind. The learning, industry, and historical skill which Dr. Rule has exhibited, ought to command for his works the respect of the general public. His '*Savonarola*' has been published a considerable time, and has displaced—or ought to have displaced—the acrimonious and ill-digested accounts of the great religious agitator of the fifteenth century, which preceded it in English literature. '*Melancthon*,' in the next age, is a subject still more popular; but this part of the volume having just come to our hands, we have only seen enough of it to enable us to recommend it most earnestly to our readers. We wish this volume, and its expected successors, a wide circulation.

Autobiography of the Rev. James B. Finley : or, *Pioneer Life in the West.* Edited by W. P. Strickland, D.D. Cincinnati. 1854.

Footprints of an Itinerant. By Maxwell P. Gaddis, of the Cincinnati Conference. 1856.

To those whose minds are sufficiently expansive to feel an interest in the spread of religious truth in the remote parts of the world, and under circumstances very different from those with which we are familiar in this country, we would commend these volumes. They belong to the religious literature of America, and have all the freshness and redundancy which characterize the soil. The reader will find the earnest evangelist in homely guise, wandering amid the gloomy forest paths, threading the mountain gorges, or crossing vast and flowery prairies, in the pursuit of his noble purpose, indifferent to the numberless discomforts and real dangers in his path. They will see how singularly fitted he is for his peculiar work, and admire the providential wisdom which provides the moral and physical training especially required for its achievement. But chiefly will they rejoice to find that the same great triumphs which elsewhere attend the preaching of the truth, track the footsteps of the backwoods evangelist,—that the sling and the smooth stone from the brook are made as effective, under God's blessing, as the more polished weapons of well-stored armouries. The future historian of America will be compelled to admit the force of undoubted facts, tending conclusively to show, that to this class of itinerant preachers must be attributed the preservation of tens of thousands of his scattered and isolated countrymen, who must else have lapsed into a state of degradation little removed from that of the savages whom they have displaced.

Mental and Moral Excellence, and the Way to attain it, exhibited in *Memoirs of the Rev. John Hessel.* By the Rev. Joshua Priestley. Third Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE subject of this Memoir was no ordinary character. In early life he became possessed of true piety, and afterwards gave himself to earnest preparation for the work of the Christian Ministry, to which he felt himself called. His mental character was vigorous, and greatly strengthened and improved by diligent study; his piety was ardent; and his entire conduct beautifully consistent with the Gospel of the grace of God. The book is well fitted to stimulate to mental exertion, and the pursuit of religious and moral excellence. As such we commend it to all persons, and especially to the young. It has also the additional advantage of considerable cheapness.

A Cyclopædia of Geography, Descriptive and Physical, forming a New General Gazetteer of the World. By James Bryce, M.A., F.G.S. Griffin and Co. 1856.

BOOKS of reference—to which class this work of Mr. Bryce belongs—are seldom executed with thorough conscientiousness and care; but

when they are so, they claim the higher praise, and from their great value it is a peculiar pleasure to commend them. The volume before us is of this rare description. Though probably due to the enterprise of trade, it is no specimen of that careless and anonymous manufacture which has so often disfigured and disgraced this branch of literature. The publishers did their part well in putting the work into competent and responsible hands; and the author has equally evinced his judgment, scholarship, and pains in its performance. We have tested the volume by many references, and can speak with confidence of its comparative accuracy and completeness. The information is always satisfactory, and sometimes remarkably full and interesting. The statistics are according to the last accounts; the observations of recent travellers are often quoted; the features of physical geography are fully given; and the present condition of every country—commercial, moral, and political—is briefly stated. Besides these merits we must mention two that are peculiar to this ‘Gazetteer:’ the true pronunciation of the names of places is indicated, at least in every instance which might admit of doubt; and many hundred illustrative woodcuts are scattered through the volume. In this manner the last degrees of utility and beauty are added to a book which claims only to be cheap and popular.

The Harmony of the Divine Dispensations: being a Series of Discourses on select Portions of Holy Scripture, designed to show the Spirituality, Efficacy, and Harmony of the Divine Revelations made to Mankind from the Beginning. By George Smith, F.A.S., &c. London: Longmans. 1856.

In this volume Mr. Smith sets forth in the clearest light the unity of the great scheme of redemption, and the essential harmony and close coherence of the several dispensations of Divine grace and mercy to mankind. The subjects of the Discourses are,—Redemption promised—The Way of Life, through Redemption, opened—The mediatorial Way of Access to God—The Tabernacle of David—Christ on the Propitiatory between the living Cherubim—The Likeness of a Man upon the Throne—The Son of God in the fiery Furnace—Paradise regained—Redemption consummated. On all these topics Mr. Smith discourses with the ability of a clear-headed scholar and the warmth of a true-hearted Christian. We would especially direct attention to the Third Discourse, as containing such a concise, yet complete, account of the Hebrew temple service as can hardly be met with elsewhere; and to the Fourth Discourse,—on the Tabernacle of David,—as correcting a current error with respect to the sanctuary on Mount Zion, and as peculiarly rich in evangelic lessons. In the notes to the various Discourses will be found much valuable biblical criticism; and through the whole of the book runs a vein of ardent piety, which by the blessing of God cannot fail to communicate some of its fervour to every attentive reader.

Wild Flowers and Fruits. Poems by William Dale. Heylin. 1856.

THESE poems, we are told in a modest preface, have been ‘hastily written by a youth amid the bustle of business, or more frequently at

the midnight hour, and that solely for the pleasure which their composition afforded.' We are glad they were not 'hastily written' under the impression that the world was in a hurry for them; for we fear that it is not: and as we cannot promise the author either fame or fortune as their likely reward, we are still better pleased that they have already afforded him all the advantage he proposed,—namely, the pleasure attendant on their composition. Yet many of the pieces evince considerable talent.

We append a few verses from a pleasing little poem:—

- "SPRING is come!" the Winter cried,
Bow'd his hoary head, and died.
Round his tomb the Storms, all dumb,
Mutely motion'd, "Spring is come."
- "As I heard dead Winter's cry,
Spring herself came tripping by;
And the snow-flakes would not stay,
And the Tempest fled away.
- "Spring is come!" the lily said,
"Spring!" and waved her lovely head.
Ere the echo faintly died,
"Spring is come!" the rose replied.
- "Spring is come!" the brooklet gush'd
In a murmur sweet and hush'd;
And it glisten'd as it thought
That the winter snows were not.
- "Spring is come!" the laughing breeze
Whisper'd to the dancing trees;
And the bees, with pleasant hum,
Gaily answer'd, "Spring is come!"

Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain. By John Harris, a Cornish Miner. Second Edition. London: Heylin. 1856.

THESE poems of a working miner are humble like their origin; but they share also some of its peculiar interest. Many of our readers will have perused with pleasure the account we have elsewhere given of the Cornish mines, and perhaps wished for more particulars of the men who work them. This volume is at least an evidence that they are not all quite 'earthy' in their pursuits. To them, indeed, the stars are visible when we are compassed by the 'garish day,'—and we must not wonder if their souls are more poetical than ours. We gather this much, at least, from the verses of Mr. Harris,—that he is an intelligent, warm-hearted, and religious man; and since he addresses some lines 'To a Mouse which had eaten the Leaves of my Lexicon,' we conclude he is not without some modest pretensions even to ancient learning. There is real dignity in such a character; and we commend these simple, honest 'Lays' to the kindness of our readers.

MISCELLANEA.

Internal History of German Protestantism, since the Middle of last Century. By Ch. Fred. Aug. Kahnis, D.D. Translated by the Rev. Theodore Meyer. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. An interesting but melancholy chapter in the history of the modern Church,—especially as showing the injury which metaphysical speculation has done to the practical theology of Germany.—*The Pole-Star of Faith.* Bath. 1856. We cannot recommend this well-intended book. The argument is very feeble, and not a little unfair. It might dangerously confirm the prejudices of the sceptic, and the believer may be much more edified by reading of another sort. The Socratic dialogue is not a mere catechism; nor must the sceptic be supposed to answer like a Sunday scholar. The admirable 'Eclipse of Faith,' which has evidently inspired a number of these small apologies, is yet unfriendly to their claims; for its ability and power condemn their weakness, and its exhaustive character makes them all superfluous.—*Christian Solicitude; as exemplified in the third Chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians.* By the late Rev. James H. Evans, A.M. J. F. Shaw. 1856. Beautiful for devotional feeling, in spite of a theology not in all points harmonizing with the sentiment.—*The History and Sacred Obligation of the Sabbath.* By S. U. Kingdon, B.D., Vicar of Bridgerule. Mr. Kingdon has produced a very satisfactory defence of the Christian Sabbath; his little manual is most agreeable as well as profitable reading.—*Kennee-Voo: or, the Sacking of Allawonah.* By Thomas Greenhalgh. This work is founded upon 'an incident of the African Slave Trade,' but the narrative is otherwise purely fictitious. Many of the events are highly improbable; but we have found the story to have a certain interest of its own, due partly to the novelty and splendour of its local pictures, and partly to the amiable and Christian feeling which pervades it. It may very innocently occupy the reader's leisure hour.—*Life in Jesus. A Memoir of Mrs. Mary Winslow, arranged from her Correspondence, Diary, and Thoughts.* By her Son, the Rev. Octavius Winslow. A really edifying biography. Mrs. Winslow was no ordinary woman, but full of character and interest.—*The History of Wesleyan Methodism in the Congleton Circuit.* By the Rev. J. B. Dyson. London: John Mason. This is a book rather of local than of general interest; and yet in some measure it has both. It gathers up precious fragments, and preserves them from sinking into oblivion. Such records not only edify and please those who dwell in the immediate neighbourhood where the events occurred, but furnish good material for general religious history. We welcome every contribution that tends to develop the power, and illustrate the moral achievements, of Christian truth.

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